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VOL. I

TRICKS OF THE TOWN

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THE GUILDHALL
(from an engraving of 1760).

[*Frontispiece.*

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY DIVERSIONS

TRICKS OF THE TOWN

BEING REPRINTS OF THREE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY TRACTS, WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY RALPH STRAUS, AND EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON: MCMXXVII

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INTRODUCTION

I

UNTIL a few years ago you could walk into most of the "secondhand" bookshops and see on all sides of you rows of dusty old volumes bound in decaying calf. For a few shillings, or even pence, apiece, you could buy large numbers of pamphlets and books which had been printed at any time, say, between the accession of James II. and the death of that more constitutional monarch George II. The sixpenny-box would be full of them. Minor poets exercising their function "on several occasions" were, I admit, more expensive than even the most eminent or gloomiest divines, but a really "good" murderer or, better still, a criminal to whose exploits the important word CURIOUS could be applied, easily beat both poets and divines, and almost ranked with the great writers in a first or "early" edition. In general, however, the period, bibliographically speaking, was not costly.

To-day those rows of brown books have almost disappeared, and the sixpenny-box is the saddest sight in the world. What has happened? Well, I fancy that the broken backs of those old books must have been carefully mended, their measurements accurately taken, and their alleged meaning

and purpose expounded by diligent cataloguers. I imagine that they have been sent, neatly packed and carriage paid, across the Atlantic. For in the United States the eighteenth century has recently been discovered by the millionaires.

I do not grudge them their discovery—after all, it is not every millionaire who can hope to possess a Shakespeare First Folio or a Mazarin Bible—but it means that for the few books of the period that remain in our midst we are asked to pay the most astonishing prices. Even those dreary theological dissertations which in the old days were saved from complete destruction only because they were convenient props for shelves or bookcases suffering from senile decay, are now promoted to fairly large type in the catalogues. As for the authors, their reputations grow with almost unnatural speed. The tenth-rate Early Georgian rhymer whose name yesterday was known to but ten people in England, is now advanced to the degree of " well-known satirical poet," while the grubbiest of Grub Street hacks, libelling some forgotten politician, becomes " one of the most important, as he is certainly the liveliest, of contemporary historians."

But if these old books are disappearing from the shops, their place is being taken by an altogether handsomer, more useful, and *cleaner* article. I mean the now very popular reprint,[1] and it seems to me that in the great majority of cases the reprint of to-day, even if it is not an absolute facsimile of the original, does all that could be asked of it. Your modern editor does

[1] The best of which, by the way, are coming from American presses.

not feel himself bound to follow the example of his Victorian predecessors and present his author carefully " prepared for the press." He has seen the deplorable results of misplaced scholarship. New notions of grammar and twentieth-century punctuation are not introduced into the text, and no notice is paid to the once-powerful shade of the dreadful Mr. Bowdler. In the new reprints you are given the exact words which an author's first public was invited to read, with whatever commentary may be necessary for your better understanding of the venture.

For the most part only works of definite literary value have been reprinted in this way. Yet there have been a few whose chief interest lies not so much in their intrinsic merits as in the bearing they have on the social life of the day, and it is these, I confess, which for me have held the greatest attraction. At one time or another most people find themselves, I suppose, wondering " what things were like " in this or that distant age. There are books to consult, I know, but—how seldom does a really intimate picture emerge ! (There have not been many Pepyses at work.) It is important, no doubt, to be able to trace out the development of political thought or the progress of moral ideas, but to me, at any rate, it is more fascinating to imagine myself " back," looking round at the ordinary men and women about me. I am keener to know, for instance, what I should probably have been doing myself on the day, say, when Queen Anne really did die, than to learn the exact effect upon British politics which that much-talked-of event produced. So I prefer a

year's *Post-Boys* or *Daily Courants*, prejudiced and ill-written though they may be, to a dozen polished histories of the period, and a vulgar, anonymous pamphlet will intrigue and delight me when the work of a great man on much the same subject may leave me cold.

Probably it is the unfamiliarity of the thing that attracts. One knows one's Swift and one's Fielding, and in their company soars away to the heights, but there come moods when a cruder picture is agreeable. Such a picture, moreover, need not be unimportant. To-day the social historian endeavouring to recreate the age of Walpole can hardly afford to neglect the work of the hacks and " dunces " of the time, just as the historian of A.D. 2127 will be well advised to consult other, and less reputable, newspapers besides *The Times* if he wishes to obtain a true panorama of these days of ours. And it is for this reason that these Eighteenth Century Diversions have been culled from sources not necessarily the loftiest nor the most strikingly original. The three pamphlets, for instance, which are included in this volume are no masterpieces of English prose. Their writing is often simple and direct, but it is often flowery and diffuse. I dare say there is a great deal of repetition. Much of the information they afford, too, could probably be found elsewhere. But they are intimate things which well illustrate the ordinary affairs of the day, affairs which somehow seem to be very generally overlooked even by the most painstaking commentators. There may be touches of satire here and there, and undue importance may be given to

this or that little matter, but to me at any rate they help to fill a gap. They are entertaining and interpretative vignettes which in the ordinary course would never be reprinted, unless perchance some hardworking scholar were to prove, at least to his own satisfaction, that they were really the work of some great writer.

Here, it may be, only the rowdier side of eighteenth-century London is represented—a London more intent on enjoying itself than on attending to business ; but that is only part of the surprisingly vivid picture that may be built up from forgotten old pamphlets and satirical squibs. And even here there are glimpses of life as our ancestors knew it which will not be found elsewhere. Who imagined that the servant-problem was already giving trouble two hundred years ago ? In these days, moreover, when unusual prowess with a ball may give its lucky possessor not only international fame but also the influence of an ambassador, how interesting to read an intimate description of tennis as it was played in the days of William III. ! True, there are innumerable references to the " Game of Kings and King of Games " about this time, but few of them go into such detail as does the London gentleman who is attempting to dissuade his Leicestershire friend from migrating to " the Town." And as with tennis, so with other sports and pastimes. Reading these pamphlets, you step into those rough days when the unhappy creatures in Bedlam could provide the best raree-show in London, and a wretched fellow condemned to pass an hour in the pillory was con-

sidered the most exciting of targets. The Great World revolving about Parliament or the Court remains outside the picture, but the vulgarer, less starchified world of the ordinary man is seen at close quarters, and it is not undiverting.

II

In 1699, while the genial Ned Ward was issuing his *London Spy* in monthly parts, and Tom Brown was amusing the wits with his light-hearted chatter, there was published a book called *The Country Gentleman's Vade-Mecum; or, His Companion for the Town.* It contained eighteen letters supposed to have been written by "a Gentleman in London to his Friend in the Country, wherein he passionately disswades him against coming to London." In the usual way, its author preferred to wait for success before revealing his name. Unfortunately for him, success did not come, and one is not altogether surprised. The *Vade-Mecum* did not possess the merit of novelty. Ever since Dekker's *Gull's Handbook* had appeared ninety years before, there had been a slow stream of such books, none of great importance perhaps, which professed to give you revelations of fashionable follies and vices peculiar to the town. So there had been accounts of the polite swindlers of the day, lives of the most notorious gamesters, "conversations" of the wits and those who fondly believed they were wits, and "society scandals" judiciously disguised as "translations from the French." Finally there was *The London Spy.* But whereas

Ned Ward's masterpiece pleased by the raciness of its style and the rude vigour of its yarns, the *Vade-Mecum* held no sensations for the reader in its soberer pages. New editions were not called for, and no indignant Londoner was moved to reply. In a month or two the little book was probably forgotten.

Nearly fifty years later, it was suddenly rediscovered, slightly emended and shortened, and issued as a new publication. *The Tricks of the Town Laid Open; or, a Companion for Country Gentlemen* contained "the Substance of seventeen Letters" supposed to have been written, not in 1699, but in 1746. There was some excuse for the change of date, for nobody would want to read a fifty-year-old pamphlet. On the other hand, polite London had probably not changed very much in the interval. Country squires were still coming "up" in search of excitement and pleasure, and they were still gambling away their estates. To them London was still a little world apart, and a pilgrimage to it meant all manner of preparations, considerable expense, and the possibility of very real danger. But there was another reason for the revival of the *Vade-Mecum*. The tremendous success of *The London Spy* had set a new literary fashion. Pamphlet after pamphlet appeared which more or less satirically "hit off" the modes and follies of the day, and every one of them sold very well. As I shall show in a little, these squibs borrowed pretty freely from one another, but each contained several "exclusive features," and "the Town" undoubtedly enjoyed them. The *Vade-Mecum*,

it is true, was rather more serious in tone than the majority of these " Tracts for the Times," but it certainly covered more ground than did most of them, it would bring no publisher into trouble with the authorities, and there would be no starving hack demanding a fee for its composition.

It is from this 1747 edition that the present reprint has been made, and although no detailed commentary is called for, it may be well to say a word or two about its most interesting features.

Then as now, it would seem, it was the fashion for slightly disgruntled old gentlemen to look back with the keenest regret on " the good old days." Once upon a time it had been possible for " a person of honour " to live graciously enough, but, alas, new and ever vulgarer ideas, new and more shameful vices, were continually emerging to turn the world into a bear-garden, and the future was about as black as it could be. Well, well : in one age it is the card-tables and preposterous clothes, in another cocktails and jazz. In all ages it is the growing impertinences of the commoner folk. . . . London, the author of the *Vade-Mecum* tells his Leicestershire friend, " is grown so monstrously corrupt and degenerate, and so strangely over-run with Vice and Folly, that there is little good to be expected from the Society you'll find in't." The man entitled to call himself gentleman is as likely as not a sot or a gamester, and even if he preserves the dignity proper to his station, what can London give him with which the country, untouched by the mania for novelty and excitement, will not provide him ? Polite conversation ? Certainly not. The art is

dead. (It dies at least once every generation.) The playhouse? Little better than a brothel, where the audience seems more interested in its own antics than in the performance on the stage. The playhouse of old time, indeed, would seem to have been a curious place. Pepys gives us an intimate glimpse at its eccentricities: here are further glimpses, hardly less intimate and quite as outspoken.

It is, however, when we come to the other and healthier pastimes of a gentleman that we find ourselves on less familiar ground. In Charles II.'s day tennis had occupied the chief place, and a rougher game of a similar kind was probably played by the commoner people wherever a wall or two provided the rudiments of a court. But with the coming of Dutch William the Royal Game seems to have gone out of fashion. There were still many keen players, but they were no longer confined to the Quality, and from being the game of kings tennis—at any rate in the public courts—was in process of becoming little more than an excuse for gambling. The dedans to which the great nobles had once brought their ladies was now filled by the rooks and sharpers who had discovered what a difficult, though seemingly easy, matter it is for a non-player to understand the niceties of the game. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that in the following two reigns, when any old play was being furbished up for the times, allusions to tennis in the original text were as often as not omitted altogether.

Yet, contrary to the general belief, there was a very distinct revival of interest in the game

towards the middle of the eighteenth century, and no surprise need be expressed that Letter IX. was retained in the 1747 reprint of the *Vade-Mecum*. Only a few years before, more than one new public court had been erected in London, and the older ones renovated and improved. Marshall, in his *Annals of Tennis* (1878), quotes part of Letter IX., but he does not mention the activities of Thomas Higginson, whose various advertisements provide us with information that is to be found nowhere else. Thus, for instance, there is his notice in the *Daily Advertiser* for October 28th, 1742 :

" *To all Gentlemen that like the Exercises of Tennis, Fives, or Billiards.*

" There is a complete Tennis-Court, with a Tambour, and everything that makes it as good a Tennis-Court as any in England, at 1*s* a Set single, or 6*d* a Set double ; with Fives-playing in the Tennis-Court, and Billiards at the same Place. It's near the Bull and Gate Inn, Holborn, and near Lincoln's Inn Fields, by the Duke of Newcastle's, next door to Adlam's Coffee-House, opposite little Turnstile. It's kept by

" *Thomas Higginson*,

Who keeps a Fives-Court at the bottom of St. Martin's-Street, on the left Hand in Leicester-Fields. It's for Fives-playing only, either with Racquets, Boards, or at Hand-Fives, at 2*d*, 3*d* or 4*d* a Game.

" Note, Any Gentleman may bespeak either Court for their own playing, and Care will be

taken to Keep it for them. Tennis-playing at 8*d* a Set with Tossing-Balls and Racquets, on agreeing before they begin to play, or else not less than 1*s* a Set. Boards, Racquets, and all sorts of Balls, sold at the Tennis-Court, Holborn."

Another court is mentioned in an advertisement in the same newspaper on December 12th, 1743 :

" *To all Gentlemen lovers of Exercise*

" The New Tennis-Court in Great Windmill-Street, facing St. James's Hay-Market, is completely finish'd and open'd, with complete Dressing-Rooms, and everything fit for the Reception of Gentlemen, at 2*s* for a six-game Set, with Advantage Game, or at 1*s* or 8*d* for four-game Sets. This Court is built after the Manner of that in James-Street.

" Note, Another Tennis-Court in Holborn, or near to that Corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields turning up on the left Hand from the Duke of Newcastle's, with Tennis at 1*s* or 8*d* for four-game Sets, which is much cheaper than any other Courts in London, for they are 3*s* 6*d* a Set. . . ."

Finally the game became so popular that at the end of this year the fives-court in St. Martin's-Street, " next Door to the Stable-Yard, near Hedge Lane, Leicester Fields," had to be altered for tennis. " It's built," announces Higginson, " like the Tennis-Courts at Oxford and Cambridge ; it's made out of the Fives-Court into a Carry [Quarré]-Tennis-Court ; Tennis at 8*d* or 12*d* for a four-game Set. Note, Any Gentlemen may bespeak either Court for their own Play for

any Day or Hour ; or Fives Playing ; in either Court, with Tennis and other Balls, till they are wanted for Tennis, at 2*d*, 3*d*, or 4*d* a Game."

I reprint these advertisements, for they form an agreeable pendant to Letter IX. No doubt the country squire who had not played at the University nor been a guest at one or other of the big houses which possessed a court, would have been well rooked if he had ventured into any of Higginson's courts, but I cannot think that things were quite so bad as the writer of the Letters would have us believe. Much the same, too, may be said of the bowling-greens which during the 'thirties and 'forties had been springing up in almost every village on the outskirts of London. Of these " Marybone " was the one to which the fashionable world was wont to come. There are references to its gaieties in many contemporary novels and plays, and no doubt half the House of Lords could have been seen on its smooth lawns at one time or another. It is a little curious, however, to find no mention here of another sport for which " Marybone " was not unknown. Cricket had not yet made its head-quarters there, but already many a prize-fight had been witnessed in its midst, and much money would change hands during these encounters. The country squire ought certainly to have been put on his guard against " the fraternity."

I give an account of one such battle which I fancy has not been reprinted before. It appeared in the *Weekly Journal* for September 1st, 1716 :

" Last Thursday at the boarded House at Mary-bone, noted for the British Gladiators,

carbonading their Flesh there for Bread, was fought a sharp and bloody Battle betwixt one Francis Norwood of Croyden, and the heroick Bully of Drury-Lane Charles Frasier, who had the Vanity to brag, That that man is not yet born, that could beat him ; but this Braggadocio after 17 Falls, was bravely beaten to his Heart's Content, which he had like to spew out upon the Stage, to the no little Joy of his Antagonist, whom the Spectators in respect of his low Statue call'd a Shrimp, and the Irishman, as being much larger than Norwood, a Lobster ; in fine, when the two Combatants stood together, they lookt much like the Sign of Robin Hood and Little John."

Of the gaming-houses and the beautiful ladies and all the other impostures and dangers of London I have no need to speak. The writer of the letters could have said very much more than he does, but he is no hack appealing to a coarse-minded mob, and he maintains a decency and moderation which was rare in his age. He finishes his discourse with a grave warning against the fatal mistake of speaking to strangers, and here perhaps he is not only addressing his own age. I understand that it is still considered unwise to speak to a stranger in London.

And at the end you have the satisfaction of knowing that the Leicestershire squire profited by his mentor's good offices. He thought better of his desire to leave the ancestral acres. He settled down to his horses and dogs and—books. Yes, I feel sure that he must have had quite a number of books, because he thanked his friend in verse.

I hope that he lived to a ripe old age.

III.

I come to the two other pamphlets, and must explain at once that they are really two editions of the same work. To be more accurate, they are made up from a common stock, though each is provided with additions and emendations suited to the particular year of its appearance. The interesting point is that this common stock was being drawn upon not merely for a few years, but for more than half a century. It was the basis of a score or more pamphlets, generally but not invariably containing the word *Trip* on the title-page, varying from a squib in Queen Anne's day to a warning guide of the 'seventies. Sometimes these pamphlets would retain their title-pages through several editions, but frequently they would be rechristened, and much more than a casual glance would be needed to discover that the little book was not so new as it pretended to be. As to the material needed to bring each new edition up to date, it seems to have been taken, unacknowledged and as a matter of course, from any convenient source. A new satire, a newspaper article, a not very prominent novel—all were made use of, and apparently nobody objected.

It would have been amusing, and probably more satisfactory, to have compiled a composite *Trip* from all the publications of the kind. In this way any repetition would have been avoided, and a queerly novel commentary provided for the times. Unfortunately, these small pieces are exceedingly scarce, and no amount of searching

would have produced anything like a complete set. I have therefore contented myself by reprinting two of the *Trips*, both of which appeared in George II.'s reign, and within a few years of *The Tricks of the Town Laid Open*.

The first of these is taken from the "fourth edition" of *A Trip through the Town* which appeared in 1735. Precisely how much of it was new I do not know. *A Trip through London*, which had been published seven years before, may perhaps be considered to be its first edition, though the contents differ in several respects. On the other hand, *A Ramble Through London; or, a Trip from Whitehall to Whitechapel* "By a True Born Englishman," which appeared in 1738, seems to be more definitely related to the *Trip through London* of 1728, and to my second reprint, *A Trip from St. James's to the Exchange*, which belongs to 1744. Similarly, passages from such pieces as the undated *Country Spy* and *A Fortnight's Ramble through London* are used in other pamphlets (after 1760) with titles akin to *Tricks of the Town Laid Open*, which also contain material from one or other of the *Trips*. It is not a matter of much importance, though it illustrates the general muddle that confronts the bibliographer.

Both my reprints begin in much the same way. London, it is agreed, is not a nice place. In 1735 the town is "a kind of large Forest of Wild-Beasts"; in 1744 a "Grand Reservoir, or Common-Sewer of the World." Servants in both years are hard to come by, though it is to be noticed that in 1744 the Germans are ousting the

Welsh as wearers of livery. The horrors of Tyburn remain much the same, but the editor of the later pamphlet includes the very amusing account of the Hibernian Society of Fortune Hunters. The pills of Mr. Joshua Ward, the sad mishap to the "decay'd Baronet's" lady, and the distressingly large income of the Italian singer—matters of first-rate importance in 1735—have become very old game in 1744, but in their place we are given some charming particulars of the journalistic world and the pleasant affair of the ring. There is a fair measure of repetition, I admit, but the curious may be interested to see just what alterations the later editor has thought fit to make.

Trivial pieces, if you will, but not, I think, unworthy of notice. You could hardly hope for a livelier account of that last sad drive from Newgate to Tyburn, and how amusingly modern are those casual visitors in the Coffee-House! In particular, the Hibernian Society is very good fun, and one wonders why the idea has not been more frequently used. As for the servants, one knew that the footmen were apt to be rather a nuisance those days, but—where were all the young women ready for service who felt no desire to ape their mistresses' airs? Like the Leicestershire squire, I suppose, they remained in the country.

The Tricks of the Town laid open:

OR, A

COMPANION

FOR

Country Gentlemen.

Being the Substance of

SEVENTEEN LETTERS

From a Gentleman at *London* to his Friend in the Country, to disswade him from coming to Town.

I. The Country Gentleman is caution'd against coming to *London*, and his Mistake shew'd with regard to his City Conversation.

II. The Pleasures of a Country Life are vindicated, and asserted to be preferable to that of a Town one.

III. The Country has the same Opportunities of improving our Knowledge as the Town.

IV. A General Reflection on the Manners and Humours of the Town, with a Description of the present State of it.

V. A Disswasive against Idleness, with the Character of a Sot.

VI. The Characters of a Beau and a Gamester.

VII. The Humours, Customs and Tricks of the Playhouse, are discover'd and expos'd.

VIII. A Continuation of the Humours of the Playhouse, with Observations on their Constitution, and Manner of Government.

IX. The Humours, Tricks and Cheats of the Tennis-Courts are expos'd and detected.

X. The Tricks and Cheats of Bowling-Greens are discover'd, with an Account of their Methods of Betting, &c.

XI. The Humours of the Groom-Porters, and the Cheats of Ordinaries, and other Gaming-Houses are expos'd.

XII. The Tricks of Cockers and Cock-Matches, and the Cheat of Horse-Races, and Foot-Matches, are discover'd.

XIII. The Villany of Money-Droppers is expos'd, and the Roguish Methods they take to impose on Countrymen.

XIV. The Tricks of Bawds and Whores are detected, with a Description of a Bawdy-House and the Art of Trapping.

XV. The Characters of a Bully, Setter and Spunger.

XVI. Particular Observations and Reflections upon several distinct Occurrences of the Town.

XVII. The Country Gentleman is directed in the Disposal of his Estate in his Absence, and in the Management of himself in *London*.

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.

THE giving Advice *and* Reproof, *has been always justly reputed one of the most exalted Acts of* Friendship *that can pass between Man and Man, but then they're so commonly* misapply'd, *or, what's as bad,* misunderstood, *that like a Shot ill-aim'd, they either mount too high and fly over, or descend too low and drop short, and so never come near the* Mark *they are first levell'd at.*

This is the common Fate *in most cases, but then, when they are intermixt too with an* ungrateful Representation *of Men and Things, they are still more difficult: So that in such a Case, 'tis next to an* Impossibility *to recommend them with any* tolerable *Advantage of Success.*

As for this Poor Vade Mecum, *'tis so* small *and* trivial *in itself, that it can hardly justify even its Pretensions to an* Epistle; *but then considering what kind of Persons it is to Encounter, 'twill be necessary, I think, to* premise *a few Things to prevent* Mis-constructions *and* Mistakes.

The General Design, *I presume, I need not mention; the* Title *has done that before,* i.e. *that it is intended for,* A Companion for Country Gentlemen and Strangers, first to discover and expose,

and then to Guard and Fortify them against the Cheats, Vices and Follies of the Town.

That's the Design *of it indeed, and how far 'twill answer that* Design, *must be left intirely to the* Judgment *of the* Reader *only, with this short* Caution, *that if he pleases he may do the Author this Justice, to consider that he's writing* Letters ; *and then if his* Characters *and* Representations *are a little more abrupt and short than they might, or perhaps ought to be in other Cases ; That's a very good Plea and Excuse for them.*

For the Persons *and* Things *that are here expos'd and represented, I presume, that no* Gentleman *that has liv'd in* London *any considerable Time, but will allow them to be true in the main ; and that furnishes me with an Answer to an* unkind Reflection, *which I perceive lies very ready to be past upon me*, i.e. That a Man must consequently be a very vicious Person himself, that is qualified to give a general Description of the Cheats and Vices of a lewd Town ; *But why so I wonder, they may as well repute a Man to be a* Good Christian, *because he has gathered up some general Notions and Texts of* Scripture, *which he makes no other Use of than to deceive the* World, *or prate over at a* Tavern, *or an* Ale-House.

The Case is the very same, and truly, I can't conceive why a Person that has Eyes and Ears, and a little Understanding, can't have a cursory Knowledge *of these Matters, without being any other ways concern'd than as an* Observator ; *If some People's Intellects are not so good as others, who can help it ? In short, this* Reflection *is so dull and ridiculous, that 'tis below an* Answer. *I'm confident, there's*

none but the very Cheats *and* Jilts, *and such sort of Rabble will make any Use of it, and let them e'n take it and make their most on't.*

Well, but that I may not incur My Lord Herbert's Censure, make my Porch too big for my House, *Let it be but allow'd, that I have made any Advances towards the Destruction or Discovery of* Vice, *and but one tho' the shortest Step towards the Support and Defence of* Virtue, *which I suppose, few will be so hardy or unjust to deny, I have gain'd my* Grand Point ; *and for the rest, I humbly submit it to the future Success of this small* Country Gentleman's Companion.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION, &c.

LETTER I.

Wherein he first passionately cautions him against coming to Town; and then shews him his Mistake in expecting better Conversation in London *than he can have in the Country.*

'TIS but a few Days (dear Sir) since I received the surprizing News of your Resolutions, to exchange your Country for a City Life. I confess the Report at first startled me, and indeed I would not believe it till I saw it solemnly confirm'd under your own Hand. Well, I find, to my great Astonishment, 'tis really so, and the weighty Reasons you give for it, are, That you must have better Company, Diversion, and Education, than your own Country can afford you. But then, Sir, is there no Way but presently to Horse and to *London?* Is there no room left for a second Thought? What, hath this *London* Expedition enhans'd 'em all? Must your good old hospitable Seat, that for so many Generations hath been the Sanctuary of an honourable Family,

be at last cruelly turn'd off and forsaken, and left empty and void, and sacrificed to the Vices and Folly, or at least to the Nonsense and Impertinence of a debauch'd City ? For shame, consider a little, and don't let this wild Thought take too deep a Root ; and then I'll engage to point you out a Method whereby you shall not only improve yourself with regard to your Company and Education, but withal enjoy the dear Opportunity of Liberty and Retirement, without being exposed to the Interruptions and Disappointments that must consequently await you in this scurvy Town.

But your Determinations are fix'd, it seems, and there's no removing 'em ; to Town you will come, let the Consequence be what it will. Well then, since I can't disswade you from this giddy and hazardous Adventure, I can however act the other Part of a Friend, and lay some honest Cautions and Admonitions before you, by the Assistance of which you'll be the better qualified to guard yourself against those Cheats and Villanies, which, as a Gentleman and a Stranger, you are liable to be encountred with, before you can come to have any tolerable Knowledge or Idea of the Town.

But, First, you say, *That the main Thing that brings you to* London, *is for the Sake of good Conversation :* Let me tell you, Sir, I speak it from long Experience, you'll soon find yourself cheated in your Expectation. If it be good Company you want, you must e'en seek it somewhere else, for here 'tis hard, or rather not at all to be found. You may form what chimerical Notions you please to yourself concerning the Men and Things of this Town ; but, take the Word of your Friend for't,

you'll quickly find your Mistake with a Witness. Alas ! this Town is grown so monstrously corrupt and degenerate, and so strangely over-run with Vice and Folly, that there's little good to be expected from the Society you'll find in't. There are some few conversable Persons, I confess, Persons of Sense and Honesty ; but then they are so very few, and withal so hard to be discern'd and come at, especially by a Stranger, that how you'll do to pick 'em out, I can't tell ; for my own part, I solemnly declare to you, *That after twenty Years Experience, the Expence of my Money, and the irreparable Loss of my Time, I have but very few Persons in my whole Catalogue that I dare recommend to you, or can depend upon myself for Friends and Familiars.*

No, no, Sir, if you will come hither, you must take *Men* and *Things* as they are, and not expect to find 'em just as you'd have 'em. If you'll come here you must sometimes expect to be encountred with the Apes and Peacocks of the Town, those useless Creatures that we dignify and distinguish by the modish Titles of *Fops* and *Beaus*, and what's worse, be compelled to suffer your Ears to be bor'd through and grated with an empty, tedious Din of their dull Impertinencies ; or else the squeamish Coxcombs look awry and scornfully upon you, and immediately repute you to be a *proud, ill-natur'd, unmannerly Country Fellow.*

Sometimes you must be forc'd to undergo *the peevish Wranglings of contentious Zealots ;* at other Times be compell'd to ruffle with *the Insolence of Bullies and Sharpers*, or content yourself to submit to the *infamous Characters of a Coward*, and to be

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borne down, insulted and impos'd upon, as often as those *good natur'd Sparks* shall think fit either to make you their Property or Buffoon ; nay, what is still worse, you must be often forc'd to endure *the fulsom Steam of beastly Ribaldry, intermix'd, perhaps, with the horrid Sounds of Blasphemy and Profaneness*, or else the *Gentleman Moralist* (as he is pleased to call himself) presently hisseth you out of his Company as a *pragmatick Usurper upon the Freedom of common Conversation*. Sometimes you must be content to be cruciated with base and false Innuendo's, and sly and injurious Insinuations. Anon be plagu'd with the poisonous Breath of Backbiters, and the serpentine Hissings of Hypocrites and Tale-bearers. In short, in this beloved City, for the dear sake of which you seem so passionately resolv'd to quit your Retirement, your honest Country Friends and Acquaintance, and what you ought to value most of all, the Habitation of your Ancestors, you'll meet with so many exalted Villanies and Rogueries, and so many Cheats and Tricks of all Sorts and Sizes, that I know not where or how to direct you to begin to form your new Conversation.

Here you'll see some pretending Piety, to promote their own Ambition and Interest ; others extolling Charity and Union, purely to advance Division and Revenge ; and the Generality crying out and exclaiming for the Good of the Publick, that under that Veil they may conceal their treacherous and base Ends, and have a larger Opportunity to propagate their own Advantage and Designs : And these, together with innumerable Multitudes of Rogues and Whores, Pimps, Bawds

and Cheats, make up the grand Part of the Conversation of this Town.

Now, this is blessed Company (is it not ?) for a Man of Sense to be so fond of, that for the sake of it he'll forego the two best Properties of his Life, *i.e.* his Liberty and Retirement, and leave his Estate at six's and sevens, or at best to the Management of a few heedless mercenary Servants, that 'tis ten to one, either through Avarice or Negligence, betray or deceive him. Come, Sir, I beseech you, consider again ; look once more into the Nature of your Resolution : I protest to you, it seems to me to be a kind of hasty Folly exalted into Madness. What ? Leave the endearing Sweets of a Country Life, for a little dull Noise and rude Justlings and Confusion. To tell you my short Thoughts of the Matter, if this wild Motion holds, I'm afraid I shall find your Name in *Poor Robin's* Chronology the next New Year.

Believe me, Sir, the Country is so empty already, that a true *Englishman* cannot look into it, without a great deal of just Pity and Concern. Is it not a very ungrateful Spectacle, to see so many noble Houses mouldring into Ruin, and dropping down for want of Inhabitants ? And then, to behold the prodigious Growth and Increase of this unwieldy City, and to observe what a strange Multitude of People there is jumbled together in it ? Who can reflect upon this, but must necessarily believe, that the Head in a little Time longer will grow so much too big for the Body, that it must consequently tumble down at last, and ruin the Whole ? This is a Misfortune, which, I'm confident, would well become the Wisdom of the Nation to pre-

vent ; but 'tis foreign to my Design, and so I will not insist upon't : Besides, I have troubled you long enough, and perhaps too long, already ; and therefore will trouble you with no more now, but pursue my Design from Post to Post, till I have either wean'd you from the vicious Inclination of coming to *London ;* or at least detected, and exposed to you the Hazards and Follies that attend upon it.

LETTER II.

Wherein he briefly shews, That the Enjoyments and Diversions of a Country Life, are infinitely preferable to those in Town upon many Accounts.

SIR,

IN my former I briefly shew'd you what kind of Conversation you must expect when you come to *London;* and by the way, I would not have you suspect, that I have been any ways partial in my Relation, or that I intend to be so for the future. You may depend upon't, you'll find the Men and Things as I have reported 'em, and in some Cases worse. But let them be what they will, it seems you will come to Town; you're cloy'd with your honest Country Diversions, and so are resolv'd to come up hither in quest of new and more agreeable Pleasures, as well as better Society.

I must tell you, that this is a worse Notion than your former; I must own, indeed, there is some small Matter to be said in point of Conversation, for this of Pleasure there's nothing at all to be urg'd: 'Tis a Notion perfectly extravagant, and in the Judgment of all sober Men, stands condemn'd as a foolish ridiculous Argument; and so will you too for making use of it. We have some Sort of Antic-tricks used here, 'tis true, to deceive Men out of their Time and Money, which perhaps

may pass upon the foolish Part of the *World* and the *Mob*, under the Character of Pleasure ; but, alas ! when you come to take off the Vizard, and look into 'em in earnest, they are nothing else but pure Cheats and Delusions. He that will justify the Reasonableness of an *Adventure*, must be sure to prove the Prize at least to equal the Worth of what he hazards for it ; and when you can do this, I shall be of your Mind, and allow you have done very wisely, when you have exchang'd your Country for a City Life ; but then, in the *Interim*, I conjure you not to stir, till you have clear'd the Point. I'm afraid, Sir, to tell you my Thoughts, you have a wrong Notion of *Pleasure* in general, and falsly esteem that to be *Pleasure* and *Diversion*, which in Truth is nothing else but *Vice* or *Folly*. I hope you don't imagine there's any real Pleasure in the *Debaucheries* or *May-games* of the Town, that's a dangerous Principle indeed ; and if you once suffer yourself to be imposed upon by't, you're in the ready Road to utter Ruin and Destruction. Perhaps you may expect mighty Matters from the *Playhouse* too ; why, indeed, that is the only Diversion we have in Town, that can any ways pretend to a Singularity, or Exception from the Country ; but there too (tho' 'tis the best Way of passing away an idle Hour, as I know of) you'll be encountred with such a Variety of ridiculous Scenes and Actions, that in the Main you'll hardly find it worth your Trouble. There you'll find some clapping and stamping, others hissing and scoffing ; and perhaps both without any Reason : There you'll see some a Cock horse on the Seats, damning and confounding the Play

and Players, they know not why or for what ; others throwing about their Wigs, and almost blinding you with their fulsome Powder, or tormenting you with the nauseous Scents of their Perfumes and Pulvilios ; others prating with *Orange Wenches*, or bantering the *Whores ;* and what's more probable, the *Whores* bantering of them. In short, there's such a strange Confusion and *Jargon* among'st 'em, and such a huddle of Men and Things jumbl'd together, that unless you can abstract the Good from the Bad, and withal draw Observations and Diversions from 'em both, I can't tell what kind of Pleasure or Satisfaction you can propose from thence. 'Tis the very same in all the rest of our pretended Diversions, *i.e.* Bowling-greens, Cock-pits, Tennis-courts, Ordinaries, Balls, Musick-Entertainments, *&c.* tho' the Recreations in themselves may most of 'em be innocent, and harmless enough ; yet they are generally so vitiated and corrupted, and the Pleasure that they pretend to, is so interwoven with Danger, as well as Vexation of Spirit, that I defy the greatest Master of the Town to make it appear that there is not more Pain and Disappointment, than there is real Pleasure or Satisfaction, attending upon the best of 'em. I dare say, if you could be perswaded to make a fair Estimate, and compare the sickly, feeble Pleasures of this Town, with your own noble and manly Recreations, you'd find the latter turn the Scale, with a great deal of overweight. Ours are all but wretched Counterfeits and Impostures, and will hardly endure the Test of a Fruition. Indeed they may be something grateful to us at first, but after we have

repeated 'em once, or twice, they grow flat and dull, and at last loathsome : We are here like so many Bees in a Garden, humming and roving about from one Flower to another, foolishly endeavouring to keep up our Course of Pleasure, by a continued Succession and Circle of Varieties. I'm confident, Sir, if you had made so many Trials of all this, as I have done, you would not suffer yourself to be imposed upon by the roving Dictates of a blind Imagination ; or run the foolish Risque of being perpetually toss'd to and fro, in the Search of new Vanities, or else to be contented to endure the tiresome Scenes of the old repeated Impostures. 'Tis no matter for multiplying Words ; besides, I'm writing of Letters, which should be drawn into as narrow a Compass as may be ; or else there is enough to be said, to shew you that your Expectations from the Pleasures of the Town, are much bigger than your Enjoyments can be ; and that those in the Country are much preferable to them. Your Diversions in the Country, *i.e.* your Hawking, Hunting, Fishing, Fowling, and the like, are noble, manly, and generous, and do not cloy or satiate their Possessors ; but are still improving upon 'em, and are every Day growing more grateful, and delightful ; they are not spent or wasted by Fruition, as ours are, but still the more they're enjoy'd, the more they please and gratify the Enjoyers. Besides, you would do well to consider the Expence of the Pleasures of this Town : Yours are all free and open, and deriv'd to you, as it were, from the general Grant of *Nature ;* ours mercenary and base, and not to be come at, without a certain unavoidable Charge

and Danger : Besides all this, all the Pleasures of this Town may be run through in the narrow Compass of two or three short Days, and when that's done, you do but run the same foolish Round, tread the same Stage over and over again ; and what can be more ungrateful to an ingenious Man, than to have his Senses perpetually grated and imposed upon by the dull Repetition of the same Thing ? But here I'll leave you ; but first I charge you, in the Name of a Friend, to take this Matter home again to yourself, and put it once more into the Balance, with your Reason and Judgment.

LETTER III.

Wherein is demonstrated that the Country has, in the general, the same Opportunity of Education *as the Town; and in many Things a great deal more.*

IN my two former I gave you my hasty Thoughts concerning the Conversation and Pleasures of the Town. In this I intend to trouble you only with my Opinion concerning the *Education* you expect in it. *Education*, I confess, is a most precious and inestimable Treasure; a Mine that contains so many rich Veins, that no Persons can be poor, that are in Possession of it, unless they be such, whose Sloth and Idleness will not suffer them to dig out the *Ore*. But, Sir, as to your Point, the great Question is, what Kind of *Education* it is that you come to *London* to be improv'd in. You know I am sensible your *Education* has been hitherto very liberal and genteel, and that you're already a tolerable Master of most of the useful Qualifications, which are required in a *Gentleman*. But supposing you were not, and if that there were some other *Rudiments*, which you either wanted, or at least had a Desire to be better instructed in; why, I wonder, may not there be as good Opportunities to improve 'em in the Country, as in this Town. Indeed, if you have a Mind to learn to Fiddle or to Dance, and shew little *Apish Tricks*, or to be exact in the

COVENT GARDEN IN 1740.

[*To face* p. 18.

Rules of playing the Fool, or the *Pedant*, here you may be equipp'd. I confess, if you have a Design to make yourself a good Proficient in the Arts of *Whoring* and *Drunkenness*, or to understand exactly the Methods of *Debauchery* and *Profaneness*, this is indeed the Place of the World.

But then, for the solid and substantial Parts of *Education*, such as are *Navigation*, *Architecture*, *Heraldry*, *Fortification*, *Limning*, and the like, I'm very confident, they may be acquir'd with far greater Freedom and Conveniency in the Country, than they can be at *London ;* especially by a Gentleman of an Estate, that has it in his Power to chuse what kind of Tutors and Directors he pleases.

No, Sir, you must ev'n keep at Home, if you expect to improve your *Education ;* there you may enjoy the precious Opportunities of Quiet and Sedateness, which you must not expect when you come hither : Here you must expect the quite contrary, to be encountred with Noise and Nonsense, and to have your Thoughts vitiated and disturbed with Wranglings, and Impertinence ; which are the very Bane and Canker of *Study* and *Meditation :* But in the Country, all Things are generally still and calm ; there you have few Cares to bend and torment your Mind, and fewer Dangers to fright or discompose you ; there's no Hurryings and Scramblings, nor Justlings, nor Countermining of one another ; but all the busy Actors are innocently and industriously marching on in their proper Stations, and, as far almost as the *Human Nature* is capable of, hush'd into perfect Rest and Repose. And now, Sir, can you think

of these Things, and at the same Time retain your giddy Resolution to quit 'em all, for the sake of a noisy paltry City.

I would not have you mistake me, I am not advising you to a sour philosophical Life, or shutting you up in a Cloister. I grant, indeed, that the Flute and Violin, that Dancing, Singing, Fencing, and the like, may be very proper and innocent Qualifications for a young Gentleman to pass away an idle Interval ; but then, I would not have him, like *Nero*, prefer his Fiddle to his Empire ; or, like *Domitian*, spend his whole Time in catching Flies. I confess, if he could use them as all Baubles and Trifles ought to be used, play with them at his Leisure and then throw them by, there's no Harm in them, but they are rather an Accomplishment.

To make as short of the Matter as I can, there is but one Thing within the Compass of my Experience, in which this Town can any ways improve your Education beyond the Country, and that's a small Thing in point of Conversation. If you were so well weighed both in your Judgment and Principles, that you might be turned loose to take a short View of the Town without any Danger ; I mean, if you could run through the different Societies and Humours of it, without being infected or seduced by any of 'em, and withal, could extract from them too some good Morals and useful Observations ; why then, if you did make a *Winter Trip* to *London* for a Month or two, and stay no longer, then indeed there would be no great Matter of Harm or Hazard in it ; but to leave your Estate to the Management

of Servants, and your House and Gardens to run into Ruin and Disorder, and to come up hither, and spend your Time and Money, purely under the Pretence of better Company, Diversion and Education, than your own Country can afford you, is such an unaccountable Mixture of Folly and Madness, that 'twill at once render you the *Pity*, *Scorn* and *Wonder* of all that know you. But here I'll leave you to retire into yourself, and to reflect in earnest upon the Nature and Consequence of what you are about.

LETTER IV.

In which is a general Reflection upon the present State and Condition of the Town.

SIR,

I HAVING in our Conversation made some general Observations and Reflections upon *the Things which chiefly induce you to leave the Country, and come to Town;* and withal having briefly told you my Thoughts concerning the *Vanity of your Pretensions*, and in some Measure demonstrated to you, *That you either have, or at least might have as good Opportunity, both for Conversation, Pleasure, and Education, in the Country, as you can have in* London: I might have stopp'd there, and left the Acquittal that these have receiv'd at the Tribunal of Reason and common Experience, to have included all the rest: But, Sir, that will not thoroughly answer my present Design. I intend to expose the whole Town to you, as the *Spartans* of old were wont to do their drunken Helots to their Children, to wean them betimes from the vicious Inclination to Wine and Debauchery. I intend to lead you from one Seat of Action to another, and give you a short View of most of the *Dangers*, *Tricks*, and *Villanies* which, as a Gentleman and a Stranger, you will consequently be exposed to when you come to it. As

to the Town itself, '*Tis a kind of large Forest of wild Beasts, where most of us range about at a Venture, and are equally Savage, and mutually destructive one of another.* I wish 'twere possible to give you a *Distant View* of the State and Manner of it. I'm confident the Spectacle (if you were not really bewitch'd) would be so horridly odious and ungrateful, that you'd have small lust to come at it, notwithstanding the Fury of your present Inclinations. The first Thing that you'd be encountred with would be the dismal Prospect of an *universal Poverty*, and *Crowds of miserable People*, either rack'd with the Agonies of their own Guilt or Folly, or groaning under the intolerable Want of Bread, or mad or infatuated by Oppression, or desperate by a too quick Sense of a continued Infelicity ; here, you'd see us all generally busied to trapan, undermine and deceive one another, which we are forc'd to do to make good our mistaken Pretence to a Life of Sensuality and Delight. If you cast your Eye upon the Court, you'd see but few there but Flatterers and Hypocrites, except it be some nauseous useless Creatures that are only fix'd there for Shew, and indeed are fit for nothing else. If you look into *Westminster Hall*, among the Lawyers, there you'll be entertain'd with little else but hideous Complaints for want of Money and Business, and find 'em all so sour and ill-natur'd, that you can hardly speak to any of 'em without endangering your Nose. Look among the religious Pretenders, and you'll see them in the very same Condition, all furiously hating, and uncharitably censuring one another, snapping, snarling, grinning and biting, and

almost every Party wishing all the rest damn'd, but just those few that agree with them in their own Opinion and Judgment. Observe the Shops and you'll see an universal Discontent and Melancholy hanging in the Faces of their respective Owners. You would see all these Things, and many other unpleasant, and tormenting Objects. And what sensible Man then would not be mightily rejoyc'd and satisfy'd that his better Fortune hath remov'd him from hence, out of the Noise and Participation of all these Evils and Calamities, and be constantly alarm'd, afraid and disturb'd, that some cross and malicious Accident should force him thither ?

Consider, I beseech you, what are the Advantages and Goods of this Town, that can give you any just Reason to be so fond of it ; or what Evils in the Country that can render it so odious and obnoxious to you, and engage you to forsake it in such a *Hurry* and *Affright*. Suppose you were now at some convenient Stand, from whence you might take a full and deliberate View and Prospect of 'em both, and were just making a Pause to *survey* and *compare* them one with another ; suppose, that having viewed over all the Comforts and Enjoyments of a *Country Life*, and the Blessings and Sweets of *Retirement* and *Liberty*, you were now looking forward upon the Town, and that *all in a View* you saw the *strange Hurries and Impertinencies*, the *busy Scramblings and Undermings ;* and, what is worse, the *monstrous Villanies*, *Cheats and Impostures* in it ; Suppose, I say, that both these were in your View, *i.e.* the *Content*, *Happiness*, *and Quiet of the Country*, *and*

the Disturbance, Hazard and Noise of the City; in such a Case I hope I need not direct you to make your Election. Well, the Case is the very same, and if *true innocent Delight and Diversion* be preferable to *Debauchery and Excess:* If Liberty be better than Confinement; if a wholsome open Air be better than contagious Smoke and Stink, and a quiet easy Life better than a Life of Noise, Vexation and Disappointment, why then the Country is better than the Town, and there is none but Madmen or Fools will venture to exchange the one for the other, and, *like the Dog in the Fable*, relinquish their Substance to catch at such a perfect Shadow.

And now, Sir, who can sufficiently wonder at your Infatuation, that you should object against the Dismission of so treacherous a Thought, such a viperous Inclination, that certainly will gnaw and devour all *your true Happiness and Felicity*. This is a Pitch certainly beyond the common Degree of Folly; there must be some Enchantment, some powerful Philtrum in it, that can make you unhappily in love with any Thing so much *below yourself;* and, what's worse, *so very much deform'd, and a Jilt beside*. But I must not trouble you too long at a Time, and therefore, in short, if you will indeed render yourself a competent Judge, whether a *Country Life be a pleasant or dismal Thing;* enter upon it anew, and endeavour to improve and make the most of the Advantages of it, and then your own Experience will be your best and most authentick Informer.

LETTER V.

Wherein is a general Disswasive against Idleness; together with the Character of a Sot.

SIR,

IT were the Work of many Volumes rather than the Business of a few short Letters, to describe the distinct Advantages that are wrapp'd up in the *Comprehensive Felicity of a Country Life;* but it seems the utmost I can say in the Case is to no Purpose, your Determinations are unalterably fix'd for the Town, so that I won't give you or myself any more impertinent Trouble upon that Account, but rather turn the Current of my Discourse *another Way;* and first, tell you *my short and blunt Opinion of what it is that hath inclin'd you to this wild Resolution*, and then pursue the grand Part of my Design, *i.e.* to expose to you some of the most dangerous Cheats and Tricks of the Town, that, as a young Gentleman, and a Stranger, you are most liable to be catch'd and trapan'd by.

First then, to tell you my Thoughts in short, I'm afraid your chief Argument *for leaving the Country* will appear to be this, *viz. That you have too much Time upon your Hands*, and *to be rid of it you will venture to hazard Yourself, your Estate, Health, Liberty, and Retirement*, and all for Company; nay, what's worse, take in the Assistance

of toilsome and laborious Vice, and call it by the false Name of *Pleasure*, rather than be idle. And, what ! could the Country afford you no Instruments for Relief in this Case ? Had you no Books to divert you, nor no Opportunities to come at any ? Was there no Gentleman of Parts and Learning that you might exchange and deal your Thoughts with ? Had you no Gardens nor Walks, no Fishing nor Fowling ; nor was there no other Diversion to be found out to deliver you from this intolerable State of Idleness ? That's hard indeed. I'm confident *Leicestershire* did not use to be so barren ; I have often heard your good old Father say, that you never wanted innocent Diversions there ; and, that a Country Gentleman might make his Passage through Human Life *in that County*, with as much Ease and Satisfaction, as in any Part of the World beside ; but the Scene is altered now, it seems ; your Father was a dull, old phlegmatick Fellow, and only hugg'd himself in a little old-fashion'd Country Happiness, a little good, honest, downright House-keeping, *&c.* All which, in these latter Days, are grown the Scorn and Aversion of our new-fashion'd Gentry.

Indeed, Sir, I must agree with you, that *Idleness is a very dangerous Thing, and the fertile Seminary of almost all other Vices ;* but then I cannot grant that *London* is a proper Place to remove you out of the Reach of it. A Gentleman here is in the main a Creature that's compos'd of nothing but *Pleasure and Idleness*, that, like the *Leviathan in the Deep*, thinks he hath little else to do in the Town, but to take his Pastime in't. I'll give you a short Account how some of our true bred *City*

Gentlemen manage their Time, and then leave you to make your own Inference.

In this Town we have *three distinct Sorts of idle Companions*, which may be properly differenced by the respective Titles of *Sots*, *Beaus*, and *Gamesters ;* and perhaps it may not be much amiss if I trouble you with a short Character of each of 'em, as far as 'tis consistent with my present Design. At worst, 'twill either serve to divert or caution you ; and if it does but one of 'em, I'm satisfied.

The Character of a Sot.

A *SOT* is a kind of sluggish, filthy Animal, that by a continued Course of Lewdness and Debauchery, has intirely raz'd out the goodly Impression *Nature* at first made upon him ; and is degenerated in the strictest Sense, from a Man to a Beast. He's distinguishable from the rest of his *Species*, both by his Smell, Garb, Shape, and Aspect ; you may discern him by his dirty Hands and Face, his foul Linen, sore Eyes, stinking Breath, and twenty other Badges of his Character, which he constantly carries about him. His Method of Living is generally thus : About Twelve or One he commonly rises, and when he has carelesly hung on his Equipage, he steers his Course directly for the *Tavern ;* and to quench the Flames of his last Night's Debauchery, calls first for a Cooler of *White-wine* and *Ale* mix'd together ; and when he has taken a Swinge or two of that he sends for the Master of the House : *Faith*, says he (with a kind of Vanity) *I was damnable Drunk last Night, and my Stomach is a*

little uneasy this Morning ; I think we had best try what a Quart of Hock *for a Whet will do.* By that time this is drank, and perhaps another, and a Pipe or two of *Tobacco* smoak'd into the Bargain, in comes the *Dinner ;* if he can eat a Bit, so, but 'tis ten to one whether he can or not ; however, he can drink as well as the best of them, and therefore sits down with them for Company. Here the half Flask must be call'd for in Course, and the good Mistress of the House's Health begun in a *Bumper*, with so many other endearing Healths, that 'tis ten to one but he's more than half Sea's over before the Cloth is remov'd. If he can get any Body to bear him Company, here he fixes till he's so thoroughly drunk, that a *Posse* of *Drawers* and *Porters* are forc'd to be call'd in to lug him into a Chair, or Coach, to carry him out of Harms-way, to his own Lodgings. But if he can prevail with no Body to do him the Favour to stay here, and be drunk with him, then in a sort of hazy Condition he blunders to the *Playhouse* (the general Place of *Rendezvous*) where he sleeps, farts and stinks for an Hour or two, and so returns perhaps to his former Vomit. The *Pit* know him well enough, and keep as far out of his reach as they can, especially the *Beaus ;* for, if he chance to fall foul upon one of them, he certainly ruins him for that Voyage, or at least forces him, upon the ungrateful Inconveniency, to steer to the next *Barber's* Shop, to new-rig and mundify. Perhaps some antiquated *Whore*, that for Company sake can drink and smoke a Pipe, and be drunk as well as he, for want of a better Adventure, halls him to her, and lays him aboard ; and if she can but once

decoy him to a *Tavern*, she plies him so very warmly, that she soon makes him quite up, then dexterously picks his Pocket, and so leaves him. And this is the Way a great many of these sort of *Gentry* pass away their Lives, till an habitual Course of *Sottishness* and *Debauchery* hath either made them insensible, or thrown them into a *Fever*, or some other dangerous Distemper, which carries them off intirely ; or at least brings the *Gout*, *Stone*, *Gravel*, *Strangury*, or some such Thing, upon them, by which the whole Remainder of their Lives is render'd bitter and uncomfortable.

But, Sir, I remember the Caution you gave me in your last, *i.e.* to make my Letters as short as I could ; and so I'll defer the Character of the other Two idle Companions till my next.

LETTER VI.

In which are the Characters of a Beau *and a* Gamester, *together with some short Reflections upon* Idleness *in general.*

The Character of a Beau.

A *BEAU* is a Creature of a Nature so different and disagreeable to the former, that you'd hardly take him to be of the same *Species*, and his Time cut out to quite contrary Uses ; some of it is spent in the idle Pursuit of Modes and Fashions, in contriving his Clothes, and putting them on with the most Advantage ; another Part of his Time is consum'd in admiring himself, or projecting to be admir'd by others, and the rest in hearing of Flatteries, and reflecting and ruminating upon them. The first three Hours of every Day are constantly dedicated to the setting his *Wig* and *Cravat*, rolling his *Stockings*, redning his *Lips*, and painting his nauseous *Phiz*, and the like. When he thinks he has manag'd himself in the best Order as may be, perhaps he stalks majestically to the *Coffee House*, where he teazes somebody with an Hour's Impertinence, drinks his Dish of *Tea*, and is laugh'd at, and then, forsooth, he must have a Chair call'd, to carry him to a Lady, that (it may be) does him only the Honour, after all, to let him dine with her *Dogs* and her

Abigails; or perhaps, if she be in a very good Humour, and wants a little Sport, will admit him to the Favour to play a Game at *Cards* with her, till she has won his Money, and made him the common Buffoon to the Company, and then she dismisseth him with a Jest: From hence, perhaps, he marches to another, and tells her a thousand Stories, how kind my Lady —— was to him, what a plentiful Dinner they had, and how earnestly she press'd him to stay longer with her; in short, 'tis ten to one but his Company soon grows ungrateful there too. Ladies don't often love such Fools, that are fit for nothing but to be stuck up in a Garden to fright the Birds from the Fruit, which they can eat none of themselves; and so to be rid of him, one of the Maids has the Sign given her to take him aside, and tell him that her Mistress expects Visitors, and his Company won't be convenient. From hence, it may be, he walks to the *Play House*, where his chief Business is to observe the Ladies in the Boxes, and to expose himself to 'em; When the Play is done he places himself at one of the Doors of the House, and stands ready to offer his Hand to help them severally into their Coaches; if there be ever a one that will take him home with her, well and good; if not, by the help of a Link, he picks his Way to the *Groom Porter's*, where he lolls about for another Hour or two, and then the Business of the Day is done with him. If there be any broken Intervals, which cannot be so well devoted to these set and solemn Fopperies, those are commonly glean'd up by some other little insignificant Trifles; so that the main of his whole Life is

nothing else but one continued Scene of Folly and Impertinence.

The Character of a Gamester.

A *GAMESTER* is a Sort of Composition of both these together, half *Sot*, half *Beau;* and in his Nature and Constitution, worse than either of them. Indeed, I want a Name for him ; and if he be a profess'd *Gamester*, and has taken up the Trade purely for a Livelihood, he's no more fit to be admitted into the Society of Country Gentlemen, than a mad *Dog* is to be turn'd loose into a Kennel of *Beagles ;* where, if he sets his venomous Teeth into any of 'em, they consequently run mad too, and so are fit for nothing but to be worm'd or hang'd, to prevent the Infection of the rest of the Company. These, forsooth, range the Town in the Garb, and under the Characters of Gentlemen ; and indeed some of them are so originally, but then in their Practices they are not only a Reproach to their Family, but to their Title too. 'Tis a worthy Employment for a Gentleman, is it not ? To make it his Business to find out young Heirs of much Wealth, and little Prudence, and to rook 'em at Play, or entangle 'em into Suretiship, or perhaps betray 'em into some mean and unequal Matches ? This is their common Practice ; and when they have hit of such a one, they seize upon him with as much Eagerness, and observe him with the same Joy, as a Vulture does the Fall of a Carcase. But I shall have other Opportunities to speak with them in their proper Places, and therefore I'll wave them now. As to the Gentle-

men that use *Gaming*, as their ordinary Method to squander away their Time, their usual Custom is this : To spend their Morning at the *Tennis Court*, their Afternoon at the *Bowling Green*, their Evening at the *Play House ;* from thence to their Mistress ; from her to the *Groom Porter's ;* from the *Groom Porter's* to the *Tavern ;* and from thence, perhaps (if they don't commit some Outrages, that obliges the *Watch* to secure 'em from further Mischief) about four or five in the Morning they get drunk to Bed. In short, Sir, a *Gamester* is a Composition of almost all the Vices of the Town jumbl'd together ; his ordinary *Dialect* is Swearing and Cursing, and his Occupation solely depends upon Lying, Falshood, and Perjury. His Life's a perfect *Lottery*, and a *Hazard Table ;* to Day he's a *Squire*, and so proud and insolent, nobody can speak to him ; To-morrow he's a *Beggar*, and as meek as a *Lamb ;* and but lend him a *Guinea* to set him up, you may say or do what you will to him : To have done with him ; his Time is so equally divided between Vice, Folly, and Impertinence, and commonly so taken up and forestall'd by his Designs and Projects, and which way to manage his Cheats and Adventures, or at least he's so harass'd and fatigu'd with his Losses and Disappointments, that his whole Thoughts, and that together, are lost in the hurry : And thus he lives an absolute Slave, and dies a perfect Wretch.

You see, Sir, how these sort of *Sparks* ply their time ; and truly, most of your *Country Gentlemen*, that come to *London* purely to spend their Money, and to see Fashions, fall under one of these Deno-

minations. Well, what can make Men, *Gentlemen* especially (that are distinguish'd by several extraordinary Advantages from the rest of their Kind) suffer themselves to be impos'd upon by these kind of Follies, I know not : *Idleness* is certainly the grand Cause, and according to that common Principle of Nature, they must be doing of Mischief, when they can find out no other Employ. But then, has *Virtue* lost her Prerogative ? Is she grown in this last Age so old and deform'd, that she has quite lost all her Charms, and Endearments ? No, no, my Friend, she's still the same, as charming and as beautiful as ever : the *World's* grown worse 'tis true, but *Virtue* never changes. If you would but actuate your own *Reason*, and disinchant yourself from this unlucky Resolution, you'd soon find she'd propose a Method to you, both to delight and direct you in your Country Life, a thousand times beyond any thing in the most gustful Sensualities, the City can pretend to.

To sum up all, there's a kind of Justice, that obliges a Gentleman to stay in the Country, and live upon his Estate ; this he should do, not only for the Sake of Charity and Hospitality, but likewise upon the Account of his poor Neighbours and Tenants, to whose Sweat and Labour, a great Part of the Profits and Advantages of his Land is owing. They, I'm sure, should be encouraged, supported, and assisted ; but how can that be, when the whole Profits must be sent up to support the Grandeur, Equipage, and Extravagance of a lewd Town ? And 'tis some Odds too, whether the Annual Rents will do the Business, or no ;

'tis very often seen that such kind of Luxuries and inconsiderate Methods of living, not only destroy the Crop, but the Soil likewise ; prey upon the very Heart and Vitals of an Estate ; and many have stay'd so long in Town, till they have had nothing left to retire into the Country. There's much to be said to prove this Town to be the Forge of *Vanity*, a Nursery of *Vice*, a Snare to the Young, a Curse to the Old, and a perpetual Spring of new Temptations. But, Sir, I've said enough already, to let you see my Sentiments of the Matter. My next Business shall be to discover and expose to you several of the most practick and common Humours and Tricks of it ; some of which you'll certainly be encounter'd with almost upon your first Arrival.

LETTER VII.

In which the Humours and Tricks of the Playhouse are exposed.

SIR,

HAVING finish'd the first Part of my design, and, as I said, exposed the Town to you, as the *Spartans* were wont to do their Drunken Helots to their Children : I come now to the second Thing ; *i.e.* first, to lay before you some of the Humours, Tricks and Cheats of it, which, as a young Gentleman and a Stranger, you are in most Danger of ; and secondly, to give you some general Directions and Advice, *how you may best guard yourself against them*. And first, Sir, I will wait upon you to the Playhouse (for thither I'm confident your Inclinations or Curiosity, or both together, will soon lead you) and bear you Company according to the best of my Judgment, through the different Accidents and Adventures which, as a Stranger, you must expect to be encounter'd with as soon as you come there. In our Playhouses at *London*, besides an Upper-Gallery for Footmen, Coachmen, Mendicants, *&c.* we have three other different and distinct Classes ; the first is called the *Boxes*, where there is one peculiar to the King and Royal Family, and the rest for the Persons of Quality, and for the Ladies and Gentlemen of the highest Rank, unless some

Fools that have more Wit than Money, or perhaps more Impudence than both, crowd in among them. The second is call'd the *Pit*, where sit the *Judges*, *Wits* and *Censurers*, or rather the *Censurers without either Wit or Judgment*. These are the *Bully-Judges*, that *damn and sink the Play at a venture ;* 'tis no matter whether it be good or bad, but 'tis a *Play*, and *they are the Judges*, and so it must be *damn'd*, *curs'd*, *and censur'd* in Course ; in common with these sit the *Squires*, *Sharpers*, *Beaus Bullies* and *Whores*, and here and there an extravagant *Male* and *Female Cit*. The third is distinguished by the Title of the *Middle Gallery*, where the Citizens Wives and Daughters, together with the *Abigails*, Serving-men, Journey-men and Apprentices commonly take their Places ; and now and then some desponding Mistresses and superannuated Poets ; into one of these you must go, and truly considering your Circumstances, I think the *Pit* is the most proper. Well, when you come there, the Eyes of every Body are presently upon you, especially the Whores and Sharpers, who immediately give out the Word, to try if any Body knows you ; and if they find you are a Stranger, then a Lady in a Mask, *alias* Whore, (which as they express it) is a good *Tongue-Pad*, is forthwith detach'd to go and sound you, and in the mean time a Cabal of Bullies and Sharpers are consulting which way you must be manag'd, and passing their Judgments upon you. The Lady comes up to you with a kind of formal Impudence, and fixes herself as near to you as she can, and then begins some loose and impertinent Prate, to draw you into Discourse with her. If she finds

you a Man fit for their Turn, and a true Squire, with some sort of subtle and insinuating Civility, she leaves you a little, to go and make her Report to her Friends and Allies, that are earnestly waiting to know the Success of her Negociation, in another Part of the Pit; here some proper Measures are soon resolv'd upon, and she's dispatch'd to you again with new Instructions, and will be sure to stick to you till the End of the *Play;* and in all the Interludes be constantly chattering to you, to screw herself as far as possible into your Acquaintance and Familiarity. When the *Play*'s over she certainly marches out with you, and by the Way, perhaps does you the Favour to let you have a Glimpse of her painted Face, *&c.* If she sees you take no Notice of her, and seem insensible of her Design, she comes to a close Parley with you, and must needs know which Way you go; be it which Way it will, her Way's the very same; and so to avoid the Trouble of calling another Coach, if you'll set her down, she'll give you a Cast another Night; 'tis ten to one but this is agreed to: And now she has got you by herself, she begins to cajole and flatter you, to commend some particular Part; your Shape, Mein, Carriage, Good-nature, and Civility; but above all, the Kindness in taking her into your Coach; in Consideration of which, if you'll do her the Favour to go Home with her to her Lodging, she'll do her best to make you Amends: When you come there, the first Part of the Entertainment is, with her own Character, and Circumstances, which she commonly makes use of, for an Introduction to enquire into yours; when she has

fully equipp'd herself with your whole State and Condition, if she finds you are worth her Trouble, why then she's so much captivated with your genteel Deportment, free Disposition, and your even Temper and Conversation, that you must needs Dine with her To-morrow, and thus the Train is laid that will effectually blow you up and ruin you inevitably, if you give her a second Opportunity to touch it with the fatal Coal. You are hardly gone out of her Room, but in comes the rest of the Confederacy, a Set of Bullies, Sharpers and Whores, and then the Tables are soon turn'd, and you that were but the last Moment one of the most accomplish'd Persons in the Universe, are now made the grand Laughing-stock for the Night ; your Dress must be anatomiz'd, your Mein and Dialect buffoon'd and ridicul'd, in short, they conclude you fit for nothing but a Cully, and that they resolve by some Means or other to make of you. But to return again to the *Playhouse*. If they find their Whore can do no good with you, then they try another Expedient, an ingenious Gentleman that's born Westward of *England* makes up to you, and he, forsooth, must know what Country-Man you are, or what's a Clock by your Watch ? or what Part of the Town you lodge in, or where you Sup ? These sort of Sparks are commonly well stock'd, I mean, with Confidence and Impertinence, and so don't stand much upon Forms and Ceremonies with you ; but, *by his Soul, if you'll go along with him to the Tavern and drink an honest Gentleman's Health of your Country, which he either knows, or at least has heard his Name, he can carry you to a Glass of the*

best Wine in London ; his Business with you is of the same Nature with the former ; if he can wheedle you thither, first to make you drunk, then to draw you into Gaming, and then by the Help of his false Dice, and other Tricks and Slights of Hand, the *only Arts that he is Master of*, he soon gets your ready Money, takes your Notes for more, by which Means he links you so fast to him, that without the greatest Caution, you are insensibly ruin'd before you can disentangle yourself. But if this don't pass upon you neither ; why then comes a third, and his Business is to draw you into a Quarrel, or at least to try whether you will fight or not upon Occasion ; and if you won't do that, they naturally conclude that a *Coward* and a *Cully* are convertible Terms, and so will be constantly teazing you till they have gained their Point. His Way of proceeding with you, is either to tread on your Toes, cough in your Face, ruffle, crowd or discompose you. But after all, if he finds you resent his Behaviour, and grow rough with him upon the Matter, he flies presently to his grand Reserve, begs your Pardon, and sneaks off. When neither of these can do your Business, then comes up a Forlorn Hope, *a worthy Old Matron*, *deeply skill'd in the famous Science of Procuration*, and she accosts you first with a Scripture Phrase or two perhaps ; or if she finds that don't so well agree with your Palate (for some of your *Country Gentlemen* are not over-fond of Scripture neither) she changes her Dialect into *Bawdy*, and so with a little of one and t'other, and a Chuck under the Chin into the Bargain, she whispers you i'th' Ear, and tells you in plain Terms, *she perceives you are a*

young Country Gentleman, and if you have a Mind to have a Taste of the Town, she lives in Bow-Street, *in* Covent-Garden ; *and if you'll come and Sup with her, she can shew you three or four Couple of the choicest Strumpets* (*Ladies she calls 'em*) *about the Town.* You see, Sir, how naturally all these Beasts of Prey hunt a *Country Squire*, and if they can once blow him a little that he becomes obnoxious to the Herd, they seldom lose the Scent till they have set him up (as you Phrase it) *brought him to a Bay*, and then they soon pull him down and mangle him as they will ; but here we'll leave him, and take Breath till the next Post.

LETTER VIII.

Being a Continuation of the Humours of the Play-house, *together with a few short Reflections upon their Government.*

WELL, Sir, to go on where I left off; If you can pass these Pikes, and come safe off from the *Whore*, the *Sharper*, the *Bully*, and the *Bawd*, which I hope you will do, by the Assistance of the Cautions I have given you; then you'll be a little at Liberty to look about you, and make your Observations. The *Stage* I must needs own, was originally ('till so many immoral Practices and Irregularities broke in upon it) of admirable Use and Design. 'Twas a kind of Looking-glass to the Nation, where a Man of Sense might form as true a Judgment of the Humours and Inclinations of the better Sort of the Kingdom, as in any part of the Town besides; how it came to lose so much of its Beauty and Ornament in these latter Years, is no great matter to our Purpose. If you will come there now, you must take it as Men do their Wives, for better, or worse; 'tis already in a State of Declension, and for my Part, I am not so much a Friend to the *Mob*, or the *Fanaticks* either, to give my Vote for its utter Extirpation. To go on then, if it be a new Play, the House is commonly very full, especially if the Author be a new One too; upon

such Occasions, every Body that has any Inclination for the *Play-house*, is willing to gratify his Itch with a Novelty.

Tho' indeed I must confess, when I look into the Plays that were writ formerly, and compare them with the Generality that have been writ here of late, in my poor Judgment, the *Plots* and *Characters*, (and what's more strange) the *Stile* too, is grown so profoundly dull and flat, that a Man must have a very good Appetite, that can digest such intolerable Trash, without a Surfeit. Well, let it be what it will, provided it be stampt with a new Name, and a strange Title, it certainly raises the *Mob*, calls together the *Whores* and *Bawds*, the *Squires*, *Beaus*, *Cits*, *Bullies*, &c. that come all crowding in Shoals, to hear what this wondrous new Man can say, or do, to please them. The third Day, if by the Help of a good *Prologue* and *Epilogue*, good *Acting*, good *Dancing*, and *Singing*, good *Scenes*, and the like, the sickly, half-got Brat can be kept alive so long, is commonly the grand Day ; then you may observe the general Humours of the *House*. In one Part of it you'll see the *Judges*, and the *Wits*, with Abundance of Hangers on, and *Interlopers*, censuring and mistaking the Sense, if there be any, for the Nonsense ; 'tis ten to one, if there be any Part above the rest, but some of these pretending Coxcombs, unluckily pitch upon that, for their Subject to laugh at : The Reason of this is very plain, perhaps they may know a little of the *Merry Andrew* Parts, the dull *Jokes* and *Drolls*, which at best are but the Rubbish and Lumber of the *Play ;* but for the Flights and Extasies, and the shining Parts of it, those are

utterly out of their Element ; and so consequently they are forc'd to damn and censure them in Course, because they don't understand them; the poor *Poet* must be confounded and maul'd, and what's worse, if there be e'er a *Fanatick* that sets up for a Judge, if there's but a few accidental Expressions, that don't exactly square with his Opinion, and Inclination, the whole *Play*, upon the Score of one single Character or Paragraph, must be esteem'd a *Satyr* against the Government, and have an *Embargo* laid upon it, and the poor Author be doom'd as an Enemy to the Publick, to be taken in Custody, and whipt, *&c.* This, within the Compass of my own Knowledge, has been the Fate of some of them ; and indeed I have known one of the best *Tragedies* that ever was writ, stopt upon such a Pique. In another Part of the House sit the *Poet's* Friends, which are resolved to carry him off, right or wrong ; 'tis no matter to them, whether the *Play* be well or ill done, they're engag'd either for Friendship, Interest, or else by a Natural Spirit of Contradiction, to oppose the other Faction ; and those you'll observe straddling upon the Seats, hollowing, clapping, and flouncing, and making such an impertinent Clatter and Noise, and using so many insolent and indecent Actions, that I advise you as a Friend, to keep as far from them as you can. But, what's worse still, perhaps, in the very Nick of all, comes in a drunken Lord, with a Party of *Low Country* Warriours ; or what's more common, a Country *Squire*, that has lately taken up the noble Profession of Scouring and Revelling ; and to shew their Parts and their Courage, raise a Quarrel, and put

the whole House into a Hurly-burly ; then you'll see fine Work indeed ; the *Whores* tumbling over the Seats, and the poor *Squires* and *Beaus* tumbling after 'em in a horrible Fright, and Disorder ; the whole *Pit's* in Arms in a Minute, and every Man's Sword drawn to defend himself ; so that if the Uproar be not instantly supprest, 'tis great Odds but there's some body murder'd. These Insurrections, I confess, don't often happen, and 'tis well they do not ; for if they should, they might ev'n play by themselves : for, who but a Madman would run the Risk of being stabb'd, or trod to Death, to gratify himself with an empty, insignificant Curiosity ? And, indeed, most of our *Novel-Farces* have little else, but barely that to recommend them.

But, Sir, if after all you will still go to the *Play-house* (which I hope will be very seldom, never when you have any Business of Moment to divert you, or call you off otherways) why then, if you'll take a few short Instructions along with you, I'm confident, if they do you no Good, they can do you no Harm, at worst you will esteem them (I presume) a well-intended Impertinence, and that's the most pardonable Error of any Thing of that Kind. Well then, upon the former *Proviso*, that you have two or three loose Hours that are entirely upon your Hands, and you're resolv'd to make use of the *Play*, to fill up the idle Intervals ; your best Way is to fix yourself in some advantageous Part of the Pit, where with the least Disturbance, and Interruption, you may not only observe the Actions and Behaviour of the Actors, but likewise hear every individual Part distinctly, by which

Means you may be able to understand the Plot and Design of the *Play*, and to judge of the several Characters, and what they drive at ; for unless you do this, the best *Play* that ever was writ, can seem nothing else but an empty Din of Words, and a Jumble of Things stuck together, without any manner of Order. 'Tis true, the greatest Part of those that frequent the *Playhouse*, come thither upon a quite different Errand ; perhaps to see the passionate Love, or Hate of some great Queen or Lady, represented ; the Destruction of some Prince or Hero ; or the Rape of a Virgin ; or, what's more usual, to hear the Singing, and see the Dancing, to observe some of the little Drolling Humours and *Scenes*, and fine Cloaths of the *Players ;* But, Sir, I hope you would not heed yourself among such a *Mob* as these ? If this be all you propose to yourself from the *Stage*, you may even save your Money, and march to *Moorfields*, where a *Mountebank* and his *Andrew*, will divert you as well. No, no, Sir ; the true Design of the *Stage*, is utterly foreign to this ; *i.e.* to expose and detect Rebellion and Faction, and Vice in general ; and to exalt and commend Loyalty, Honour and Virtue ; and truly, there's hardly a *Play* (if you take it right) that's acted at either of the Houses in *London*, but makes some kind of Advances towards one of these Ends. 'Tis true, *Players* like the Money of a Fool, as well as they do of a Man of Sense, and in some measure are as willing to please him with their Trifles and Baubles, as divert and instruct the other with their *Encomiums*, and *Satyrs ;* tho' by the way, I must tell them, they had best take Care that by their *Farces* and *Drolls*,

and their *Jack-Pudding* Tricks, they don't at last pull their Houses upon their Heads ; but it seems they're above Advice, and so I won't go out of my Road, to trouble my Head with 'em ; 'tis well there's more Fools than Men of Sense, that are their Customers ; if there were not, for all their Huffing, their Shares might be soon drawn into a narrow Compass. Well, Sir, to have done with them, and the Subject too, if you please to observe what I have told you, with this one Thing more, *i.e.* never to embark yourself upon any Pretence, or Account whatsoever, in any of the Quarrels, Humours, Intrigues, or Factions of the *Stage*, you may then pass away an Hour or two at the *Play-house*, once in a Month, but no oftener, without any great Matter of Hazard, and with some kind of Advantage.

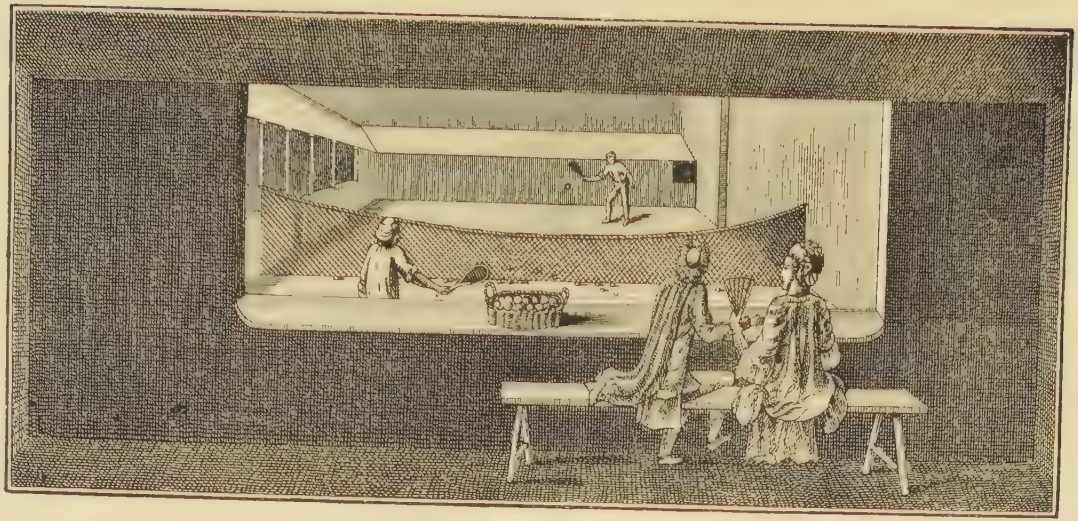
LETTER IX.

In which the Humours and Tricks of the Tennis Courts *are exposed.*

TENNIS is one of the most manly and active Diversions we have in *England;* and heretofore was hardly used by any but the Young Nobility, and Gentlemen of the Chief Rank: King *Charles* the Second, was a great Master and Judge of it, and would very often divert himself with a Set or two in the *Royal Court* at the *Cock-pit*, with a great deal of Satisfaction.

This is a Game that depends purely upon Skill and Activity, and not to be acquired without considerable Expence, and Practice; upon which Account indeed it has had the Advantage of most of the rest, and Abundance of *Sharpers* and *Cheats* have been kept out of it, for want of Money to pay the Charge of the Court, and other Expences that are consequent to it. But this, however harmless and inoffensive it was in its Original and Design, has of late incurred the same Fate with most of the Diversions of that Nature, and is strangely degenerated from a noble and genteel Exercise, into a perfect Trade for Rooks and Sharpers, who perceiving it would necessarily be a good Foundation for them to get a base Livelihood by, have cunningly twisted themselves into the Knowledge

and Perfection of it. As to the Game itself, a Person that has never seen it before can make but little on't, except it be any Curiosity or Diversion to him to see three or four Persons furiously running after a few little Balls, and laboriously bandying and tossing them about from one to another ; if this were all 'twere well enough, but when he hears the Marker calling *Forty, Love, and a Chace*, and sees them changing their Sides, and hears the Players wrangling and swearing about the taking of *Bisks* and *Faults*, and talking of *Cuts* and *Twists*, and *Forces*, &c. he presently concludes there must be some wonderful Secret in all this ; and so is resolved to satisfy himself a little further. If he gets into the *Dan*, among the Gentry that come there to bet, and has the Misfortune to ask any Questions, or declare his Ignorance, they presently give out the Word, That here's a Squire come ; and then two or three of the sharpest of the Gang, come up with him presently, in order to give him some little Insight, and Directions into the Game, that they may prepare him against an Opportunity to take him in ; here they tell him, 'tis all even and odd, a perfect *Lottery*, and that he may venture his Money on either Side, for 'tis all equal ; and so indeed, in some Sets it is : For the Noblemen and Gentlemen, that are acquainted with the Game, and play it upon the Square, and more for the Reputation of good Gamesters, than for Interest, commonly make their Matches so very nicely, that the best *Sharper* and *Judge* among 'em can hardly (before the Set's begun) tell which way to bet his Money ; here, perhaps, he wins half a Piece, or a *Guinea*, which inclines him to believe



A Tennis Court in the Eighteenth Century.

[*To face* p. 50.

that this must needs be a very fair Game, that a Stranger can get Money at it at first Sight ; and truly, as long as this Match lasts, he's in no great Danger ; but then against this is over, there's another Set ready to step into the Court, that will be sure to do his Business. The Managers tell him 'tis all equal now too ; that Squire *A.* is a good Striker-out, but Squire *B.* is a better Back-hand ; that Mr. *C.* judges a Ball finely, but Mr. *D.* plays for a *Chace* much better than he ; so that upon the whole, they conclude it a very good Match, and that he'll see these Gentlemen will make better Play than the former ; here they offer him his Choice, or to throw Cross and Pile, which Side he'll take ; if he complies, and they have taken him in as far as the Thing will conveniently bear at once, then the Sign is made to the Players, that they may manage their Parts ; when this Set is over, which is commonly play'd with as much seeming Eagerness and Fury, and withal with the greatest Equality that can be ; why then, with some little *Sham-quarrels*, and Wranglings about adjusting the Odds, *&c.* they agree upon another : Here they attack the Stranger again ; *Come, Sir, you had the Misfortune to be on the wrong Side last Time, tho' 'twas a very hard Match, and no Body could tell who had the best of it, 'till the very Advantage-game ; take your Choice, we don't covet to carry off your Money.* And so they draw him on from one Set to another, and from little Betts to great Ones (till they have stuck him, as they call it) and then, to keep up their own *Dialect*, they seldom part with him, 'till they have sent him away sweet and clean.

I was a tolerable Master of this Game myself, I studied it at *Oxford*, together with my *Logicks*, and *Ethicks*; and at last was arrived to that Perfection, that but few Scholars in the Town durst encounter with me upon equal Terms (I wish I could have said the same with respect to the other) but for all my mighty Parts in the University, when I came to *London*, I soon found my Insufficiency; and that I must be new documentized before I must pretend to set up for myself: They would now and then take me in with them, to keep a Back-hand, which was my Master-piece; but truly, I had soon enough of my Back-hand Business: In short, I perceived they only made a Property of me, as they do of all Strangers, and so I knock'd off in Time; besides I quickly grew acquainted with their Humours and Tricks, and saw that there was but few Matches made, but there was either a bribed *Marker*, or some Gentleman that had first lost his Estate, and then his Honour, and so was forc'd to comply with the Sharpings and Tricks of the Town, to get his Bread; or some Scoundrel that never had an Estate or Honour either, but had acquired the Game by a diligent Attendance upon the Courts, crowded in among them, and that there was hardly a Set play'd, but there was some Sort of Falshood and Deceit practised; I wisely disposed of my *Rackets*, and Inclination together, and left them to manage their Matters by themselves. But supposing for once that the Game was, as they'd have the World believe, square and equal, yet one of these Sparks *that make it their Trade to hunt about from Court to Court, have such a vast Advantage of a Stranger that*

knows nothing of the Business, that 'tis morally impossible but they must get his Money and impose upon him at last.

There are several in Town that live purely upon the *Tennis-Courts* (and live well too) if such a Way of Living may be called *living well;* but then they have such a perfect Idea and Notion of a Set, and so many mysterious Methods to turn and wind their Bets, and to bring themselves off when they have the worst, that a Person must have a natural Sharpness of Temper and Genius, back'd with a long Practice and Experience, before he can be a tolerable Master of the Faculty. But after all, if a Man could escape all their Tricks and Stratagems, which is almost impossible for a Stranger if he engages with them; what Business, I wonder, has a *Country Gentleman* at a *Tennis-Court?* Why, truly none as I know of, unless it be to expose himself, if not to the Cheats, at least to the Laughter and Ridicule of a Company of lazy, sharping Companions. Well Sir, if you should chance to fall in among them, take this along with you: *That they'll cheat you if they can; if they can't draw you in to bet with them there, they'll attempt the enticing you into a Tavern or Gaming Ordinary, or rather than fail, into a Bawdy-house; they have twenty little Arts which they make use of, and Abundance of Baits to throw before a Stranger, and if he stoops for any of them, they'll be sure to find out some Means or other to make him pay dear for his Instalment into his new Society. Indeed, for the Noblemen and Gentlemen that love the Game, and only use it for a Breathing, that play a Set or two, once in a Week,*

to divert and recreate themselves, they are above any base Action, and if you could fall in with them, (though I think the Thing is scarce worth your Trouble) as there is no Good, so there would be no great Matter of Harm in't.

LETTER X.

In which the Humours, Tricks and Cheats of the Bowling-Greens are exposed.

BOWLING is a Game for Diversion, Recreation and Exercise, as well as *Tennis*, and was formerly a Game for few but Gentlemen, as that was ; but as Men and Things are generally grown worse and worse, so is this too, and strangely degenerated from an innocent, inoffensive Diversion to be a *perfect Trade, a kind of set Calling and Occupation for Cheats and Sharpers.* The number of Bowling-Greens that we have in and near this Town are unaccountable, and the Number of Bowlers, Betters and Rooks that depend upon them, and live by them, almost miraculous ; How they all live I know not, but that they do live, get Money, and spend high, is *most certain.* Well, but I'll shew you *some Part of their Art*, and leave you to judge of the rest yourself. If you please therefore we'll make a short Trip to *Marybone* (for that's the chief Place of Rendezvous) the Bowling-Greens there having in these latter Years gain'd a kind of Preheminence and Reputation above the rest, and thither most of the Noblemen and Gentlemen about the Town, that affect that sort of Recreation, generally resort ; I have seen a Hundred at a Time at least following one Block, and the greatest Part of them, five to

one, I'm confident, Rooks and Sharpers. When a Match is made which they are commonly very nice in, but not so nice neither, but a subtle, old Better knows presently where the Odds lies ; then the Sport begins, here you will hear *five*, *ten*, *twenty Pieces* offer'd the Leader against the Follower, or the Follower against the Leader sometimes upon the main End ; and very often you will see *five* or *ten Pound* betted upon a single Bowl ; they bet nothing but Gold here, so that a Man must have a good Stock that pretends to embark with them. But the Secret and Mystery of all is, how one of these profess'd Betters manage the Point ; let the Game go for them or against them, it is some Odds, but they turn a Penny, or at least bring themselves off Savers at the winding up. I have heard one of them say, that he lost five Pieces by the Bargain, yet by his cunning Contrivances and Hedging, and his taking and laying the Odds (which is the chiefest Part in the Betting) he should be three Pound Gainer in the main. But, Sir, this is an Art that is not learnt on a sudden ; and truly it is much below a Gentleman, unless he has some Notions of losing his Estate first, and being reduced afterwards to the Extremity of turning *Rook* for a Livelihood, to perplex himself about it. *Marybone*, as I told you, is the chief Place about Town, but for all its Greatness and Preheminence, it lies under shrewd Suspicions of being guilty of Sharping and Crimping as well as the rest. Indeed, I believe the Noblemen and Gentlemen, are above any thing so exaltedly Base and Sordid ; but for the Interlopers, I'm a little jealous when they find there is a

convenient Green, a great many Citizens, Fools, and Strangers, that they have always a Match or two lying by them, to divert such kind of Adventures. I have observed myself very unequal Dealing among them ; and withal I must own, was something surprized and dissatisfied, to see so many Gentlemen, if not concerned, at least winking and conniving at it. Well, Sir, in short, I'm very certain, it will be your best Way never to come here at all, and then you will be both out of the Danger, and the Temptation too ; for unless you are so much a Master of yourself, as I know some are, only to divert yourself with walking about, and observing the Humours of the Company, you will be in great Hazard to be seduc'd into some sort of Gaming, which you may perhaps have Cause to repent as long as you live. There you may be equipt with Gaming of all sorts ; if you are for the famous Game with two *Dice*, properly distinguish'd by the memorable Title of *Hazard ;* there the *Groom Porter* has a Gentleman in Ordinary, constantly in waiting : If you are for *Back Gammon*, *Trick Track*, *Picket*, *Cribidge*, or for an honest upright Game at *Whisk*, there are Chapmen enough for you : But, by the way, I wou'd have you take care of them, for it is ten to one, if they can once bring you down (as they express it) if they suffer you to rise again, without making a Penny of you. But, Sir, I would not keep you too long here neither, if you will give yourself the Trouble to take a Turn with me to a Bowling-Green or two, on the other side of the Water, there you will meet with both Bowlers and Betters, that are very well worth your Observation. A

Gang of such unaccountable Creatures mixed and jumbled together, and such a strange and horrid Din of Blasphemy and Swearing (too common indeed in most of these kind of Assemblies) that I know not where to begin my dismal Account of them. Well, Sir, to have done with them as fast as I can, their common Way of Proceeding is this, there are generally five or six that ply at one of these Greens, that are looked upon to be the Cocks or chief Bowlers, and these always keep together, unless they can draw in a Younker to make a Property of. Their Way of making their Matches, is by drawing the Dice as in most other Greens, and the Method is well enough where the Gamesters are equal, but that is but a Blind neither, which they have to impose upon the Persons that are Strangers, and don't understand the Cheat ; for let the Dice fall which Way they will, their Friends and Allies, the Betters, must give the Sign which Side must win, and each of these has always his Familiar or two near him to direct him whether he should bowl on or off, and for Sixpence Advantage they will do either : Sometimes it happens that they are forced to take in a Stranger, for want of a fourth Man to make up their Set, and then Things are not quite so well for their Purpose ; however, to make the Matter as secure as they can, they all three Bowl against him, and none more earnestly than his own Partner ; he must lead in Course, and then if he puts in a good Cast, and leaves him best at the Block, if the Game be in any Danger, he will be sure to be two or three Turns over, and either rest him off, or strike up the Adversary ; and to blind

the Stranger, will impudently pretend to justify the Thing, notwithstanding the Miscarriage, to be the Judgment of the Game ; and if he could have struck the other out, which he never designed, they had been up. In short, they manage the Matter so, that unless the Stranger be able to beat them all three, he must necessarily lose his Money, and yet they carry on the Game so equally, and with so much seeming Fairness and Policy, that it is almost impossible (unless a Man has some *Idea* and Notion of the Persons beforehand) to find them out.

If they get a Stranger to engage with them Hand to Hand, let him be never so exact and judicious a Bowler, they'll find out some Means or other to cheat him out of his Game. Sometimes they'll be crossing the Ground upon him ; others will be bawling to him just upon the Delivery of his Bowl, and teazing and confounding him with impertinent Advice, to make him forget his Lengths ; and perhaps, one of the Gang will pretend to be betted on his Side, and so amuse him with giving him false Ground ; or if none of these or such like Tricks will do, why then, just as he is acquainted with the Running and Biasses of his Bowls, there's a Gentleman come they pretend that owns them, and must have them, but they'll give him another Pair, that are of the same Size and Weight, and in all Respects as good, but only 'tis the Gentleman's Humour to bowl with no other ; and these, perhaps, are either Back-biass'd, or pegg'd, or loaded, or have some other Trick used to them, that 'tis impossible to come near the Mark with them. Sir, I could discover

Abundance of their little rascally Cheats to you ; but 'tis neither worth your Time to read them, nor mine to write them ; you see in the main, what a villainous Gang these are, and how careful a Gentleman ought to be how he ventures himself among them ; for besides these Cheats and Tricks upon the *Green*, they have Abundance of other dangerous Villanies consequent to them : They have their *Whores*, and *Setters*, their *Thieves*, and their *Pickpockets ;* their false Dice and Cards, and almost all other Engines for Mischief, ready upon Occasion. Indeed, even in the worst of these Places, there are a great many honest Gentlemen come daily to bowl ; but what then ? I can't see the Necessity for a Gentleman to run a Risk where there's no Occasion ; if he will divert himself with a Game at Bowls now and then, there's Places enough about *London*, where he may meet with sober and genteel Company, may pass an Hour or two, without being grated and tormented with the hideous Noise of Cursing and Swearing. The Game is a very innocent and healthful Recreation in itself, and I think one of the best Diversions we have about Town (provided a Man has nothing to do) to pass away a *Summer*'s Evening. I hope you will not mistake me in this, nor in any of the rest ; I am not entirely advising you against the *Play-house*, *Tennis-Court*, or *Bowling-Green*, or any other innocent and harmless Recreation. I know some Divertisement is so necessary, both for the Body and Mind of a Man, that 'tis hardly possible for either of them, to be at Ease without it : But that which I would reprehend, is the Excess and the Inordinancy of them ; the making that a set

and formal Business and Trade, which should be only used as a Diversion, and to fill up the idle Intervals ; and withal to discover to you the ill Uses that are made of them, and the Dangers and Hazards they expose a Man to, if he once suffers them to usurp his Time, and get the Mastership over him ; this is solely my Design, and truly I cannot suspect that my sincere Endeavours in this Point should meet with any false Construction.

LETTER XI.

In which the Humours of the Groom Porter's, *and the Tricks and Cheats of* Ordinaries, *and other* Gaming-houses *are briefly exposed.*

SIR,

HAVING shew'd you in my former, how some of our Town Gentry, spend their Day, and given you some cautionary Hints of some of their barefac'd Cheats and Tricks, that are transacted in the Sight of the *Sun ;* I shall now carry you a little farther, and shew you a few of their Works of Darkness ; and how their Nights, as well as their Days, are sadly consumed and play'd away, in a dangerous Repetition of Gaming and Vice ; and accordingly, if you please, we will first take a short Step to the *Groom Porter's.*

The *Groom Porter's* has been always looked upon as the most reputable and convenient Place in Town, for a Gentleman to venture into, that has a Mind to try, whether his good Fortune will suffer him to keep his Estate himself, or force him to commit it into the Hands of some Body else to do it for Him. There is wholesale Business, I can assure you, several thousand Pounds bartered for most Nights, so that if Fortune should play the Jilt, as she often does in such Cases, you may be readily unsquired in two or three Hours ; nay, if you will in two or three Hands. The ordi-

nary Game they play at there is *Hazard*, and *Hazard* indeed it is, and a very great one too, if you go in among 'em with two or three hundred Pieces in your Pocket, whether you bring e're a one out with you again. I have known an honest Gentleman come thither in a new Coach, with a Pair of very fine Horses, that hath found it so Hazardous, that in a Night or two afterwards, he has been forced to Hazard it Home in a *Hackney*. But they say, all Things there are very Square and Honest, good Wine, good Attendance, good Company ; and all other suitable Conveniencies to accommodate a Gentleman, whilst he is comfortably playing away his Estate. All this may be, it is true, and it may not be too ; for by the way, I have seen a *Spark*, by the help of good Fingers, and a little Dexterity of Hand, manage their *Mathematicks* something queerly upon Occasion. Well, but we must not dive too far into their Secrets neither, they wou'd grow angry perhaps, if we should, and I would not incur their Displeasure upon any Account : And yet I hope, Sir, I may give you a little short Advice, as a Friend, without being very offensive to any of them ; it is only, that you never come within their Reach upon any Account, or Pretence whatever ; it is a dangerous infectious Place for a young Gentleman but to put his Head into ; and many a One by venturing a little too far, has caught such a Contagion at once, that has made him droop a great while, and at last carried him clear off. The old Proverb says, *Fore-warn'd Fore-arm'd ;* and truly it is as good as any in the whole Catalogue. If a Man will plunge himself into Ruin, and

squander away his Estate, and reduce himself to the wretched Condition to be forced to sneak after every little *Coxcomb* for a Supper, or for a Crown to buy him a Pair of Shoes, as I know several Gentlemen of good Families, and who have had good Estates too, 'till they wisely consumed them in the Study of these Sorts of *Mathematicks*, at this Time are ; let him even take it for his Pains. But the Circumstances in their own Nature, are beyond Aggravation, and so I'll leave them, and go and see what they are doing at the *Ordinaries*.

The *Ordinaries* are a kind of *Gaming-houses*, inferior and subservient to the *Groom Porter's*, and are either managed by one of his Domesticks, or else tolerated and allowed by his particular Licence and Deputation ; as most of the other Games are. These *Ordinaries*, are a Receptacle for all Sorts of *Gamesters*, and are indeed very convenient Nurseries, to draw up Youngsters, and to qualify them against their Estates come into their Hands, to play them decently away at the *Groom Porter's :* How such kind of *Seminaries* as these come to be suffered, I know not ; but this I know, 'tis a Shame, and a Disgrace to the Kingdom, that there is not some Regulation or Stop put to them. These Gentlemen pretend to be much upon the *Mathematicks* too ; and that all Things are carried extraordinary fairly and squarely among them, as well as at the *Groom Porter's ;* but, by their Leave, I have seen their *Mathematical* Flats, and Bars ; nay (for a need) *Mathematical* Fullams too ; and Abundance that will run *Mathematically* high or low : These are a sort of false *Dice*, that are cut and stain'd so exactly like the true, and withal

THE GAMBLERS
(from Tom Brown's Works).

[*To face* p. 64.

mark'd with the same Mark, that 'tis morally impossible for a Stranger, that does not suspect the Cheat, to discover it ; and these the *Box-Keeper* has commonly in Readiness, when he has the Sign given him, to put in ; or if he has them not of his own, there's those about him that never go without them. When they have got a Gentleman, who they design to rook in among them; whilst some are sharping him out of his Money within, others are tampering with his Servants without, to find out the Strength and Manner of his Estate and Circumstances, and where he lodges, and what Friends and Acquaintances he has in Town ; and if they find that his Effects will answer, and that he's a Person that may be ventur'd upon ; as soon as they perceive he has lost all his Stock, then one of the Gang, that's constantly watching there for such Opportunities, takes him aside ; *Sir*, says he, *I believe you're a very honest Gentleman ; I am very sorry to see you have lost your Money, and would not have a civil Man by any Means exposed, and therefore if you please, I have five or ten Pieces at your Service :* If he'll accept of the Favour, then he tells him, the Custom in such Cases, as well here as at the *Groom-Porter*'s, is to take Nine for Ten, and to allow him a Call upon a good Hand. When this is lost too (as it always is in a little Time) then they conclude he's fixt ; and so the Gentleman that has done him the Favour to cheat him of his Money, will needs (under Pretence of a great deal of formal Civility) invite him to the Tavern, to take a Glass, and eat the Wing of a Fowl with him : When they have decoy'd him thither, the Person that did

him the extraordinary Friendship to lend him the ten Pieces, must be instantly sent for too, who in the *Interim* has made up a new Purse, and is very ready to Credit him with the other ten, till to-morrow Morning, if he has a Mind to try his Luck ; but he won't advise him. *Here the* Box *and* Dice *must be called for, and the honest* Drawer, *that knows his Duty in such Cases, brings in the* Box *with a Pair of their own* Dice, *which they have convey'd into his Hand in the Interim, &c.* And now there's no Room for Suspicion, but every Thing is carried with the greatest Frankness and Indifferency ; and so at it they go, 'till the other ten Pieces are gone after the rest, and what must be done then ? This worthy Friend has no more Money about him ; if he had, he might command it : And truly he thinks since they have won the Gentleman's ready Money, they can do no less than give him a Cast or two upon Honour ; with a great deal of seeming Uneasiness, and perhaps a Thousand perfidious Oaths and Execrations, that they never did the like before, and upon Condition too, that the Gentleman will give his Note to pay it to-morrow Morning, if he should happen to lose any Thing ; this is comply'd with : And here begins the fatal *Catastrophe ;* if they think that he has too much Regard for his Reputation, or too much Modesty to make use of the Statute for his Defence, or perhaps (what's more prevalent with him than either) will be unwilling that the Town should know he has been a *Bubble*, then they stick him in Earnest, so deep, it may be, that he must be forc'd to cut off a Limb of his Estate to get out of their Clutches. Sir, we have too

many sad Instances every Day in View, to convince you of the Truth of this, without enlarging upon it ; so that I hope, from this hasty Caution I have given you, you'll have enough of these kind of *Ordinaries ;* however, for your better Satisfaction, we'll step thither again, and see what the rest of them are doing in the other Parts of the House: Why, there are some playing at *Back-Gammon*, some at *Trick-Track*, some at *Picket*, some at *Cribbidge*, and, perhaps, at a By-table in a Corner, four or five harmless Fellows at *Put*, and *All-fours ;* here's no respect of Persons, here come *Apprentices*, *Journeymen*, *Footmen*, *Coblers*, or any Body, provided they bring Money in their Pockets, and come either to cheat, or to be cheated, *Pro hac vice*, they have as extensive a Qualification to Swear, Blaspheme, and Hector, as the most renowned *Sharper* in the whole Gang. That each of these in his respective Station is a Cheat, I suppose, you'll take for granted ; you may as well be cheated at *Cards*, as at *Dice*, and at *Back-Gammon* and *Trick-Track*, as at *Hazard ;* the false *Dice* and Slights of Hands will serve for one, as well as the other ; there's no Difference, as I know of, but only the former is a little longer about the Business. But besides all this, if a Man could be secure to guard himself against their false *Dice*, and Slights of Hand, and was equal with them too in Point of Judgment and Experience, what Business has a *Country Gentleman*, or indeed any Body else, to venture himself among such a rude Herd of wild Creatures ? Well, I'm ashamed to think that any *Gentleman* should sink himself so much below a rational Creature, to be guilty of

such unaccountable Folly ; I must own I utterly lose my Pity, when I see one of these Wretches shirking about in Rags (as there's enough of them about Town) that are living Monuments of their own vicious Indiscretion ; let them even keep their Rags, their Poverty and Contempt, for me.

And truly, I could almost wish every one in their Condition, that does not take Warning from them, but will violently plunge himself into the same Misfortune.

LETTER XII.

In which the Tricks of the Cock-Pits, *and the Cheats of* Horse-Races, *and* Foot-Matches are *exposed.*

PERHAPS, Sir, having discovered so many of the Cheats and Tricks of the Town, to you already, you may now think it high Time to wind up my Account. I can assure you I have no Vanity in reporting these Matters, they are as odious and unpleasant for me to write, as they can be for you to read : But still, Sir, I remember my Promise, I told you I'd shew you a little of most of the Follies and Villanies of the Town, which, as a Gentleman and a Stranger, you're most in Danger to be trapann'd, and impos'd upon by, when you come at it. To proceed then to the rest, for once I'll carry you to a *Cock-Match ;* and if you love that Diversion, shew you a Battle or two, that you may see how much our Sparks in *London*, manage their Matters beyond yours in the Country.

Cock-fighting, is an ancient, barbarous Sort of Diversion, that for many Years has been of high Repute, even amongst the Nobility and chief Gentry of *England :* 'Tis now indeed in a State of Declension ; the Gentlemen, perceiving the constant Charge, Folly, and Inconvenience that depended upon it, have in a great Measure, wisely laid it down.

And the *Sharpers*, *Rooks*, and *Scoundrels*, together with some few *Fools*, have taken it up ; or else the cruel Sport, for that's the best Title I can give it (and I think the best it deserves) had been happily worn out, and lost, and there had been an End on't. For my Part, I cannot conceive where the great Diversion in *Cock-fighting* lies ; the *Bear-Garden* and *Cock-Pit*, are both alike to me ; and truly, in my Judgment, they are both inhuman, and unnatural, and there's very little Satisfaction in either. But this is nothing to the Purpose : It passes under the Notion of a harmless Recreation among the rest ; the *Rooks and Sharpers* get Money by it, and therefore we'll go and see a little how they manage their Point. Their first Business is to bribe themselves into Acquaintance with the Feeders, and to learn every particular Cock's Marks, Breed, Way of Fighting, *&c.* When they are thoroughly equipp'd with these, and every thing else that can possibly give them any Advantage in Point of Judgment, they make their Bets, but still their Eyes are constantly fix'd upon the Cock, that they may observe every Wound and Turn of a Battle ; and truly most of your old *Cockers*, are so very sharp and quick-fighted in such Cases, that they generally discover the nicest Advantage, and accordingly either take, or lay the Odds, to bring themselves off ; and so far 'tis fair enough, and every Man is to be commended for making the most of his Business ; and indeed, 'tis impossible they should use their Talents any further in a fair Match than this comes to, unless it be to swear you out of your Bets, when you have won them, and bring some

of their Gang to give Judgment against you, as 'tis very common amongst them. But all this is little to their Business, and if there was nothing else in it but the Advantage they have in point of Judgment, they must be quickly forc'd to find out some new Adventure, or prepare to fight Battles of another Nature. Their Business generally comes on when the *Grand Match* is over (unless the Whole be one of their own making) then, perhaps, they have a By-match or two, to divert the Company at parting, which may bring in something. Here they set down one of the sharpest narrow-heel'd *Cocks* they have, to one that they know is a perfect Slug ; and 'tis ten to one too, to make all Things sure, but they crack his Beak, or thrust a Pin into the Roof of his Mouth, or blunt the Points of his Gaffles, or cramp him with a Hair about his Thigh ; for in such Cases they'll be sure to make all Things safe ; but then the Force of their Designs depends chiefly upon the managing Point, against their *Cock* comes to be set down, in Order to which one of the more reputable Sort of Sharpers, offers large Bets upon the *Cock* that is to lose, and withal several *Sham-wagers* are laid among themselves. *This*, says he, *is a Brother to the Pile that killed Squire G——'s Dun, he came from Mr. R——'s Hen, and my Lord——C——'s Duck-wing, that won the Famous Battle at* New Market : And perhaps, may be a sightly *Cock*, and a good *Cock* in Nature. By these, and such like Stratagems, 'tis Odds but there is several snapt ; and to colour the Matter, when the Business is over, they pretend that he receiv'd a Wound in the Body in the Sparring-blows ; and if he had

not been accidentally disabled, he would have certainly won the Battle, and they'll fight one of the same Brood, with any *Cock* of his Match in *England*, for a Hundred Pounds. Sir, I would not trouble you too much with this Kind of Stuff; you may judge from this short Draught, what these Gentlemen would be at, their sole Business is flat Sharping, and Rooking; and, if you'll venture in amongst them, and hazard your Money you may depend upon't, if they find you a Stranger they'll have some Device, either by fair Means or foul, to cheat you before they part with you. But after all, what, I wonder, can it be that should induce a Gentleman, to hazard himself, and his Reputation among such a Gang of Varlets, as these are. I can't imagine where the Diversion, or Felicity can be, to see a Kennel of deep-mouth'd Ruffians (standing round a Pair of foolish Creatures) hollowing, cursing, and blaspheming, whilst they mangle one another to Death? This is a very unaccountable Way of disposing of yourself, indeed. Well, Sir! I will not trouble you more about it; you see how Cases stand, and if you will plunge yourself into such manifest Inconveniences you must even take it for your Pains, and sit down by the Loss.

And next for *Horse-Raceing:* Why, that's in the main a Cheat as bad, if not worse than the former, and many an honest Gentleman hath been bubbl'd by it out of his whole Estate. As to the great Matches between Noblemen and Gentlemen, the Plate-matches, *&c.* that's all Country Business, and don't fall within the Compass of my Design; and I am glad it does not, for truly if it

had, I'm afraid I should have been apt to say something that would not so well have suited with their respective Characters. However, if you are for a Course, and will be betting with them, you may take this among the rest, That unless you have a true Knowledge of the Horse and Riders, and especially of the Design of the Owners, you may as well be taken in by a *Jockey*, *Knight*, or *Squire*, as by an *Hostler*, or a *Horse-Courser;* and what's worse, you must not complain neither ; if you do, you affront 'em, and then Wars will ensue. In brief, I think you have no great Business among any of them. But since we are upon the Ramble, we'll make a short Trip to *Bansted-Downs*, or *Hackney-Marsh*, and see what Company they have got there : There, I'll warrant you, if you are for such sort of Sport, you won't want Diversion. Well, I wou'd not keep you long among them (for they are a dangerous Society) and therefore you would do well to remember, that there's not one Match in twenty run there, but what's a Cheat ; the Heart of the Company is made up of nothing, but *Jockeys*, *Horse-Coursers*, *Hostlers*, and *Farriers*, with some extravagant Citizens, that are learning to gallop, and manage their *Racers*, against they are forc'd to mount them upon another Occasion. A genteel *Cit*, that does not ride above ten or eleven Stone, after he has wisely raced himself out of his Shop, makes as accomplish'd a *Highwayman*, as the best *Butcher*, *Coachman*, or *Hostler* of them all. But, Sir, I'm sure you won't like this Company ; beside you have enough of it in your own Country, and therefore we'll leave them to manage their Cheats by themselves, and make the best of

our Way to *Hide-Park*, to try if we can have any better Diversion, at a *Foot-Match*.

Foot-Raceing, is just of the same Nature with the former, only with this Difference, that they rob a Foot, and the other a Horseback ; the one's a *Highwayman*, and the other's a *Pad*. In short, the general Business of both is to make *Sham Matches*, to draw in Strangers, and to impose upon them, by a few rascally Cheats and Tricks : But they're grown so common, and well known in Town, that there's few but the very Rabble, take any Notice of them. I could have entertain'd you with some of their villainous Stratagems and Devices, but that I think they are both below a Gentleman's Ear and Pen ; they are only fit for the Correction of the *Mob*, and let them take them, and try, whether a Horse-pond, or a House of Office, will work any thing towards their Reformation.

LETTER XIII.

In which the Villanies of Guinea-Droppers, *and* Sweetners *are exposed.*

GUINEA-*Dropping*, or *Sweetning*, is a paltry little Cheat, that was recommended to the World about sixty Years ago, by a memorable Gentleman, that has since had the Misfortune to be taken off, I mean hang'd, for a Misdemeanor upon the *Highway*. However, he left the Mystery behind him, which has ever since been manag'd with pretty good Success, by some of the worthy Members of his Gang, and is now improved to that high Perfection, that 'tis become a perfect Occupation, and several remarkable Persons live upon it. The general Places where the Masters of this Art *rendezvous*, is *Morefields*, and *Covent Garden*, and in most other publick Places between *Westminster Hall*, and *Temple Bar*; especially in the two former ; and 'tis some Odds if a *Country Gentleman*, or a Stranger passes through either of them, but he is attacked by them. The Manner of this *Cheat*, is thus, (as I had it from One of the Chief Masters of the Faculty, that, it seems, has quitted the Business upon some Dislike.)

Says he, *To make us a compleat Set, there must be three of us ; One to personate a* Merchant, *the other a* Country Gentleman, *and the third a* Tradesman.

When we have hit of our Cully, (*and they have commonly a damnable Notion of a Person for their Turn*) *one of our Gang marches directly before him, and another follows close behind, till they come to a convenient Place, where the* Mouth, (*as they are pleased to term him*) *must needs observe ; and then the* Spark *that is in the Front, drops the* Guinea : *Faith* (says he, turning about to the *Stranger*) *I have found a Piece of Money here, I think 'tis a* Guinea ; and then if he that is in the Rear, perceives he is insensible of the Cheat, up he steps, and claims Halves. After a little Sham-squabble between the two Cheats, says the first, *If any Body has any Right to a Snack, 'tis this Gentleman, who saw me take it up : But to prevent Disputes, Come* (saith he) *'tis a lucky Hit, we'll ev'n go all to the Tavern, and spend the odd Money, and then divide the Remainder fairly and equally amongst us. The third still continues at a Distance to observe the Success of their Management, and in what Tavern they house him, which is one where they commonly have a thorough Acquaintance and Familiarity : When he is fixt, then in comes he in a mighty Hurry, and pretended Confusion, for the Loss of a* Bill, *which he says he supposes he dropt just now, in the very Room where they are drinking :* And to colour the Matter, one of the other two conveys a *Sham-bill* under the Table, which he immediately takes up, and as a Testimony of his Joy for the Recovery of it, will needs call for his Pint. After they have drank two or three Pints, and begin to grow a little warm, up starts one of them, and pretends to have discovered a Pack of Cards, which he has before placed in some convenient Part of the Room for his Purpose. *Ha !* says he,

here's a Pack of Cards ; Come, Faith, I'll shew you one of the prettiest Tricks, that I was taught by a Dutchman *t'other Day, that ever I saw in my Life :* And so to possess their *Cully* of their Innocence, *&c.* they shew several of the ordinary Tricks upon the Cards. At last, he that is the most dexterous, starts the Grand Trick ; which they call *Preaching the Parson ;* how the Dogs came to call it by that Name, I know not, unless it be, that so many honest Clergymen, above the rest, have been impos'd upon by it. As to the Manner of their Trick, 'tis no great Matter, my Design is not to teach you Tricks, but how to avoid them : It is a Palm, and a Slip that they have, a sort of *Deceptio Visus*, which if you have a Curiosity to see, there's enough in Town will equip you. If this Cheat takes, then they have no need to try any other Expedients ; but if this don't pass upon you, then they will try you with false Dice, Rug and the Leather, or twenty other Projects, that they have ready upon such Occasions. For, in short, your Money they will have, before they part with you ; or rather than fail, knock you down, and rifle you, or pick your Pocket.

Sir, you have this Account of this Piece of Roguery, in the very Words, as near as my Memory will serve me, as I had it from my worthy Informer (one of the Masters of the Gang ;) and truly I have been something the longer upon it, that it may serve as a general Caution to you against embarking yourself with Strangers, upon any Pretence whatever. For, give me Leave to tell you, a considerable Part of the Mischiefs of this Town, are derived to us upon that Account,

and will be every Day more and more so, considering the present Posture of Men and Things. This Town degenerates hourly ; Honesty and Virtue, are almost dwindled to nothing. Roguery, Folly and Vice, are constantly increasing, and growing more publick and insolent ; so that if you will notwithstanding venture to *London*, believe me, it will require your utmost Care and Wisdom to guard yourself against them.

LETTER XIV.

In which the Tricks of Bawds *and* Jilts *are exposed, together with some Reflections upon the Art of* Trapping.

SIR,

I AM now entring upon the last, and indeed the most unpleasant Part of my Relation, *i.e.* the Tricks of *Bawds* and *Jilts*, two Ranks of degenerated Animals, so exactly impious, so solemnly and deliberately vicious, and scandalous, that their very Names, the very Title of a *Bawd*, and a *Whore*, is sufficient to fright a sober Man, not only from their Embraces, and Conversation, but even out of all manner of Lustful Thoughts, and Inclinations.

In the first Rank I place the *Bawd*, or *Procurer*, you may call her what you will ; for though the latter has usurp'd a Name a little more modish, and decent than the former, and perhaps may have a little more Business among the *Quality* and *Gentry*, yet they are both Practitioners in the very same Arts and Sciences, and constantly agree in the main of their Occupation. There is no Difference that ever I heard between *Jenny C*—— and *Moll*—— *Q*—— or my Lady —— either, only in point of Price : *Jenny* and my Lady won't equip you under a *Guinea*, perhaps ; and *Moll* will furnish you as well for Half a Crown ; nay,

rather than lose your Custom, for a *Shilling*, and a Quartern of *Rasberry*.

In short, one helps to a *Common Miss*, and the other to a *Common Whore ;* there's no Odds but in the Name : And these are all Works of Darkness beside, and then according to the old Proverb, *Joan's as good as my Lady.*

However, for Method sake, I'll take 'em to Pieces, and shew you a few of their Tricks and Managements, under the respective Characters of a *Procurer*, *Bawd*, and *Jilt.*

First then for the *Procurer :* Her chief Place of *Rendezvous*, is at the *Play-house*, that's the Change she never fails to be upon ; and indeed is the most proper Place for her to put off her damag'd Commodities. She seldom wants Chapmen there especially for her *Maiden-heads*, which she pretends is the only Part of her Merchandize.

You may easily discover where-abouts in the Pit she keeps her Office, by the Concourse of *Whores* and *Gallants*, that are perpetually crowding about her, either for Advice, or Assistance. If you should once be so unhappily vicious, to make Use of her, she will lay so many Snares and Temptations to entangle and betray you, that 'tis almost impossible for you afterwards to escape her Delusions.

Sometimes she'll have the delicatest Woman in the World for you ; at other Times a fine young Creature, of about fourteen, a perfect Pattern of Innocence, and Modesty, and a pure Virgin ; beside, she has one that sings like an Angel ; another that dances to a Miracle ; a third that has an incomparable Shape and Mien ; and a fourth

that's an absolute Wit, and the only diverting Companion of her whole Sex.

In short, she has them, or at least pretends she has them, of all Sorts and Prices, from a *Guinea* to five, and from five to a hundred ; but let me tell you, that if you deal with her for any of 'em, you have better Luck than most of your Neighbours, that venture their Stocks upon such brittle Ware, if it don't prove a dear Bargain at the making up your Account.

A *Race Whore*, or a *Pad Strumpet*, as they order their Business, will stand you in five Times as much in a Year's Keeping, as a Race Horse and a Pad together, nay than a whole Stable of Racers, Pads, and Hunters too. They must be kept finely cloath'd, and nicely dress'd, and have good Meat in their Bellies beside, or else they'll turn Jades immediately.

But perhaps you may like the Humour of Roving better, than keeping any of these Cattle for your own Riding ; hire a *Hackney Whore*, as your Citizens do their Horses, for a Journey, and no more.

But then unless you can have them at the same Price too, fifteen Pence a Side, if you should have Occasion to ride often, you'll find it very chargeable.

Which of these Methods is the better, I cannot direct you, I must confess I abominate 'em both ; but there's enough in Town that can ; 'tis true, they are generally forc'd to walk it now, or if they do mount (which is very seldom) 'tis either upon a cast Hunter, or some poor Pad that has had the *Farcy* or *Fistula*, or some Surfeit, or other foul

Distemper, that has made them only fit for the Hounds, or at best for a *Hackney*.

However, they can inform you sufficiently, or else you may read it in their Looks ; their very Legs will direct that they have rid hard in former Times, and withal give you a sad Testimony, how dangerous such Journeys are, both in regard to your Estate, Wealth, and Reputation.

In short, Sir, if one of these *Belle Dame* Sorceresses, should once bewitch you into their Net, beside the Fulsomness of the Vice itself, and the hateful and loathsome Qualifications that are incorporated with it, she has so many black Arts, so many infernal Stratagems and Devices linkt together, to keep you fast in her Clutches, that 'tis almost impossible for you to disengage yourself, till she has had her End, and that commonly terminates in your Ruin.

'Tis unaccountable indeed, when they hear of a beautiful Woman (in the first Place) what strange Contrivances and Devices, what Projects and Designs they lay, that they may get into her Company, and corrupt her. The deluding and ruining both Men and Women is their whole Business and Occupation ; nay, not only their own, but the Business of several Agents and Factors. A Sort of mercenary Hell-hounds, which they turn out to hunt the Town, to try what Game of either Sort they can find ; and if they chance to make their Set upon a Country Gentleman, or a Stranger, be sure the Dog will never forsake the Haunt, till his Mistress (if he ha'nt been disturb'd and drawn at before) finds some Means or other, to entangle them in her Net.

And now for the *Bawd:* She's a Sort of Viperous Creature, that has all the bad Properties of the former, with so many Additions of her own, that she's a Monster, both without Parallel, and beyond Description. She's the very Dregs both of a *Jilt* and a *Procurer;* a Wretch, that having lost all Grace, Modesty, or Humanity, has su'd out her Indentures in the *Devil's* Company, and bound herself to deal in no other Commodities, but those that tend directly to propagate his Interest.

These Sort of Practitioners generally keep *Seraglio's* of their own, with the Superscription of *Chocolate* or *Coffee* over their Doors, which are constantly guarded with three or four painted *Harlots*, that are always ready either by Surprise or Assault, to make you their Prisoner.

If they can any ways get you into their Cafe (as they call it) and rather than fail, they'll impudently haw! you to ; why then in Course you must call for your Half-pint of *Rasberry;* and so one of them begins a beastly Health, to let you know what Occupation they follow.

Before this is drunk, in steps the Governess, in a mighty Rage, that the Gentlemen is not shew'd into a better Room. *Come*, Sir, says she, and snatches up the Candle (so that you must either go with her, or stay with those Vermin in the Dark) *follow me, and I'll light you up my self:* When they have got you there, then they conclude you are fixt, and so three or four Couple of her choice *Whores* are presently let loose, to live at Discretion upon you.

If they can by any Sort of vicious Lewdness

entice you into Debauchery, the next Thing is, which of the Ladies you pitch upon, and the Terms. Mrs. *Frances*, she's but just come out of the Country, and has not been upon Duty these four Months, there's but little Difference between her and a Maidenhead, and she can't be afforded for less than *ten Shillings*, *beside half a Crown for her self*. Mrs. *Margaret*'s a good clean Woman, and very modest and innocent, a pretty harmless Creature, *three half Crowns is the Price*, and she never went under. Mrs. *Betty*, Mrs. *Nancy*, and sweet Mrs. *Sukey*, are all three sound and active, but because *Trading's dead*, *and Money's scarce*, *and you look like a civil Gentleman*, *and because I'd encourage you to come again*, *you shall have one of them for a Crown*, *and that's the lowest; but*, *for* Moll *and* Kate, Joan, Margery, Abigail, *&c. you know the Fare I suppose*, *and though I say it myself*, *there is ne'er a Gentlewoman in the whole Trade can shew a better Warehouse of such sort of Goods than I can*, *nor afford a better Pennyworth.*

With this Kind of Prate the old Mistress of Iniquity entertains her Guest, whilst a Kennel of hungry Brutes are all the while yelping their fulsom Ribaldry, swearing, cursing, and blaspheming, and ravenously swallowing and devouring every Thing they lay their Talons upon.

This is rare Company, is it not, for a Country Gentleman to run himself into? Nay, besides all these, there's a strong Party of Rogues and Bullies below, if you should not comply with their insolent Demands, or scruple to pay their extravagant Reckoning, ready upon Occasion to hector and insult you, to strip and murder you.

To have done with them, I cannot suspect that you should ever give up so much of your Reason, to hazard yourself into such a Labyrinth of Mischief as this is. No, no, Sir, I'm confident you never will. A Bawdyhouse! why 'tis the very Gate of Hell, an Inlet to Disgrace, Ruin and Contempt, and more to be avoided by far than a Jakes or a Pesthouse, and in all Respects as loathsome as the one, and as contagious as the other.

I come, in the next Place, to the Jilt, which is a sort of Creature, a little more private and designing, but in the main as lewd and dissolute, and more dangerous than e'er a one of the former.

These, forsooth, would be counted *Virtuous and Religious Whores;* Misses they will own themselves to be; but *Whore's* a Term a little too rough to go down with such nice Palates, the Name of a *Miss* relishes better with them; well, let them be *Misses* then; but for all their Missship, I passionately caution you, never to come near any of them; for if you do, you will find they can ruin you as soon as the best Procurer or Bawd of them all.

These Vermin play at high Games, nothing will serve some of them less than a Settlement of *two or three Hundred* per Annum, *a Coach, fine Lodgings, Plate, China, and other things suitable to a Whore of Rank*, and upon these Considerations she'll be faithful to you, or at least she'll promise you she will; but this is only a Promise *de facto* neither; so long as your Estate lasts, and you can maintain her in her Extravagance and Grandeur, but when that fails, so does the Obligation too; she has the grand political Reasons ready as well

as the best Statesman of them all, and commonly makes the best Use of it.

She can pray, cant, shed a few Crocodile's Tears or, rather than fail, sham a Fit, as a Token of the Passion and Tenderness she has for you ; but then your Back's no sooner turn'd, but she tells her Stallion, you are a nasty, sickly, feeble Fellow, and that as soon as she has persuaded you out of the Settlement and the new Furniture, she'll first affront you, and then leave you.

If she finds you are a Cully indeed, and will be often impos'd upon by her, then she has a thousand little wheedling Tricks and Artifices to decoy you. Sometimes she's breeding, forsooth, and then sure you cannot be so barbarous to your *own Flesh and Blood*, but you will take some Care of the *young one ;* besides, she wants Night-Gowns, and Damask for Clouts, and a thousand other Necessaries for a Lying-in Woman.

There's my Lord *A*——*s*, and Sir *John B*——*s*, and Colonel *D*——*s* Misses lay in, in as much State the other Day as the best Lady in the Kingdom ; nay, Mr. *F*—— that is but an ordinary Citizen, presented his Mistress with a new Bed, and the Furniture of a Room that cost him above *a hundred and fifty Pound ;* and what has she, I wonder, done, that she should not deserve as much as the best of them ? Why sure, she's as handsome and as young, and is as well descended, and has been as well bred as any of them ; and do you think that she'll be put off with your nasty, shabby forty or fifty Guineas ? No truly, she rather thinks, that as Cases stand between you and her, you ought to cut off the Entail of your Estate,

and settle a good part of it upon her for Life, and then let the Child Heir it afterwards ; and perhaps all this too may be only Whore-craft, and Pretences, and so she must be forced (to bring herself off) to sham a Miscarriage ; and that your Cruelty, and Hardheartedness in not settling your Estate upon her, and answering her Demands, has been the Cause of it ; and will at last force her to make herself away : Well, but if you loved her as well as she loves you, you could not be so barbarous to deny her any thing.

Besides, she has been no chargeable Mistress to you neither ; she has been your Drudge for at least these Seven Months, and has not cost you fifteen Hundred Pounds in the Whole. If you had lived with some she knows in Town, so long, (but she is an easy Fool) 'twould not [have] stood you in a Penny less than three Thousand.

Sir, their Tricks and Devices are numberless, and not to be parallel'd by any Thing but their Ingratitude and Inhumanity ; there indeed they exceed themselves ; nothing in Nature being so perfectly brutish and cruel, as one of these Kind of Creatures ; the very Moment you stop your Hand, they grow rude and insolent ; and when they find they have entirely done your Business, and turned you a grazing, who so ready as that very *Syren* that has spent your Estate, to laugh at, revile, and scorn you, and you are not less her Buffoon now, than you were her Property formerly.

To have done with her : A *Jilt*, is a *Procurer*, *Bawd*, and *Whore* compounded together. A Vermin so ravenous, and malicious, and withal so subtle and designing, so formally chaste, and

hypocritically virtuous ; and yet so scandalously common, and impudently lewd ; so proud, and yet so mercenary ; and above all so insolently ill-natur'd, that in the short Title of a *Jilt* are comprehended all the Vices, Follies, and Impertinences of her whole Sex.

And last for their Art of *Trapping*. This is a Mystery that they commonly manage either by the Assistance of a pregnant Whore, or by the Help of some Letters, or Papers, that they pick out of your Pocket, that gives them an Inlet into your Affairs. The first is carried on by *Procurers*, *Bawds* and *Jilts*, and the latter by *Sharpers*, *Setters* and *Bullies*.

If they are once so fortunate to get a big-bellied *Whore* into their Confederacy, then they carry her about in a kind of Triumph, among all their *Cullies* and Novices ; every one, forsooth, under the Notion of being the true Father, must subscribe an individual Maintenance for the *Strumpet* and the *Brat ;* or a Warrant must be got immediately, or the Masters of the Parish call'd in to their Assistance to force you to it. 'Tis needless to contest it ; for, if you do, they'll force the Woman to Swear it upon you, and then your Reputation's lost ; and withal you have the Charge of a *Whore*, and a *Bastard* entail'd upon you *ad infinitum*.

If they get your Papers, and Letters into their Clutches, those are their Credentials, for their *Sharpers*, *Setters*, and *Bullies* to commence their Villanies ; in such Cases they pretend that the *Harlot* that rifled you, was an honest Gentlewoman, and the Wife of a Person of Credit and

Reputation ; and you must either make Satisfaction, and compound the Business, or else they'll expose you first, and bring their *Action* against you afterwards.

And what can a Man do, when he has brought himself into such a *Dilemma*, by his Folly ? For my Part, the Case is so very bad and desperate, I can't direct you in't : If you compound with them now, you do but lay yourself open to their Mercy, and render yourself a Bubble, and a Property for the future ; or if you resist them, why then you lose your Credit ; they'll be sure to be as good as their Words in that Point however, to misrepresent you, and abuse you in all Companies, and upon all Occasions ; so that this Business of Whoring, especially, seems to have a malevolent Influence, both upon your Estate, and Reputation ; nay, upon your Person too ; and very rarely terminates without destroying them all.

To conclude this loathsome Relation, you may learn from this rough Account what kind of Creatures *Procurers*, *Bawds*, *Jilts*, *Whores*, and their Appendages, *i.e. Sharpers*, *Setters*, and *Bullies* are.

And now what shall I say more, but advise you again ; if you regard your Health, your Estate, or your Reputation, nay, what is yet more, if you regard the Liberty and Quiet of your Life, to shun them all ; and that will be one great Means to make your *London* Expedition a little more comfortable, and the less exposed to Hazard, and Expence.

LETTER XV.

In which the Humours of Bullies, Setters, *and* Hangers-on *are exposed; together with Reflections upon* Gaming *in general.*

SIR,

HAVING in a long Letter, the last Post, entertained you with the vicious Tricks and Humours of the Female Prostitutes; I shall now change the Sex, and expose to you some of the base Practices of the Male, as they fall in Order; under the distinct Characters of *Bullies*, *Setters*, and *Hangers-on*.

And first for the *Bully*, which (if I take him right) is a kind of lewd blustering Animal, that having rendered himself unfit (by a Complication of vicious and degenerate Actions) for the Conversation and Society of sober and rational Creatures, is forc'd to throw himself into the Company of *Bawds* and *Whores*, and to live upon their Contribution and Subsistance.

I shall not enlarge much upon his Character, or Method of living, they are both so generally known in Town and Country too, 'twould be at best an Impertinence, to spend much Time about him. As I told you before, his common Rendezvous is among the *Bawds* and *Whores*; he eats their Bread, and fights their Battles, hectors and insults their *Cullies*, gathers their Contribution;

and for a Need, can pimp, betray and set, as well as the best of them.

You may discern him by his long Sword, his insolent and saucy Behaviour ; but above all, by his *Atheistical Dialect*, Swearing, Cursing, and *Ribaldry*. If ever you should be so unhappy to fall in with him, he consequently entertains you with the dismal Relation of the Men he has murder'd, and the Women he has ravish'd ; the famous Battle he fought with such a *Watch*, or the bloody Rencounter he had with a Detachment of *Bailiffs*, or some such romantick Lies and Forgeries ; and if he can impose so far upon you, that he perceives you're inclin'd to believe him, 'tis ten to one but he draws you into a Quarrel, or some other Inconveniency ; and then by a cowardly Stratagem, brings himself off, and basely deserts you to shift for yourself.

I need not tell you, that a *Bully*'s a Coward ; the two Names are too convertible, to want an Explication ; the whole Stress of his Valour and Prowess depends solely upon his Insolence, Ignorance, and Oaths ; but ruffle him once thoroughly, that he may perceive you know both his Trade and his Temper, he'll fawn upon you for ever afterwards like a *Spaniel*, you may kick him, cuff him, pinch him, or use him how you will ; he has had the Misfortune to kill a Man lately, he'll tell you, and is under an Obligation at present not to fight ; but when his Time's expir'd, Woe be to you.

Well, Sir, I hope you won't think this a conversable Creature ; for, for all his Cowardice and Ignorance, and for all he's an Animal so perfectly below the Character of a Man, he can betray you

into Gaming, into Quarrels, into a *Bawdy-house*, and into the Company of Rogues, Thieves, and Whores, as well as the wittiest *Sharper*, or stoutest *Spark* of the Town.

The next Gentleman that falls in Order, is the *Setter;* his Way of recommending himself is quite contrary, by sly Insinuations and Flatteries, by hypocritical Cringes, and Fawnings, and smooth and knavish Pretences, and formal Dissimulations: But notwithstanding his outside Look's so fair and plausible, take heed of him ; there's a Legion within him.

All the Cheats and Villanies in Nature is concenter'd in his Mind and Thoughts ; his very Soul is nothing but thick Black, and Soot, and stands always ready bent to prosecute the next advantageous Mischief.

His ordinary Occupation is to attend the Motion of young Heirs, to draw and trapan them into mean and unequal Matches, and so impose upon them *Jilts* and *Whores*, under the Character of Heiresses and *Virtuosa's;* and this he does with so much Dexterity, and so many subtle Arts, and crafty Stratagems, that 'tis almost impossible, if you should be once so unfortunate to fall into his Management, to escape out of it again, without being undone, for the Remainder of your Life.

Here in Course the Entail of your Estate must be cut off, to make Room for a Settlement for the *Harlot;* and she must have a handsome Present made her too, of four or five Hundred Pounds Value : If you have no Money, they'll procure it for you, upon your Bond and Judgment, and a Friend or two withal, that shall stand bound with

you for the Payment, 'till you receive your Lady's Fortune, but then you must do them the same Favour, only enter into a Bond and Judgment with one of them, for a Thousand Pounds or so, for a Month ; and that's a Return of Civility, which you cannot deny.

Here the whole Business of your Life is done in the Compass of a Week, you're married to a *Whore*, your Estate is all disjointed, and torn to Pieces, and perhaps seiz'd upon by a Combination of *Villains ;* and what's as great an Aggravation as any Thing else, you're become the By-word and Laughing-stock of your Friends and Acquaintance ; and all this, this new Associate has done for you, under the smooth Pretence and hypocritical Coverture of singular Honesty and Sincerity.

If this Business of a Wife don't pass upon you, he'll try in the second Place if he can draw you into *Sham Projects*, and *Chimera's :* He and his Friends have a new invented Engine upon the Stocks, by the Help of which you may walk with much Freedom and Ease, in the Bottom of the Sea, as in your own Garden ; and withal that they have Intelligence upon Oath of a Wreck, where there's several Millions, and 'twill be all their own, in four or five Months at most ; if you don't like this, they have a *Water Engine*, that will discharge a thousand Tun an Hour, out of the deepest Mine ; or, they have a *Mine* where there's a Rib of *Ore*, of a prodigious Bigness ; and for a Sum of Money to carry on their Works, you may be admitted into their Society, and be a Sharer in the Whole, and can't fail to get a considerable Estate in a few Years.

Here you are entangled again, if you embark yourself with them ; and not only lose all the present Money you part with, but are in great Hazard to be drawn into future Bonds and Obligations, and consequently ruin'd at last.

Sir, I should trouble you, and my self, too long, if I should proceed to enumerate the respective *Rogueries* and *Tricks* of a *Setter* ; and therefore I'll leave him with this short Character.

His whole Life is a compendious History of deep and deliberate Villany ; his only Business, nay, even his Diversion, consists solely in Betraying and Trapanning ; his Food and Sustenance depends intirely upon Lying, Falshood and Perjury ; In a Word, he has the Devil's Motto stamp'd upon him in large Characters, and is perpetually ranging to seek whom he may devour.

I come, in the last Place, to the *Hanger-on* or *Spunger* ; and this is commonly a Sort of sottish, lazy Creature, tho' naturally not so dangerous and mischievous as the former, yet, as troublesome and impertinent, and indeed, a greater Clog to a Man of Sense than either of them.

He has little to recommend him, unless it be a few drunken Jests, or Scraps of Poetry, or perhaps some broken Characters of Men and Things, with a little of the News and Humours of the Town ; and, by virtue of these mighty Qualifications, he fancies himself a Companion fit for the best Gentlemen in the Kingdom, and will be sure, upon the smallest Invitation to croud himself upon him if he meets any Encouragement ; and 'tis ten to one but by Degrees he grows familiar, and after that impudent, and at last intolerable.

In one Point, indeed, he's a perfect Philosopher, he carries all he has along with him, and truly that's little enough too ; his Furniture in general is so wretched and scandalous, that you may as soon learn a Spunger by his Garb, *&c.* as a Bully by his Cursing and Ribaldry, or a Setter by his Fawning and Dissimulation. A Bawdy Song or two, a few drunken Healths, and about half a Dozen dull Puns set him up ; and with these he will be perpetually grating and dinning your Ears till he has worn 'em as Threadbare as his Coat, and after all, must be forc'd to be laught or kick'd out of 'em before he will quit them too.

As for Money, he never has any, nor never pretends to any, unless it be now and then the Fragments of a Reckoning which he pinches from the Drawer, to heel-piece his Shoes, or recruit his Tobacco Box.

In short, these *Hangers-on* are *Drones* in the strictest Sense and Definition, and if you once suffer 'em to crawl into your Hive (to keep up to the Nature of the Insect) they'll be sure to besmear and disturb your Cell, devour your Honey, and in all Respects are as burdensome and pernicious to the Persons they can fasten themselves upon, as Drones and Wasps are to Bees, &c.

This Town swarms with this Sort of Insects, and a Country Gentleman can hardly set his Foot into it, but there are several of 'em come instantly humming and buzzing about him. I have given you already my Notion of Idleness ; and I tell you again, in the Words of a great Man, *that 'tis so scandalous and reproachful, that neither Heaven, Earth, nor Hell it self will own or patronize it.*

How unreasonable then is it, I think I may say, *how infamous and unaccountable*, to pick up such loose and profitless Creatures, and take 'em into your Bosom, and make them your Companions. I am astonish'd when I see six or seven of them stalking before a Country Gentleman, and crowding themselves into all Company and Business along with him, sucking and spunging upon him, and, *in the literal Sense*, eating him up alive. Sir, I hope you will not misunderstand me, I am not diswading you against relieving and supporting distress'd Gentlemen in their Necessities.

No, no, I would not have you defy the Example of that Liberality by whose Effects you live, but then I would not have you neither abuse the divine Precedent, by fostering a sort of vicious, sluggish Creatures, that with great Reason you ought to detest and reject, let 'em e'en sing their Requiems somewhere else, for you may depend upon it, that a Cry of these slow, deep-mouth'd Dogs, altho' they don't run so swift, will stick as close to the Scent, and as effectually hunt you to Death, as a Kennel of the fleetest Hariers or sharpest Fox-Hounds.

The last Thing I propos'd in this, was to make some short and general Reflections upon Gaming ; they must be short and general indeed, for I find I have wasted so much of my Paper upon my *three last scurvy Subjects*, that I have only Room left for a very few Lines.

That the Original Design of Play or Gaming was Diversion and Recreation, I suppose we may take for granted ; but since it has lost its native Property, and basely degenerated into a mechanical Trade and Occupation.

I'm afraid, as Cases stand, we have two other Titles that will suit it much better, *i.e.* Covetousness and Cheating ; for what imaginable Cause can there be assign'd, but the flat Desire of Winning, that should induce Men to venture what they have, for what they have not ; nay, that which they are afraid and unwilling to lose, for that which they're uncertain to gain.

This can be nothing but Covetousness ; for if Covetousness was not the Grand Mover, there could not be the least Grounds or Pretence for *great* and *deep Gaming ;* a Man may divert himself as well for a Shilling as for a Pound, and for a Pound as for a Thousand, and if that were all, provided it were not used immoderately, there would be no Harm in Gaming at all.

No, no, 'tis Covetousness, which tho' some of the more thinking Sort of Gamesters are asham'd to own, take off the Disguise, and you'll see the ugly Hag dress'd up in all her dismal Pomp of Wretchedness and Misery.

And then for Cheating ; why, 'tis the *inseparable Qualification of a Gamester.* A Man has not only *blind Chance* to deal with (tho' that be but a very leaky, crazy Vessel for him to put to Sea in, upon such a dangerous Expedition) but *such a Combination of Deceit*, and *such a Chain of Tricks and Slights link'd together*, that even *good Fortune itself* is not sufficient to guard and secure him against them : So that a Gamester lies under a kind of Necessity to make himself *Master of the useful Art of Cheating*, that he may be upon the Level with the rest of his Fraternity.

And now, Sir, can there be any thing *more*

sordidly mean and base, and more exaltedly foolish, than for a Man to practise a Profession, that does so naturally entitle him to two of the *worst Characters in the World*, i.e. *a Miser and a Cheat.*

To conclude, if, after all, a Man could arrive to the *highest Perfection* in this *paltry Science, Gaming and Cheating* have commonly a reflex'd Efficacy, and deceive none more than those that use them. Besides all this, what should it be, I wonder, that should incline a Gentleman of an Estate to take up such a Scoundrel Occupation : He'd be very loath to be stigmatiz'd with the exploded Name of a *Mechanick* in other Cases ; and where the mighty Reason lies, he should submit to it in this is a Mystery, I profess, beyond my unravelling.

Well, Sir, let the Shipwreck'd Fortunes of Abundance of our young Adventurers be a Caution to you, how extreamly reproachful and hazardous it is to embark yourself in such a fatal Profession ; a Profession, that at once exposes you to the *irrepairable Loss of your Time*, the *endangering your Estate*, and to *the Forfeiture of your Reputation*, and *withal* is so much below *the Interest and Character of a Gentleman.*

LETTER XVI.

In which are particular Observations and Reflections upon several distinct Occurrences of the Town.

SIR,

I HAVE already led you through a dismal Wilderness, and briefly shewed you, what a Herd of wild Beasts and Monsters you must take your Range among, if your Resolution for the Town continues ; and now I think it is high Time to wind up my Account. Indeed there are Abundance of other dangerous Occurrences that may well justify a severe Reprehension, but I shall only instance one or two more, and leave the Conviction these have receiv'd at the Tribunals of Reason and Experience to conclude the rest.

And first, for your Garb, you will find some of our City Gentry so ridiculously gaudy and extravagant, that comparatively, a Ship may be rigg'd for the *Indies* both as cheap and as easily ; most of the Trades in the Commonwealth are some Way or other concerned in their Equipage, such a strange multiplying Faculty has this sort of Vanity, that it has improv'd Nature's simple Necessity of a Covering, the first Fig-Leaves (as it is phras'd by that excellent Author of the *Gentleman's Calling*) to such a luxuriant Growth, that those *Hercynean Oaks* which *Mela* tells such

wonders of, are but a sort of Pigmy Plants in Comparison of them.

But these are but a kind of Butterfly-Sparks, a few insignificant Insects that flutter about Town for a Year or two, and are afterwards forced to crawl into Holes and Corners in a Dress perhaps no less contemptible, wretched, and loathsome, than the former was gay, fulsome, and pedantick.

This is a Folly, indeed, that I cannot suspect a Gentleman of your Sense can be guilty of, and yet, vain and foolish as it is, I could quote you a considerable Number that have been undone by it, that have laid out their Estate in a few gaudy Trappings, that they may make a Figure (as they call it) have at last figur'd it so long, 'till they have figur'd themselves into Rags or a Prison, and render'd them the Contempt and Laughing-Stocks of the whole Town.

Next to these, we have another Rank of unthinking Creatures, a sort of nice-palated Sparks, that nothing will go down with but Dainties and Curiosities ; tell them of good Beef, Mutton, Veal, or any of our own Productions, which doubtless are the best in the World, they will swear they are all *Porter's Fare*, and unless they are first adulterated with some studied Mixtures, and forced from their native Property by some new and costly Sauces, they are far too mean and common for their Tables.

These, in the strictest Sense, may be said to incur the Vulture's Fate, *i.e.* to eat up themselves ; and truly so it commonly falls out. I have known, within the Compass of my own Experience, Abundance of these luxuriant Prodigals, that have so

long tantaliz'd themselves with their delicious Morsels, that at length they have wanted Food convenient for the Support of Nature.

Others we have, that affect the Reputation of making costly Treats and Entertainments; a hundred Pound is but a *mean Sum* to spend upon an *Evening's Collation for a Mistress or two, which perhaps do him the Favour after all but to laugh at him for his Prodigality.*

I heard a Fool myself (that is now shirking about Town, and will be glad of any body that will give him a Pot of Ale and a Roll and Cheese) bragging not many Months before, *That an Entertainment he made for three or four Ladies cost him six score Pounds.* Such Wretches, I think, are below all kind of Pity. I could almost *grudge* them *even the Husks their Extravagance naturally confines them to*, and wish them rather some Fate more remarkable, scandalous and durable, that might not only nauseate but fright the rest of the World from their Inadvertency.

There are several other Things that I could mention to you, that are no less dangerous than ridiculous; but, Sir, I can never suspect you should so evidently transplant your discerning Faculty from your Intellect to your Sense, to suffer yourself to be impos'd upon by any of these sort of Follies.

I beseech you not to mistake me, I abhor all Sourness or Singularity, and heartily allow of a decent Garb, and a genteel, friendly Entertainment upon Occasion, they are equally necessary and commendable in a Gentleman. And indeed, so long as they are kept within the true Rules of

Sobriety and Moderation, are very highly consistent, not only with his Character but his Interest.

I could make a great many just Reflections (if it were necessary) upon those whose vain and lavish Humours have inclined them to squander away their Estates in such insignificant Trifles ; but I am sure a haughty, extravagant Mind must feel Smart enough without any additional Aggravations ; it must needs be a most embittering Consideration, a Consideration that advances the Affliction, beyond that of a more innocent Poverty, as much as the Pain of an envenom'd Arrow exceeds that of another.

Besides all the more remote Dangers and Inconveniences I have already mentioned, there are still two others, which you are the most nearly concerned to guard yourself against ; the first is against Innovations and Unsettledness in your Religion ; and the second against embarking yourself in Cabals, and Confederacies in Matters belonging to the State and Government.

We have Temptations and Tempters too, of all Sorts at *London*, great Numbers of Persons that make it their Business to snap up Strangers, and watch all Occasions to try if they can impose any of their Trumpery upon them.

Here the Papists, Presbyterians, Quakers, Independants, Anabaptists, *&c.* have all their Party-Men abroad to endeavour the gaining Proselytes ; and truly 'tis great odds, but some of them attempt to seduce you : But then I am confident you are so thoroughly grounded in the Principles of your own Church and Religion, that they can never make any Advances upon you : However, a kind

Caution can do you no Harm, if you should never have any Occasion to make Use of it.

Then for caballing and embarking yourself with Parties and Factions, 'tis a dangerous bewitching Thing, and so many worthy Gentlemen have been ruin'd by it, that I think 'tis utterly needless to descend into Particulars. I'm sure it ought to be Matter of the saddest Reflection to all who have been any way involved in it. It being a most direful Account that they will at last have to make, for being the unhappy Authors of such miserable Disorders.

But, Sir, I will not spend more of your Time in these (I hope) needless Observations and Reflections ; you'll doubtless soon perceive from the stupendious Fate of vast Multitudes ; how you are to order yourself in these several Particulars, and to them I refer you for your full and ample Satisfaction.

LETTER XVII.

Wherein he first directs him in the Disposal of his Estate in his Absence, and gives him some general Cautions and Advice how to manage himself in Town.

SIR,

HAVING drawn you a rough Draught of the Men and Things of the Town, I presume you will pardon it among the rest of my Impertinencies, if by way of Conclusion, I trouble you once more with a few short and general Directions how to dispose of your Estate in your Absence, and of yourself when you come to *London:* The former is as essentially necessary as the latter, and if you fail in either, I can see nothing in the Reverse of your Expedition but flat Ruin and Destruction.

As for the Disposal of your Estate, 'tis the grand Basis upon which all the rest of your Affairs must move; so that unless you leave that both under a faithful as well as a prudent Managery, let your Success in Town be what it will, you will have but a bad Return for your Venture in the winding-up; but then the grand Query is, how this may be settled with the most Ease and Conveniency to your self, the least Trouble to your Friends and Servants, and the greatest Satisfaction and Advantage to all your Tenants, Neighbours and Dependants.

In order to which, I think, in the first Place, it will be highly necessary for you to be your own Auditor, to take a monthly Survey of your respective Accounts, and to ballance your Expences with your Receipts, and to square and proportion 'em both according to the true Value and Nature of your Revenue.

'Tis true, some of our high-bred Gentry look upon this as a Reflection upon their Character, and that the Oversight of their Estates is not only a Business too burthensome, but likewise too mean for 'em. What Reasons they can give for it, I must confess, I'm a Stranger to.

Methinks, it should be rather a Divertisement, and a proper and advantageous Method for them to dispose of those spare Hours, whose Emptiness would become their Load, and probably of no small Pain and Cost, and perhaps Inconvenience too.

Next to this, your Business will be to procure an honest ingenious Man for a Steward, a Person that will neither be tempted by *Avarice* or *Interest*, or seduc'd by *Necessity*, to betray your Concerns or imbezzle your Effects ; he should be neither sour in his Conversation, nor imperious in his Behaviour, not bitter nor pressing upon your Tenants, and yet watchful and sedulous to keep them within the moderate Bounds of their Leases and Agreements ; and withal, careful to restrain them from running too far in Arrears, which commonly terminates not only in the Ruin of themselves, but in the manifest Loss and Inconvenience of the Landlord.

A Steward should be a Person (if you can find

such a one) that is remarkable for the *discreet Government of himself and his own Affairs*, he ought to be a *tolerable Master of Accompts, and well skill'd in the useful Art of Husbandry*, and *in the Manner of Country Dealing and Commerce ;* but above all, *he should be abstracted from all manner of Selfishness and mercenary Designs, and be acted purely by true Principles of Love, Justice, and Gratitude.*

Next to him, a provident House-keeper will be extreamly requisite, and she, indeed, should have *most of the Qualifications of the Steward ;* she should be *discreet and faithful, affable, modest, meek and compassionate ;* she should be free from *the little Vanities of Gossiping and Talebearing, too common to her Sex.*

Your *House* should be *her only Empire*, and *the calm and peaceful Government of it*, her *highest Ambition ;* she should have *no Ends*, nor, indeed, *no Business of her own, to disturb or take her off*, but be *constantly vigilant to observe and restrain the Irregularities of the Family, and not more neither, by her Advice and Reproof, than by the Precedent of her own Calmness, Decency and Moderation.*

Besides these, you'll want an industrious Gardener and a careful Groom, the one to take Care of your Fruit and Flowers, and to preserve your Walks and Arbours from running to Ruin and Disorder ; and the other to manage and regulate your Horses, *&c.*

Now, if you could thus equip your self, which, I confess, will be very difficult for you to do, you'd be however secure, that when you have tir'd your self with the Follies and Vanities of the Town (which I believe, or at least hope, will be

in a very little Time) your Affairs in the Country are in a good Posture, and thither you can return and rest your self, out of the Reach of the Hurry and Impertinence of it.

And, now Sir, the next Thing will be to manage *your self* with Advantage and Security *when you come to Town.* I have shew'd you already the Rocks that you are in most Danger to split upon, and the Vices, Follies and Dangers, which, as a Gentleman and a Stranger, you are perpetually liable to be encountred with ; and because my present Design hath made them my peculiar Province, I shall wave all others, and only address myself to you for a Conclusion, in a passionate Admonition and Request or two, which I presume you will either grant or pardon, if not both.

And first, I passionately advise and request you not to plunge your self into the Society of Strangers. I have told you that before, and I must tell it you again, and indeed I can never tell it you too often, that the Generality of the Mischiefs of this Town are deriv'd to us upon that Account.

Secondly, let me again admonish you not to take Men and Things upon Trust, but first to weigh 'em soberly and deliberately, to bring 'em Home to the Tribunal of your own Reason, Conscience and Experience, before you pass your Judgment or make your Option.

This Town is sway'd purely by a Spirit of Falshood and Contradiction, or what's as bad, by Spite, Faction or Interest ; so that if you take Things nakedly, without comparing them with the natural Rules of Truth and Probability, you

lie open to be impos'd upon by an endless Repetition of Falshoods and Impostures.

Mr. *Cowley's* Wish lies always before you ; *a few Friends, and a few Books, and both true and well chose*, are all you want, and indeed, your only proper and acceptable Companions for this Town.

To sum up all, I hope you will not esteem it an uncivil Address, to put you in mind of your Character, by your Birth, Education, and by your Estate too ; you are a Gentleman, and then I think I need not tell you what it is that is your most adorning Accomplishment ; 'tis Virtue, Sir, and 'tis that and nothing else can add a Lustre to your Title. 'Tis *that alone* can refine and sublimate your Pleasures, and give a long and glorious Splendor to your Quality.

London,
October 16, 1746.

Farewel.

THE
Country Gentleman's
REPLY.

WHO can resist the Wounds from such a Dart?
Your Kindness, Sir, has pierc'd my very Heart,
First to advise, then gently to reprove,
Denotes your Friendship much, but more your Love.
But that which I admire above the rest,
Distance nor Time han't worn me from your Breast.

Well, you have gain'd your Point, and I agree,
Yon scurvy Town is not a Place for me.
No, Sir, yo've kindly taught me to be wise,
I loath it now, my Country Life I prize.

Beyond the Compass of my native Grange
I rarely, very rarely mean to range.
There I breathe free, have all I wish but you,
And, for a Mess, another Friend or two;
Had I but that, in Triumph I'd retire,
And leave your City Toys *for Boys and Fools t'admire.*

Come then, my Friend, for you *shall lead the Way,*
Make haste, I grow impatient by your Stay.
We'll go together, and then you and I
Can teach each other how to live and die.
We'll take our Turns, 'till we at last improve
These dismal Vales into a pleasant Grove.
Come then, I dare you now to a Retreat,
Come, take your Share of my poor homely Seat;
'Tis true, there's nothing there that I can boast,
Beside the friendly Welcome of your Host.
My House is plain, but 'tis convenient too,
Just fit to entertain another Friend and you.
My Orchards and my Gardens, these indeed,
Something I may, and yet not much exceed;
My Park's too narrow to endure a Chace,
Once in a Season I can kill a Brace;
I have a Pond or two, which from a Brook that's nigh,
I can o'erflow, or I can soon drain dry;
But then I've one Thing, Sir, which you will love,
A little, artless, melancholy Grove;
There we may hear the Morning Lark rejoice,
And now and then the mournful Turtle's Voice.

I have, beside, a little Pack of Hounds,
Enough to hunt the Vermin from my Bounds.
Some other Trifles too I have, which I
Will either keep, or, if you please, throw by.
But that which for all Wants shall make Amends,
We'll live like Lovers, and we'll die like Friends.

Adieu.

FINIS.

A

TRIP

THROUGH THE

TOWN.

CONTAINING

Observations on the Humours and Manners of the AGE.

Reflections on *London* in general.
The Art of walking in St. *James's Park*.
Beaus and *Blockheads*; together with Coffee-House *Politicians*, exposed.
A Dissertation on the Craft of the *Town-Beggars*, and the monstrous Pride and Insolencies of *Women-Servants*.
The Humours of *Newgate* and *Tyburn* on the Day of Execution.
The *Horse-Guards*, prov'd to be better Subjects, though worse Soldiers than the *Foot-Guards*.
A remarkable Character of Sir *Timothy Testy*, Knight.
The real Causes of the Debaucheries practis'd upon the *Fair Sex*; shewing the true Reasons why such infinite Numbers of *fine young Creatures* are daily forc'd into the *Service of the Publick*.

People of Fashion required to keep their *young Daughters* out of their *Kitchens*.

A merry Water-Ramble from *Westminster* to *Wapping*; the Miseries of that Part of the Town described; with some Account of a Tumult near *King Edward's* Stairs, occasioned by a *Sea Lieutenant's* LADY unfortunately discharging a Chamber-Pot from a Two-Pair of Stairs Window on a decay'd *Baronet's* WIFE.

With many other diverting PARTICULARS.

A TRIP THROUGH THE TOWN, &c.

A Description of London *in general* ; *of St.* James's Park ; *the* Charing-Cross *Coffee-Houses* ; *with an Account of a* Sub-Brigadier's *fainting away at a Relation of the Siege of* Philipsburgh ; *Prince* Eugene's *Conduct on the* Rhine *censur'd by a* Druggist : *Of a Miser's raising an immense Estate by purchasing Annuities on the Lives of the* Life-Guard Men ; *the Humours of the* Infant-Office *in* St. Giles's, *where young Children are let out at hire by the Day to Beggars.*

THE Town of LONDON is a kind of large Forest of *Wild-Beasts*, where most of us range about at a venture, and are equally savage, and mutually destructive one of another : The strange *Hurries* and *Impertinencies* ; the busy *Scramblings* and *Underminings* ; and what is worse, the monstrous *Villanies*, *Cheats* and *Impostures* in it. The innumerable Equipages, and outward Appearances, that we see in every Corner, are but the dismal prospect of an *Universal Poverty*, and *Crouds of miserable People*, either wrack'd with the Agonies of their own *Guilt*, or *Folly*, or groaning under the terrible Apprehensions of *Bankruptcy*. Observe the Shops, and you'll see an universal

Discontent, and Melancholly hanging in the Faces of their respective Occupiers. Look into the *Churches*, and there only a few *elderly Widows* and *antiquated Virgins*, because they are acceptable at no other Assemblies, and so make a Virtue of necessity. We have a *Play-House* to every *Parish*, and more than a thousand *Taverns*, and *Brothels*, to one *Church*. I will venture to affirm, that a Man may go thro' all the Parishes, *within* the Walls of *London* and those *without*, and scarce find twelve People in any one of them, that can without great hesitation tell him the Name of their Minister. I have seen an antient Inhabitant, who has paid Scot and Lot, and serv'd all Offices, as hard put to answer such a Question, as a *Colonel* of a Regiment would be to rehearse the *Apostles Creed*, or a *Countess* to say her *Catechism*. *Pho! what a Memory have I?* says one; *It's just at my Tongue's end*, cries another; *Was there ever such a treacherous Brain?* goes a third. *I know it as well as I do my own, but cannot for the Life of me think on't*, &c. Tho' I must confess indeed that there may be a great many People who affect Ignorance in these respects, for fear of bringing themselves under the *Imputation* of frequenting Places of religious Worship.

If you peep into *Westminster-Hall*, the *Lawyers* are together by the ears with one another, and nothing but Complaints against the *badness of the Terms*, and want of Money, is heard among them: While Jury-men are endeavouring to get off the Pannels at any rate, for fear of being starv'd in empty Courts in the Winter. The religious Pretenders are all furiously hating and uncharitably

censuring one another, snapping, snarling, grinning and biting, and almost every Party wishing all the rest damn'd but those that agree with them in their own Opinion and Judgment.

The *Great Men* at the Court-end of the Town are peculiarly distinguished, by refusing to do any thing to serve others, and by a great number of tall powder'd *Animals* with two Legs, who walk before a Chair, or hang like a cluster of Bees at the hind part of the Chariot, embracing one another in an indecent posture : For the benefit of this part of the *Metropolis*, which includes the *Beau Monde*, the KING has given the liberty to all *idle People*, of walking in St. *James's Park* : Here is the *Mall* famous for being the rendezvous of the Gay and Gallant, who assemble there to *see* and be *seen*, to *censure* and be *censured* ; the *Ladies* to shew their fine Clothes and the product of the Toilet, the Men to shew their Toupees, observe all the Beauties, and fix on some Favourite to toast that Evening at the Tavern. Every one here is curious in examining those who pass them, and are very nice and very malicious. In this Place of general Concourse, People often join into the Company of those whom they either deride or hate ; for Company is not sought here for the Benefit of *Conversation*, but Persons couple together to get a little Confidence, and embolden themselves against the common Reflections of the *Place*. They talk continually, no matter of what, for they talk only to be taken notice of by those who pass by them ; for which Reason they raise their Voices, for them who know them, not to pass without a Bow *en passant*. At this Place *Ladies*

will walk four or five Miles in a Morning with all the Alacrity imaginable, who at home think it an insupportable Fatigue to *journey* from one end of their Chamber to the other.

I have seen a Beau stand reconnoit'ring the *Mall*, divided within himself in as many Minds as a Lady in a Lace-Chamber, or a Rake in a Bawdy-House, to think which Set of Company he shall annex himself to ; and to avoid the *fatal Consequences* of making a *false Step*, use as much caution as a prudent Parent would do in the matrimonial Disposition of a Daughter. An *escaping Eye* hath often passed over a *Gentleman Usher*, when a *Groom* of the *Bed-Chamber* has been diligently pursu'd from one end of the *Park* to the other. A plain *Irish* Lord shall be able to lead half a dozen *Laced Coats* up and down like so many Beagles in a String during pleasure, and I have e'er now seen him as much neglected, as an honest poor Family in distress upon the sight of a *Ribbon* ; though 'tis surprising to think what an attractive Quality every *Ribbon*, according to its Colour, hath in this place.

I once happened to fall into a File of very fine Fellows in this Place, and remember that when we began our March, we rank'd one *French* Suit, tho' something sullied, three pair of *Clock-Stockings*, one Suit of *Paduasoy*, two *Embroider'd Waistcoats* ; the one a little tarnish'd, and two pair of *Velvet Breeches :* We made a most formidable shew, carrying the whole breadth of the *Mall*, and sweeping all before us ; we thought our selves at least capable to act upon the *Defensive*, but by that we had got opposite to *Godolphin* House, we were

convinced of our Error, for here a Puppy in a *French* Suit pulling out a most extravagantly rich *Snuff-Box*, no less than *three* deserted, and went at once over to the *Enemy*. As one Misfortune seldom comes alone, a monstrous *Gold-headed* Cane in the hands of a Gamester, depriv'd us of two more of our Company, so that all on a sudden our *Corps* was dwindled away like the *South-Sea* Project, and began to look as thin as a House of Parliament at a 30th of *January* Sermon, or an independent Company of Foot. In this Plight the Remains of us stood staring upon each other as stupidly, as the Country People do, when they go to view the Royal Apartments at *Hampton-Court* or *Windsor*, as not knowing whether it was best to advance or retreat : Fortunately for us, in this Dilemma we enlisted one of the most beautiful *Sword-Knots* that ever came into the Kingdom : we could perceive *Recruits* coming in from every Quarter ; and in less than 7 Minutes got ourselves into *statu quo :* Several Revolutions of this kind happen'd to us in the space of about two Hours, till at last I was left only with a little strutting Fellow, who calls himself *Secretary* to a foreign Minister, and him I got rid of, by his fixing his Eye upon a *Periwig*, that appear'd to be made about a *Month later* than mine was.

I took notice of a *Lady*, who was moving with such awful State and Majesty, that her graceful Deportment bespoke her nothing less than a Person of the first Rank ; all the Eyes upon the Valet de Chambre and Ladies Womens Walks were directed towards her, and great Enquiry was made after her Titles. A *Baroness*, who I thought was

going to give her an Invitation to the Opera, or to make a Party at Quadrille, gave her a gentle Reprimand, for loading her fine *Brussels* Head and Ruffles, with such a quantity of *Starch*, that she said, they sate as heavy upon her as Frauds on a *Supercargo's* Conscience, and hoped that as she valu'd her Custom and Business, she would take more care for the future.

Passing out at the *Spring-Garden* Passage, a Hackney Coach with a little *Blackmoor Boy*, was waiting on two *fine Ladies*, to whom I could do no less than present my Hand to help them into their Vehicle ; where having compos'd their Petticoats, and conceal'd their Ancles, from the lewd peepings of some idle Fellows at a Coffee-House Window, one of them put out her Head, and gave orders to stop at *Lady Larboard's* in Ratcliffe Highway.

Having heard that several of the *Standards*, and *Colours*, brought over by the *Norman* Conqueror in his first Expedition to *Britain*, had been converted into a Set of *Window-Curtains*, and were to be seen at a *Coffee-House* in this Neighbourhood ; I resolv'd to pay a Visit to those venerable Reliques of Antiquity: Entering the Door, a Figure representing *Death* and *Hunger*, made me several low Reverences, and seem'd as obsequious as a young Counsellor the first day of Term, or the Beadle of a Parish when before his Masters, by way of welcoming me into his Territories. When I came into the Room, the whole Company set their Eyes upon me, as though I had been a Picture-Shop ; this Stare was followed by a general Whisper, to know who I was. After having look'd as shyly

upon 'em, as a cockaded Captain upon a plain honest Tradesman, I took my Seat in this College of *Twopenny* Senators, as became a free-born *Englishman*.

A Clergyman, who had a *Dish* of Coffee administered to him, ask'd the Master of the House if he was not bred a *Printer*. No, said he, *but I understand something of* Books. *I imagin'd so*, replies the Doctor, *because I never met with a handsomer* Margin *to a Coffee-Cup in my Life*.

An *Irish* Gentleman was engag'd in a warm dispute with many others, upon the news of the Duke of *Berwick's* being kill'd by a Cannon-Ball ; and when the fact had been put beyond all possibility of a doubt, the Man declar'd he would not believe it, though he was *even to see his Corpse*. I observ'd as he was going away, he left word at the Bar, that he should be either on the Atheists Walk in *Westminster Abbey*, or the Affidavit Walk in *Westminster Hall*.

A Person who pretended to have serv'd as a Voluntier, in the Siege of *Philipsburgh*, was giving a most deplorable account of the terrible slaughter and havock, that was made of the Fellows on both sides ; describing in a particular manner certain cruel accidents, that happen'd during the Siege : A *Sub-Brig.* of the Horse-Guards, who had sate very attentive to his Story, call'd out for a few *Hartshorn Drops* in a Glass of Water, begging withal, that the Discourse might be wav'd, as being a Subject too shocking and melancholy for humane Ears, and a Christian Country.

The Son of a certain *Druggist*, not far from *St. Paul's* Cathedral, was throwing his Arms up and

down like a Kettle-Drummer, or a *French* Protestant in a religious Dispute, and with great profluence pointing out all the *Errors* Prince *Eugene* had committed upon the *Rhine*. *There was the time he mist his opportunity*, said he, *then it was he should have struck the Blow* ; *Zounds*, *had I but taken a* Soup *with him before he quitted* Wisenthal !

'Tis a shocking Reflection to a Person, who hath any Bowels for his Country, to see such numbers of great Genius's misapply'd ; which had they acted in that Sphere Nature had design'd them, might have prov'd of real Utility to their Fellow-Creatures, and the greatest Benefactors Heaven could have bestow'd upon Mankind. In one place we behold a great *General* lost in a *Grocer* ; in another a *Secretary of State* buried in a *Soap-Boiler* ; here a Man that would have shone in the *Camp* and *Cabinet*, directing a *Board of Taylors* ; a *Lord High Admiral* is perhaps *distilling* of *Malt Spirits* ; and a *Treasurer* making of *Periwigs*. How many great *Chancellors* and *Judges* have we not lost in *Mercers Journeymen*, *Serjeants Clerks*, and other self-sufficient *Gentlemen*. Not to mention what this unfortunate Nation hath suffer'd, in not calling in to her Councils, the aid of several ancient Ladies, whose vast Abilities and superior Skill in Politicks, have so conspicuously appear'd, in *Drawing-Rooms*, and *Tea-Table* Conversations.

A *Usurer* I observ'd was under dreadful Apprehensions, from the Progress of the *French* Arms in *Italy*, and upon the *Rhine* ; and moreover at a report of a Squadron of *French* Men of War lying at *Brest*, and several Regiments at *Calais* ; these

THE ROYAL MEWS AT CHARING CROSS.

[*To face* p. 121.

last gave him vast uneasiness indeed : The poor Creature, he really mov'd my Compassion, declar'd that for many Weeks past he had had no more peace of Mind, than a *York-Buildings* Director, or a Maid of Honour, under a Visitation of the Small-Pox ; for fear the *Bougres* should take it into their heads, to come over hither, and reduce *Interest* to two *per Cent.* He assur'd me, that as he had a regard for his native Country, if I knew of any body that had Interest enough with the *French* King, to prevail on him to withdraw his Troops from the Sea-Coasts, he would willingly reward them with *Half a Crown.*

A Porter who had been gone a tedious while on an Errand, return'd with this open-mouth'd Answer to his Employer *: Sir, the Lady was just a shifting of herself, having been sent for on some* special *Affair to a* Lawyer's *Chambers* ; *and I saw the Chair waiting for her at the Door, otherwise she would have been ready to receive your intended Visit.* The Gentleman lifting up his Cane, as if going to strike him, but thinking better on it, contented himself with saying, *Here stands at the* End *of this Stick, one of the errant'st Fools and Scoundrels in the Kingdom. At which* End, *an't like your Honour?* answers the Fellow.

My *Landlord's* meagre Aspect, having given me a tolerable Appetite, I enquired for an *Ordinary*, and was indeed directed to a most elegant one, at another *Coffee-House* not far from the *Mews.* When I came thither, a Gentleman-Usher ty'd up in a blue Apron, conducted me into a handsome Room, among a promiscuous Company, who I perceiv'd were unacquainted with one

another. Not a word nor a smile pass'd for a considerable time, so that we sat like so many Mutes in the *Jerusalem* Chamber ; till the silence was at length broke, by some mention of the late *Tobacco-Bill*. Upon which a Gentleman said, he had some reason to remember that troublesome Business, as being but newly recover'd from a violent illness, contracted by his rigid attendance *in the House*, when it was upon the Tapis ; by this he gave us to understand, he was nothing less than a *Member of Parliament*.

Another complain'd of the great number of *Robberies* and *Riots*, that were daily committed within the Bills of Mortality, to the great Scandal of the Christian Religion, and the Honour of the Nation, and the great trouble it gave the *Magistrates*, for that he had been *Committing* and *Binding over* all the Morning : by this he gain'd his Point, in letting us into the Secret of his being a *Justice of Peace*.

A third, a very corpulent Creature, having recover'd himself from a violent fit of Coughing, acquainted us, that we were like to have one of the most plentiful Seasons for Hay and Corn, as had been known in the memory of Man, and that he had Assurance for what he advanc'd, from a *Brother Common-Council Man*, who was newly return'd out of the *Northern* Parts of the Kingdom.

A young Gentleman in an open *lac'd-Hat*, with a huge *Cockade* fasten'd to it, confirm'd this Account, by affirming, that some few Days before he had receiv'd from *his Lieutenant* in Quarters, a Letter to the same effect ; by which, and some other Circumstances he gave us Light into, I

could see the sensible Pleasure he took, in perceiving we were all satisfy'd that he was a *real Captain*, and in *full Pay*.

A fourth Person fell into a tedious Story, making as many stops and pauses in it, as a Miser does when he's paying away a large Sum of Money, to inform us of a vigorous Opposition he once gave *in his Vestry* to an Over-Rate, that was going to be impos'd upon the Parish, of which he had the honour to be *Church-Warden*.

He was interrupted by an odd sort of a Fellow, who complain'd bitterly of the *Easterly* Wind, because of the ill Effects it had on an old Contusion he got by a fall from his Horse, when he was riding Post to *dine with the Grand Pensionary:* He was entering into a *pleasant Joke*, the King of *France* once put upon him at *Fontainbleau*, when a Message call'd him away from the Table. His absence gave one of the Waiters an opportunity to inform us, that the *Gentleman* was a neighbouring *Apothecary*.

A sober sort of a Person hearing of a Contusion, next wip'd his Mouth, and expatiated a long while upon the Subject of Wounds, Death, and Danger, and said himself had once the most miraculous Escape, as perhaps ever happen'd to an Officer of the Militia; and that was when the worthy Lieutenant-Colonel to the Train'd-Band Regiment (in which he had the happiness also to bear a Commission) had like to have been hurt, by the bursting of a Musquet Barrel, in *Tothill-Fields*, he had the honour to be within *thirteen* Yards of him.

Thus Pride makes us all Children, when it gets uppermost. The first that calls a Man a Fool is

himself, and others do but take it from his own Mouth. When a weak Person shuns a Discovery, by *keeping his Tongue within his Teeth*, as the Proverb has it, we generally assign a kind Cause for his Silence, and believe it to be the effect of good Sense, which is never very forward ; but if his Tongue betrays him and shews him a *soft Head*, the World is not to blame for passing Sentence, when he himself has confess'd the Guilt.

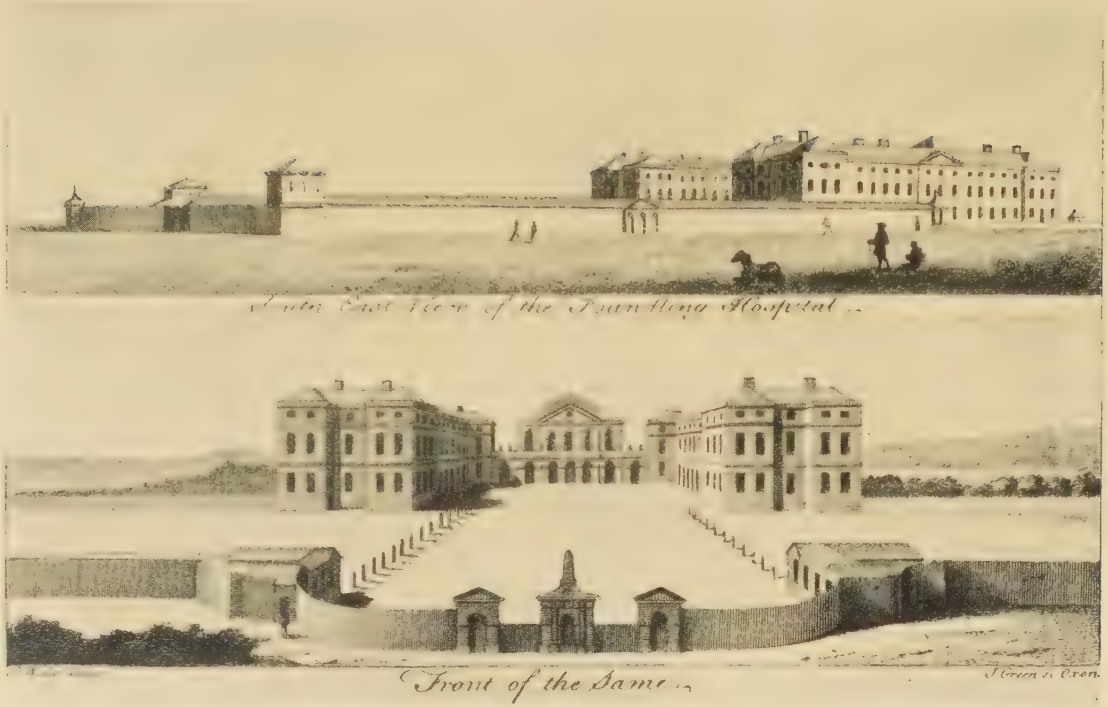
As Pity is often by our selves, and in our own Cases mistaken for Charity, so it assumes the Shape, and borrows the very Name of it ; a *Beggar* asks you to exert that Virtue for *Jesus Christ's sake*, but all the while his great Design is to raise your Pity. He represents to your view, the worst side of his Ailments and Bodily Infirmities ; in chosen Words he gives an Epitome of his Calamities, real or fictitious ; and while he seems to pray to God, that he will open your Heart, he is actually at work upon your Ears ; the greatest Profligate of them flies to Religion for Aid, and assists his Cant with a Doleful Tone, and a study'd Dismality of Gestures : But he trusts not to one Passion only, he flatters your Pride, with Titles and Names of Honour and Distinction ; your Avarice he sooths with often repeating to you, the smallness of the Gift he sues for, and conditional Promises of future Returns, with an Interest extraordinary beyond the Statute of Usury, tho' out of the reach of it. People not used to great Cities, being thus attacked on all sides, are commonly forc'd to yield, and cannot help giving something, tho' they can hardly spare it themselves.

When Sores are very bad, or seem otherwise

afflicting in an extraordinary Manner, and the Beggar can bear to have them expos'd to the cold Air, it is very shocking to some People ; 'tis a shame they cry such Sights shou'd be suffer'd : the main Reason is, it touches their Pity *feelingly*, and at the same time they are resolv'd, either because they are covetous, or count it an idle Expence, to give nothing, which makes them more uneasy. They turn their Eyes, and where the Cries are dismal, some would willingly stop their Ears, if they were not ashamed. What they can do is to mend their Pace, and be very angry in their Hearts, that Beggars shou'd be about Streets. The only thing the industrious Beggar has left to conquer these fortified Hearts, if he can walk either with or without Crutches, is to follow close, and with uninterrupted Noise teaze and importune them, to try if he can make them buy their Peace. A young hale Fellow, approach'd me once in the *Haymarket*, with a most melancholly Aspect : *Booth* never shone greater in the Character of *Cato* ; nor *Betterton* in that of *Tamerlane*, than this Villain did in his Crutches. I took out a couple of Pence, praying his Acceptance of that Trifle, as an Earnest of the Sense I had of his great Genius and Capacity, and that had I been a Person of Fortune and Figure, I should have been as great an Encourager as I was an Admirer of *Arts* and *Sciences*.

Having one Day rambled into the Heart of the good Parish of *St. Giles's in the Fields*, I stood staring and gaping about, like the Mayor of a Country Corporation in the *Court of Requests*, till at length I came to a Place call'd the *Infant*

Office, where young Children stand at Livery, and are let out by the Day to the Town Mendicants. The first Scene that presented was a little Villain of about four Years old, who, upon my asking him some Questions, told me that his Father had been a House-Carpenter in *Dublin*, where he broke his Neck by a fall from a Scaffold, in repairing a Cellar Window, and died about seven Years before he was born. A Woman of above 70 would needs hire a Baby that was sucking at the Breast, and another who had a Complexion as sallow as a *Portuguese* Sailor, must forsooth be accommodated with a Child, as fair as a Smock-fac'd Parson. One Woman hired no less than four for the Day, two she pack'd up behind her like a *Scotch* Pedlar's Budget, the third was to run by her Side bawling out for Victuals, and the fourth she held in her Arms, like a tuneable Instrument to be *set to Musick*, when she came in the View of any seemingly well-dispos'd People. An ancient Matron, who had the superintendency of the Office, held forth in her Arms a pretty Poppet of about a Year old, telling them there was a sweet innocent Picture, a moving Countenance, that would not fail making a Sergeant at Law feel for his Half-pence, and would extort Charity even from a Divine. A Beggar Woman, who was vastly in Arrear for the Lett of Children, was refus'd any longer Credit till she had paid off the old Score, made no more to do but threw an old ragged Riding-Hood over her Shoulders, cursing them for a Parcel of unchristian old B——tches in forcing her to tell the Town ten thousand Lyes, by saying she *had three poor Infants sick at home.*



THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

[*To face* p. 126.

Every one being suited according to their Circumstances and Convenience, it was not altogether an unpleasing Sight, to behold this little *Auxilliary Army* march off to lay a great Protestant City and its Suburbs under *Contribution*.

On *Maid Servants.*

THE Inconveniences daily arising from the Insolence and Intrigues of our Servant-Wenches, who, by their caballing together, have made their Party so considerable, that every body cries out against them, and yet no body has thought of, or at least propos'd a Remedy, although such an Undertaking (mean as it seems to be) I hope will one Day be thought worthy the Consideration of the Legislature : Women Servants are now so scarce, that from *thirty* and *forty* Shillings a Year, their Wages are increas'd of late to *six*, *seven* and *eight* Pounds *per Ann.* insomuch, that an ordinary Tradesman cannot well keep one ; but his Wife, who might be useful in his Shop, or Business, must do the Drudgery of Household Affairs : And all this, because our Servant Wenches are so puffed up with Pride, now-a-days, that they never think they go fine enough : It is a hard matter to know the Mistress from the Maid by their Dress ; nay, very often the Maid shall be much the finer of the two. Our Woollen Manufacture suffers much by this, for nothing but *Silks* and *Sattins* will go down with our *Kitchen Wenches*; to support which intolerable Pride, they have insensibly rais'd their Wages to such a Height, as was never known in any Age or Nation but this.

Let us trace this from the beginning, and suppose a Person has a Servant Maid, sent him out of

the Country at fifty Shillings, or three Pounds a Year. The Girl has scarce been a Week, nay, a Day in her Service, but a Committee of Servant Wenches are appointed to examine her, who advise her to raise her Wages, or give warning ; to encourage her to which, the *Herb Woman* or *Chandler Woman*, or some other old Intelligencer, provides her a Place of four or five Pounds a Year ; this sets Madam Cock-a-hoop, and she thinks of nothing now but Vails and high Wages, and so gives warning from Place to Place, till she has got her Wages up to the Top.

Her Neats-Leathern Shoes are now transform'd into Lac'd Ones with high Heels ; her Yarn Stockings are turn'd into fine Worsted Ones, with Silk Clocks ; and her high Wooden Pattens are kick'd away for Leathern Clogs ; she must have a Hoop too, as well as her Mistress ; and her poor scanty Linsey Woolsey Petticoat, is chang'd into a good Silk one, four or five Yards wide at the least. Not to carry the Description farther, in short, plain Country *Joan* is now turn'd into a fine *London* Madam, can drink *Tea*, take *Snuff*, and carry herself as high as the best.

Our *Sessions Papers* of late are crouded with Instances of Servant Maids, robbing their Places, this can be only attributed to their Devilish Pride ; for their whole Enquiry now-a-days, is how little they shall do, how much they shall have.

I was t'other Day at the *Old-Bailey*, and heard the Trial of a *Yorkshire* Wench, who stood indicted for *feloniously stealing* from her Mistress, a dozen of round-Ear'd Lac'd Caps, of very considerable Value : The Creature pleaded *not Guilty*,

insisting very strenuously, that she had her Mistress's *express Orders* for what she had done. The Prosecutrix being call'd upon by the Court, to answer this Allegation, said, *Mary thou wast always a most abominable* Lyar.—*Very true, Madam*, replies the Hussey, *for whenever I told a* ROUND LYE, *you was so good as to bid me* TAKE YOUR CAP. The Court fell into a violent fit of Laughter, and the Jury acquitted the Prisoner.

If a Slut be tolerably handsome, and has any Share of Cunning, the Apprentice or her Master's Son is entic'd away and ruin'd by her. Thus many good Families are impoverish'd and disgraced by these pert Husseys, who taking the advantage of a young Man's Simplicity, and unruly Desires, draw many heedless Youths, nay, some of good Estates into their Snares ; and of this we have innumerable Instances.

I happen'd to dine one Day in the *City*, with a discreet housewifely Woman, who gave me the Characters of half a score Maids, she had in the compass of twelve or thirteen Weeks.

There was BETTY EBONY, (said she) a black Wench, as clever a Servant as ever laid Sheet cross a Feather-Bed, but so light-finger'd that she'd out-pilfer a Nurse to a sick Person ; yet I know not how it happen'd, the Jade came recommended under as good a Character, as a Watch made by *Tompion* or *Graham*.

TIBB TIDEY, for the first three or four Days, look'd as meek and humble as an Apothecary, at the side of a Physician's Chariot ; yet when one of my Children did but tap her on the Arm, she flew into as violent a Passion as a *Welch* Cook in

a Tavern-Kitchen, upon being *told her own* ; and discover'd as vindictive a Temper as a Butcher, for an injury done to his Dog.

Dorothy Dowdy, as bold a Baggage as ever set Foot over Threshold, and tho' she came from the Town of *Hastings*, yet was as *slow* as a pamper'd Church Dignitary is, in going to perform the Funeral Service over a poor Corpse, or an Insolvent, to surrender himself to the *Fleet* or *King's-Bench* Prison, in discharge of his Bail.

Kate Careless liv'd with me about six Weeks, during which time, my Parlour and Dining-Room, lay in as much Litter, and Confusion, as a Barber's Shop on a Saturday Evening : My Linnen, she made look of the hue of a confin'd Debtor's, when he's dish'd out, to be carried up by *Habeas Corpus* to *Westminster* ; when I bid her tye on a Hood, or stick a Pin in my Manteau, I appear'd as rumpled and discompos'd, as a kept Mistress after a Visit from her Keeper ; then she would go as awkardly about every other part of her Work, as a City *Coffee-Man* doth to mount his Horse.

Rebecca Ready, a thorough Servant, one that did her Work, as quick as a Highwayman ; but then endow'd with such a Tongue, that to stop it, would be as difficult a matter, as to prevent a handsome Actress from turning Whore, or a Philazer from taking Fees.

Dirty Dorcas, a Parson's Daughter, consequently a little crackish, and addicted to pilfering, having serv'd an Apprenticeship to a *Manteau-maker*. When she first enter'd my House, with an old *Band-Box* under one Arm, and a little dirty Linnen *Bundle* under the other, she was seiz'd in

Fee Simple, of one *Cotton Night-Gown* ; *two Shifts* ; one *white* and one *colour'd* Apron ; two *Handkerchiefs* and a half ; one Pair of *lac'd old Shoes*, a ha'pworth of *Scotch* Snuff ; and two Yards of *sixpenny Ribbon :* and yet in less than three Months, grew more proud and saucy, than a City 'Prentice in the last Year of his Time, or an insolent Footman, on his being taken out of Livery, to be converted into a Butler, or Valet de Chambre; and was withal so heedless and idle, that she was forced to be follow'd up and down like a Felon going to Trial.

Newcastle Nan, a *Northumberland* Creature ; one had need to have had the patience of a *Chelsea*-College Pensioner, when he stands upon the Banks of the *Thames* to catch Gudgeons, to bear with that Slut's Impertinence. When I took her into my House, she appear'd more like an *acquitted* poor Wretch, turn'd out at the Doors of the *Old Baily*, than a Person fitting to be entertain'd in a sober Family. The very Shift she had to her B—— side was in as many holes as a Cribbidge-Board ; and her Gown a fine Beau would as soon have stoop'd to take up a poor Creature, that had fallen down in an Apoplectick Fit, as a Bunter would have done, to take it off a Dunghill : then for a Lyar, there was no more believing her than a News-Paper.

Hannah Hairbrains, was a Girl that *could do well if she wou'd* ; but when *Will was'n't at home*, a lazy fat Prebendary could not be a more useless Creature. And when before Company, could be as silent as a half-pay Officer's Pocket, or an offending Hackney-Coachman before his Com-

missioners ; but when got among her triggery Mates, as loud and talkative, as a young Rake of Quality just arriv'd from his Travels, or a green Divine from the University.

Jenny Jilt, would be as familiar with me as a Whore's *Maid* in a Coach with her *Mistress*, or a *Sergeant's Clerk* in the same Vehicle with his *Master*, but no more to be trusted than a *North*-Country Attorney. I'll tell you a Trick this Wench once serv'd me : A Gentleman who was under a Cloud, having some years before sold himself to the Devil, that he might enjoy great Wealth, and indulge himself in a luxurious Life, for a certain Term of Years ; the Time being near expir'd, he was advis'd by Friends, to keep out of the way 'till Matters could be made easy. The poor Man (*I shall never forget him*) took a Lodging in my House, and telling me his Misfortune, desired to be conceal'd. *Now as sure as you're alive*, this Minks of mine, by some Means or other, got into the Secret, and cou'dn't rest till she went to a Justice of Peace, to give an Information. I will now leave it to you to judge, whether any body was ever so handled with Servants as I have been : To have every Circumstance of Life expos'd as much as a necessitated Courtier is, to the Pay-Master of his Sallary, or an extravagant subaltern Officer to his Agent.

But of all the rest, commend me to one Kitty Coltish, a *Norfolk* Girl, who, after she demanded *eight* Pounds a Year Wages, I agreed with her for *six*, and found her as much puzzled to clean a Room, as the Clerk to a great Company would be to make up his Accounts : she wou'd handle her

Mop as clumsily, as a thriving Victualler doth a new piece of Plate in a Silver-Smith's Shop ; and so errant a Strumpet, that I was ever and anon detecting her in writing Letters to Fellows, with as much bad Spelling and Nonsense in them, as in the Superscriptions of the Whore's Epistles, that stand wedged up in the Bars of the *Charing-Cross* Coffee-Houses, for the Officers of the Guards. Reprove her for her Faults, she would sometimes be as pert, and saucy, as a young Beau Shop-keeper ; telling me, she, truly, wou'dn't be run down, like a poor Alms Woman, by a Parish Overseer ; and at others, as silent and sullen, as a phthisicky old Parson in a Stage-Coach.

Thus, said she, I have given you a Relation of a Series of Servants, that have pester'd me in so short a time. I was shock'd at my Friend's Narration, and could not but condole with her upon these Misfortunes.

If a Master or Mistress enquire after any thing missing, they must be sure to place their Words in due Form, or Madam huffs and flings about at a strange rate ; What ! would you make a Thief of her ? Who would live with such mistrustful Folks ? Thus you are oblig'd to hold your tongue, and sit down quietly by your Loss, for fear of offending your Maid forsooth !

Again, if your Maid shall maintain one, two or more Persons from your Table, whether they are her poor Relations, Country Folk, Servants out of Place, Shoe-cleaners, Chare-Women, Porters, or any other of her menial Servants, who do her Ladyship's Drudgery, and go of her Errands ; you must not grumble or complain at your Expence,

or ask what is become of such a thing, or such a thing? Although it might never so reasonably be supposed, that it was altogether impossible to have so much expended in your Family; but hold your tongue for Peace-sake, or Madam will say, you grudge her Victuals, and expose you to the last Degree all over the Neighbourhood. Thus have they a Salve for every Sore, cheat you to your Face, and insult you into the bargain; nor can you help yourself, without exposing yourself, or putting yourself into a Passion.

Another great Abuse crept in among us, is the giving of Vails to Servants; this was intended originally as an Encouragement to such as were willing and handy, but by Custom and Corruption, it is now grown to be a Thorn in our sides; and, like other good things, abus'd, does more harm than good: for now they make it a Perquisite, a material part of their Wages, nor must their Master give a Supper, but the Maid expects the Guests shou'd pay for it, nay, sometimes through the Nose. Thus have they spirited People up to this unnecessary and burdensome piece of Generosity, unknown to our Ancestors, who only gave Gifts at *Christmas-tide*, which Custom is yet kept up into the Bargain; insomuch, that a Maid shall have eight Pounds *per Annum*, in a Gentleman's or Merchant's Family: and if her Master is a Man of a free Spirit, and receives much Company, she very often doubles her Wages, by her Vails. Thus having Meat, Drink, Washing, and Lodging for her Labour, she throws her whole Income upon her Back, and by this means, looks more like the Mistress of a Family, than the Servant-Wench.

But the greatest Abuse of all is, that these Creatures are become their own Lawgivers, nay, I think they are ours too, tho' no body would imagine, that such a set of Slatterns shou'd bamboozle a whole Nation : but it is neither better or worse, they hire themselves to you by their own Rule, that is a Month's Wages, or a Month's Warning ; if they don't like you, they will go away the next Day, help yourself how you can ; if you don't like them, you must give them a Month's Wages, to get rid of them.

This Custom of Warning, as practis'd by our Maid-Servants, is now become a great Inconvenience to Masters and Mistresses. You must carry your Dish very upright, or *Miss* forsooth gives you Warning, and you are either left destitute, or to seek for a Servant : so that, generally speaking, you are seldom or never fix'd, but always at the mercy of every new Comer, to divulge your Family-Affairs, to inspect your private Life, and treasure up the Sayings of yourself and Friends. A very great Confinement, and much complain'd of in most Families ; 'tis by these Means they run away with a great part of our Money, which might be better employ'd in Trade ; and what is worse, by their insolent Behaviour, their Pride in Dress, and their exorbitant Wages, they give birth to the following Inconveniences.

They set an ill Example to our Children, our Apprentices, our Covenant-Servants, and other Dependants, by their saucy and insolent Behaviour ; their pert and sometimes abusive Answers, their daring Defiance of Correction, and many

other Insolencies which Youth are but too apt to imitate.

By their Extravagance in Dress, they put our Wives and Daughters upon the greatest Excesses, because they will (as indeed they ought) go finer than the Maid : thus the Maid striving to out-do the Mistress, the Tradesman's Wife to out-do the Gentleman's Wife, the Gentleman's emulating the Lady, and the Ladies one another ; it seems as if the whole Business of the Female Sex were nothing but excess of Pride, and extravagancy in Dress.

Indeed I have not particularly mention'd Footmen in the forgoing Discourse ; yet the Complaints alledg'd against the Maids, are as well *Masculine* as *Feminine*, and very applicable to our *Gentlemen's Gentlemen :* I would therefore have them also brought under proper Regulations ; and as they are *Fellow-Servants*, would not make *Fish* one, and Flesh of the other, since daily Experience teaches us, that *Never a Barrel the better Herring.*

The Humours of Newgate *and* Tyburn, *upon the Day of* Execution.

WHEN the Day of Execution is come, among extraordinary Sinners, and Persons condemn'd for their Crimes, who have but that Morning to live, one would expect a deep Sense of Sorrow, with all the signs of a thorough Contrition, and the utmost Concern; that either Silence or a sober Sadness, should prevail; and that all, who had any Business there, should be grave and serious, and behave themselves at least with common Decency, and a Deportment suitable to the Occasion. But the very reverse is true, the horrid Aspects of Turnkeys and Gaolers in discontent and hurry, the sharp and dreadful Looks of Rogues that beg in Irons, but would rob you with greater Satisfaction, if they could; the Bellowings of half a dozen Names at a time, that are perpetually made in the Enquiries after one another; the variety of strong Voices that are heard of Howling in one place, Scolding and Quarrelling in another, and loud Laughter in a third; the substantial Breakfasts that are made in the midst of all this; the Seas of Beer that are swill'd; the never-ceasing Out-cries for more; and the bawling Answers of the Tapsters as continual; the Quantity and Variety of more intoxicating Liquors, that are swallow'd in every part of *Newgate*; the Impudence and unseason-

able Jests of those, who administer them ; their black Hands and Nastiness all over ; all these join'd together, are astonishing and terrible ; without mentioning the Oaths and Imprecations, that from every Corner are echo'd about for Trifles ; or the little Light and general Squalor of the Gaol itself, accompany'd with the melancholy Noise of Fetters, differently sounding according to their Weight : But what is most shocking to a thinking Man, is the Behaviour of the Condemn'd, (whom for the greatest part) you'll find either drinking madly, or uttering the vilest Ribaldry, and jeering others that are less impenitent ; whilst the *Ordinary* bustles among them, and, shifting from one to another, distributes Scraps of good Counsel to unattentive Hearers ; and near him the *Hangman*, impatient to be gone, swears at their Delays ; and as fast as he can does his Part in preparing them for their Journey.

I was led into these Observations, when seeing one Day, a shoal of *'Prentices* in greasy Woollen Night-Caps, follow'd by Droves of *Shoemakers*, *Weavers* and *Watermen*, who were pressing thro' all the Streets, Lanes, Courts and Alleys, as though the City had been visited with a second *Conflagration*, or that all the People were flying away from another *Pestilence*, till a *Hackney Coachman* from his tatter'd Throne, was graciously pleas'd to inform me, that it was at the *particular desire of the Law*, the Tragi-Comedy of the *Dark-Leap*, was going to be perform'd that Morning, at the *Theatre near* Paddington ; for which purpose, the *Actors* were then preparing to begin their Cavalcade from *Newgate*. Curiosity suffer'd me

soon to be borne down by the Torrent, to the very Outworks of this famous Fortress ; where in less time than a *P——r* can say his *Prayers*, or an *Irishman* perjure himself in *Westminster Hall*, a Pail or two of Water so sluic'd me from Head to Foot, that had an Anti-court Author been coming out of the Pillory, a Reprieve arriv'd for all the Malefactors, or the Devil to fetch away the Executioner, the loud and joyful Acclamations, my polite Countrymen pour'd out on this Occasion, could not have been exceeded.

An *Oyster Damsel*, highly delighted with my Misfortune, altho' both her *Eyes* stood behind a deep Intrenchment of an *azure* Colour, thrown up in some drunken Quarrel, perceiving me under no small uneasiness at the liquid Situation of my Apparel, cry'd out, *Marry come up and be d—mn'd to ye, I'll warrant you'd debar the poor Souls if you cou'd, from having a little* Fun, *before they go out of the World.*

With much difficulty I forc'd my way up the Stone Stairs which lead to the *Hall*, where these unhappy Travellers have their *St. Pulchre's Boots*, as they are call'd, taken off before they set out upon their Journey. I had here no sooner recover'd the use of my Arms and Hands, but found myself in the state of a stript Bankrupt, before the Commissioners in the *Irish Chamber* ; my *Watch*, *Keys* and *Tobacco Box* having made the tour of my Pockets : however, finding Means to pacify and pass the *Cerberus*, posted at the great Iron Door, I was no sooner enter'd but fancy'd myself at a *Tennis Court* or the *Tilt Yard* Guard-Room, from the delightful Conversation that

pass'd between the good Company, waiting to see the Ceremony of the *Investiture* of the *Halter*.

A *Turnkey* kept jostling me to take notice of the Behaviour of a little rough-fac'd *Sailor*, with a speckled Handkerchief, hanging down to the Knees of his Breeches ; that Man, said he, will turn out the Hero of the Tree, and do Honour to our Execution ; observe how negligently he *palms* his Prayer-Book, how disdainfully he treats the Exhortation, how stedfast are his Eyes on his *Mawks*, and how regardless of the Minister. *Ah !* adds he with a deep sigh, *what a fine thing it is to* die well, *and what would I not give to be certain of making* so good an End.

A *Butcher*, who seem'd to be as busy about the Place, as a Bailiff at a Horse-Race, or an Adjutant at an Exercise, threw himself into the most violent Agony I ever beheld a Man, to find that his *dear Friend Joe*, who was going to suffer for about a score of Robberies on the High-way, should, after all his boasted Courage, snivel to the Ordinary, and die a Dunghill* at last.

A Fellow of a genteel Deportment, who was much deplor'd by the better sort of the Spectators, complain'd grievously of the Verdict that had pass'd against him, saying, that had it been given for 40000*l.* instead of 40*s.* in the room of passing in a dirty Vehicle to *Tyburn*, he had been flying in his Coach and Six to *Bath* or *Tunbridge* to receive the Compliments of the *Beau Monde*.

But a *Youth* that had receiv'd the Benefit of some School-Learning, appear'd to be under a deep Melancholly, because, as he said, he appre-

* A Term us'd in *Newgate* for a Penitent.

hended their Sufferings were not to terminate with the Execution ; and when he express'd himself in this Manner, I observ'd his Eyes were pretty earnestly fix'd upon the Writer of the *Dying-Speech* Paper.

Two *Street-Robbers* received much comfort, in the Assurances given them, by one of their Doxys, that she had engaged a sufficient Number of her Friends from the *third Regiment*, to secure their Carcases from being *Atomiz'd*.

A Clergyman, who was assisting the Ordinary in his Duty, took much pains with a young Lad, shewing him the comfortable Promises in the Gospel, to such as truly repented of their Sins. The Spark looking with a compos'd Countenance upon him, said, *Pray Sir of what College ?—If it will be of any Service to thee, I am of* Merton, answers the Minister.—*D—mn my Eyes, if that by your knack at Sweetning, I didn't believe you'd been breed a* Confectioner.

A *Printer's* Boy was grovelling behind me, and muttering out, that the *Men stood still for Copy* ; upon which I perceived a *slender Gentleman* address himself to one of the *Criminals* in a low tone to this Effect, That he would *tip him* as handsome a Coffin, as a Man need desire to set his A—rse in, if he would *come down* but half a dozen more Pages of *Confession*. The Prisoner mighty elate at the Proposal, answer'd with an audible Voice, *Sir, strike me as stiff as an Alderman's Wife in a Church Pew, if I don't oblige you*.

On a sudden, a Fellow like a *Prize-fighter*, proclaim'd with a bloody Oath, that a Reprieve and free Pardon for one of the Prisoners, was just

arriv'd. In an Instant a Spirit of Joy and Geneva diffused it self over the Place ; but a *Serjeant* of the *Foot Guards* appear'd to be under great Anxiety, saying it was little matter of Joy to him, in that his *Kinsman* had discover'd such a pusillanimous Behaviour under his Condemnation, as had already render'd him the Jest of all the *Geneva* Shops in *St. Giles*'s, and that he would never be able to shew his Head again, on the *Parade* or at *Stokes*'s Amphitheatre : What, says he, to refuse a *Dram* for the sake of *Drelincourt*, and sink an *Oath* to oblige the *Ordinary !* He was going on in this manner, when a *Smithfield Horse-Courser* interfer'd in behalf of the *Delinquent*, and said, he could no longer bear to hear *poor Jemmy* abus'd in such a manner; and offer'd to rap an Affidavit, that being one day in the Cells with him, he actually heard him outswear a Captain of a Fourth-Rate Man of War, or a Company of drunken Bailiffs in a Tavern Kitchen. This was acknowledg'd by one of the *Myrmidons*, or *Runners* of the Jail to be true ; but then indeed, the Man cou'dn't deny but that it was a full Fortnight before the Dead Warrant came down. Next, a *Brandy Smuggler*, a *good sort of a Man*, used his kind Offices for composing the Difference, and reconciling the Relations to one another ; he own'd *Jemmy* had been highly to blame, in bringing a *Slur* upon himself and Family, by his timorous Conduct, but hoped that as he had now seen his *Error*, he would neither want Sense nor Leisure, to *Repent* of his *Repentance*.

Two *elderly Women* decently dress'd in *Black Crape*, with their Faces veil'd over like a Woman

of Quality, when she drives by the Door of her *Mercer*, were curs'd like a Box and Dice at a Hazard Table, as they pass'd down the Stairs, by a *Surgeon* ; who withal said, they had lain as long in Bed as a *Welch* Dean and Chapter, so that there was hardly a possibility of their getting time enough to the *Gallows* to do their Duty. A pretty corpulent Man that stood near me, whose *Plate-Button Coat* denoted him the Master of some *publick House*, was so kind as to inform me that these *Gentlewomen* were the Agents of the *Surgeons*, who gave them pretty good Wages, for personating the Parents of the dying Malefactors ; for which purpose they attended in Hackney Coaches, as constantly at every Execution, as *Rain* at a *Review*, or *Ladies* at a *Rape-Trial*, and seldom fail'd to bring off a Brace or two of Bodies, for the use of their Masters the Gentlemen of the Faculty ; while the real Mothers, who have waited near the Tree, with scarce any Cloaths at all on their Backs, have not only had the mortification to see the Remains of their unhappy Children carried off in Triumph for Dissection, but also run a risque of being massacred by the Mob, on a false Suspicion of their being in the Interest and Pay of the Surgeons.

At last out set the Criminals, and with them a Torrent of Mob, bursting through the Gate, like a *West*-Country Barge with a *Flash* of *Thames* Water at her Tail. Thousands are pressing to mind the Looks of them. Their *quondam* Companions more eager than others, break through all Obstacles to take Leave : And here you see young Villains, that are proud of being so, (if they know

any of them) tear the Cloaths off their Backs by squeezing and creeping thro' the Legs of Men and Horses to shake Hands with them ; and not to lose before so much Company the Reputation there is, in having had so valuable an Acquaintance. All the way from *Newgate* to *Tyburn*, is one continu'd Fair, for Whores and Rogues of the meaner sort. Here the most abandon'd Rascals may light on Women as shameless : Here Trollops all in Rags may pick up Sweethearts of the same politeness ; where the Croud is the least, which among the Itinerants is no where very thin, the Rabble is the rudest ; and here, jostling one another, and kicking Dirt about, are the most innocent Pastimes. Now you see a Fellow, without Provocation, push his Companion in the Kennel, and two Minutes after, the Sufferer trip up the other's Heels, and the first Aggressor lies rolling in the more solid Mire. No modern Mob can long subsist, without their darling Cordial the grand Preservative of Sloth, *Geneva*. The Traders who vend it among them, on these Occasions, are commonly the very Rubbish of the Creation, the worst of both Sexes, but most of them Weather-beaten Fellows, that have mispent their Youth. Here stands an old Sloven in a Wig actually putrify'd, squeez'd up in a Corner, recommends a Dram of it to the Goers-by : There another in Rags, as rusty as a Nonjuring Clergyman's Cassock ; with several Bottles in a Basket, stirs about with it, where the Throng is the thinnest, and tears his Throat like a Flounder Fellow, with crying his Commodity ; and further off you may see the Head of a Third, who has ventur'd in the

middle of the Current, and minds his Business as he is fluctuating in the irregular Stream : Whilst higher up, an old decrepid Woman sits dreaming with it on a Bulk, and over-against her in a Soldier's Coat, her termagant Daughter sells the Sots Comfort with great dispatch. It is incredible what a Scene of Confusion, all this often makes, which yet grows worse near the Gallows ; and the violent Efforts of the most sturdy and resolute of the Mob on one side, and the potent Endeavours of rugged Sheriffs Officers, Constables and Headboroughs, to beat them off on the other ; the terrible Blows that are struck, the Heads that are broke, the Pieces of swinging Sticks and Blood, that fly about, the Men that are knock'd down and trampled upon, are beyond Imagination. After all, the *Ordinary* and *Executioner* having perform'd their different Duties, with small Ceremony and equal Concern, seem to be tired, and glad it is over.

A Description of Ludgate, *and the* Compters, *&c.*

NOT far from *Newgate*, is another noted *Prison*, guarded like *Marseilles* with Blood-Hounds, who daily bring in Prisoners upon Horses, call'd *Duce facias's*. This Place is so remarkable, I cannot pass without a small Description. It is much like the Apples of *Sodom*, better for Sight *without* than *within*: Its whole Prospect from the Inside are Iron Grates, where through every Transen, the forlorn Captives may take a view of the *Iron-Age*; there is one single Entrance which, like Hell's Gate, lets many in, but few out; turn once the Ward—*Et vestigia nulla retrorsum*. The *Cimmerians*, in their Dwellings, resemble these in their Lodgings, only their Lights are different; those receive some scatter'd Beamlings, by their Mountain Crannies, these by their disconsolate Loopholes. Yet from *above*, the Inhabitants may take a view of all those *Places*, which club'd to their Restraint: And be reminded of the loss of Time, which brought them thither. The *Governour* hereof, is careless whence they come, but infinitely cautious how they go away; and if they go without his Favour, they are in great danger to break their Necks for their Labour.

This *Place* holds as much as the World; all its Inhabitants are either good or bad; here is a good Prisoner, and he makes Contemplation his Refection; nothing can confine him, because he

minds nothing fit to entertain him, which Earth can afford him : Here is a fat sensual Prisoner, who is content with any Place, that may belull his cloudy Understanding, in a careless Sleep ; Freedom and Bondage are indifferently equal to his fruitless Pilgrimage : here is the lean Prisoner, who, one would think, had procur'd such a Divorce from his Flesh, as if he had once enter'd into Covenant with his Spirit, whose weak exhausted Features, proceeding from the defective Reversions of a Trencher, merits Pity, bearing the Characters of his Penury, in the dying Colours of his Physiognomy. To be out at Elbows here, is to be in Fashion, it being a great Indecorum not to be Threadbare. Every Man shews here, like so many Wrecks on the Sea ; here the Ribs of five hundred Pounds, here the Relicks of a Shop well furnish'd, and a good Portion with his Wife. The Company one with the other, is but a vying of Complaints, and the Causes they have to rail at Fortune, and Fool themselves, and there is a great deal of good Fellowship in this. The Mirth of this Place is but feigned, where, over a large *Dose*, they endeavour to keep themselves from themselves, and so drown the Torment of thinking what they have been. They huddle up their Lives as a thing of no use, and wear it out like an old Suit, the faster the better ; and he that deceives the Time best, best spends it.

As for their Religion, I can speak little of it, only this, they pray not in common Form, but that the *Commons* may meet in form, in order to an *Act of Grace* ; and no Sin sticks so close to their Consciences, as that they ever paid any thing to

their Creditors in part. They believe Liberty to be Heaven, Money the Guardian Angel that conducts them thither : They hold there is a local Hell, which is plac'd in the Centre of a Prison, and their Creditors the Devils which torment them. They believe there are several *Purgatories*, the Principal whereof do lie in *Woodstreet*, and in *Grocer's Alley*, where *paying* instead of *praying* gives deliverance.

The other Morning in *Cheapside*, I overtook an old Acquaintance, hurrying along between two ill-looking Fellows ; he desired I would not interrupt him, because he was going in much haste to *'Change*. I was heartily glad to find he had fallen into the Mercantile way, and wish'd him success in his new Undertaking : Before I had got to *Cornhill*, his Wife was at my Heels in a Flood of Tears, begging I would do the favour to be one of her Husband's *Bail*. I told her, he had but just before inform'd me, that he was passing to the *Exchange*, *Aye Gold help him*, reply'd the Woman, to *Exchange his Habitation for a Prison*, unless some kind Friend will stand by us in this Difficulty. I cast an eye upon several *Shopkeepers* and *others*, who if they persevere in their present Course of Life, will with my Friend be soon going to *'Change*.

There are another sort of *Citizens* call'd *Rowellers :* Who make a practice of borrowing Money of every Acquaintance they meet, and when they have *struck* a Friend for a *Piece* or so, can no more keep their Words for the payment of it, than a Translator the *sixth Commandment*, or Lord *B.* his Wife from his *Butler's* Embraces.

They are a wand'ring sort of People, who, like the *Tartars*, never abide long in a Place, but remove often, carrying *all* that they have about them. You may know 'em from any other People, by these Marks following.

If any of them walk the Streets, to be sure at the Lane's End he looks behind him, and after he hath turn'd out of Sight he mends his Pace, in an extraordinary Degree of Footmanship, till he hath gain'd some Ground of the Followers ; and then he makes another Stand, to take notice whether any of them have arriv'd thither, with more than ordinary Speed. If a Creditor starts suddenly upon him, he puts on as serious a Countenance as a Soldier at Divine Service, and after some shuffling Excuses, tells him he's as sure of his Money as a *Plaintiff* in the *Marshalsea* Court is of carrying his Cause ; and damns his poor Soul as often as a Corporal of Grenadiers shall do about the trifling Motion of a Firelock, that he shan't be out of it a Week longer. He loves variety of Apparel, and hates (if he has it) to be known long in a Suit ; ask him the Question, and he will give you an Account of all the Taverns with Back-Doors, and envies the *encrease* of the *Moon*, more than the decrease of his own Fortune. He is a great Enemy to Idleness, for if he hath any thing to do in the space of Half a Mile, he generally goes two Miles about to avoid many troublesome Faces, that might otherwise happen in his way.

A remarkable Character of Sir Timothy Testy, *Knight.*

Detrahere & Pellem, nitidus quà Quisque per ora Cederet, introrsum Turpis—— Hor.

THERE must be an uncommon Degree of Virtue and Integrity in a Man, who, when his Country is distracted with intestine Broils and Dissensions, can steer so even and steady a Course, between the contending Parties, as to discover no Bias to either Side, and yet be in the highest Credit and Esteem with each.

For it has been always a receiv'd Maxim, that every Man must be either a Friend or an Enemy in such Conjunctutes. The Leaders and Heads of the opposite Factions will not admit of any Medium to be observed between the two Extreams ; and whoever attempts to make that the Rule of his Conduct must rest satisfy'd with the secret Pleasure, that he will feel from a Consciousness of the Rectitude of his own Intentions ; for he will meet with nothing but Slights and Mortifications from every body else.

It is true, *Atticus* had the singular Art and Address, not only to preserve the Esteem, but the Friendship and Confidence of all the great Men of each Party, thro' all the various Revolutions that happened in his Time, in the *Roman* Commonwealth. He was equally loved and esteemed

by *Marius* and *Sylla*, by *Pompey* and *Cæsar*, and by *Anthony* and *Augustus*. He did a thousand good Offices to them all in their turn, without disobliging any ; and in those fierce Contentions, in which no less than the Empire of the World lay at stake, he had the peculiar Felicity to maintain his Intimacy with the several Competitors, and, at the same time, the strictest Impartiality and Integrity, without flattering one, or betraying another.

But that wise and polite *Roman* was only a Friend to their Persons. He never enter'd into their Cabals, nor concerned himself with their Contests ; he bore no Offices, he engaged in no Factions ; but liv'd in Ease and Tranquillity, in the midst of all the Disorders and Convulsions of the State. No Applications nor Persuasions could prevail with him to break that Neutrality which he resolved to observe. Even *Scylla*, who massacred and proscribed such infinite Numbers of all Orders and Degrees, upon the lightest Suspicion, shew'd no Resentment against *Atticus*, though he sent Money to young *Marius*, after he was declared an Enemy to the Republick ; and when that *Roman* General was marching to *Rome*, and desired *Atticus*, whom he always loved to have near his Person, to follow him there, the Answer that *Atticus* made to excuse himself, was not at all displeasing to him. *Noli oro te, inquit Pomponius, adversum eos me velle ducere, cum quibusne contra te arma ferrem, Italiam reliqui.*

But notwithstanding the great and excellent Qualities of that illustrious *Roman*, and that happy Art which he possessed in so eminent a Degree,

of insinuating into the Hearts, and conciliating to himself the different Affections of those fierce and jealous Spirits, in every thing else so opposite to, and so exasperated and embittered against one another ; yet, had he not lived in a private Condition, and declined all publick Business, but had, on the contrary, endeavoured to make a Figure in the State or the Senate, though he had acted with the greatest Wisdom and Justice, and made the true Interest of his Country the only Rule of his Conduct ; we should perhaps have found his Character transmitted down to us in a quite different Light from what it is at present ; perhaps we should even have found his Name among the List of those that fell under the Proscriptions of *Sylla* or the *Triumvirate*.

There is therefore a great deal of Difference between sitting by as a Spectator, and appearing as an Actor upon the Theatre of Affairs. As the former neither aims at Power nor Applause, so he is subject neither to Reproach nor Danger. The latter, if he expects one, must not hope to escape the other ; Censure and Fame always go hand in hand together.

But when a Man has a large Part in the Business of the Publick, when he enters boldly and without Reserve upon the Scene of Action, when he is present in every Debate, and takes his share in every Transaction, though his Intentions are ever so just, and his Conduct ever so clear and uncorrupt, though he joins with no Party, but promotes or opposes the Designs of each, according as he sees they have a good or an evil Tendency ; in a word, how disinterested and impartial, how pure

and upright soever he may be, yet, if he does not engage on one Side or other, he will gain few Friends ; he will find few Followers ; he may be courted and flattered, but he will neither be lov'd nor trusted.

This has generally been the Fate even of Men of real Worth and Virtue ; and the Reason is obvious enough, because where one has acted such a Part out of a sincere and honest Desire to serve their Country, Thousands have been led to it by Pride or Caprice, or Vain-glory, or an Affectation of Popularity, or other secret Motives, in which the Interest of the Publick has not the least Concern.

But when a Man sets up these extraordinary Pretensions, and endeavours to pass himself upon the World for one of such strict Justice and immoveable Integrity, as to be under no Influences, to be governed by no Prejudices, and to be determined only by Truth and Reason, and the real Merits of the Case ; it will be necessary to look a little more narrowly into his Conduct, and to compare one Part of it with another ; to see if, upon the whole, he has all that Virtue which he ascribes to himself, or if he only puts on the Shew and Appearance of it, in order to make himself significant, and to impose upon the Weakness and Credulity of the People.

Suppose then a Man, universally notorious for the most sordid Avarice, of a peevish, capricious, and a froward Temper ; of little, low, mean Habits, and yet extreamly assuming, self-sufficient and proud, wedded to the greatest Degree of Obstinacy, to his own Opinions, if contradicted in them, and yet always irresolute, wavering and

changing them every Moment, if let alone ; deaf to the most clear and convincing Reason, and yet his Ears always open to the grossest and most fulsome Flattery ; never to be prevailed on by the former, in any thing, tho' most plainly and manifestly for the Publick Good, and yet to be drawn in by the latter, to engage in the lowest Works of Faction, and to do the dirtiest Jobs ; so blind, as not to see that he is only a Tool and Property to others, and yet so vain as to imagine, that he leads and directs them, puffed up with the Conceit of his own Weight and Importance ; and yet secretly despis'd and laugh'd at by those that pay him the most Adulation ; a great Pretender to Justice, and yet perpetually breaking thro' the most obvious Rules of it, to gratify his Pride or Ill-nature ; taking prejudice and Offence against particular Persons, without any Reason, and yet prosecuting his Malice and Resentment against them without any Measure, affecting a conscientious Scrupulousness and strict Integrity, in order to raise his Name, and make himself of Weight and Esteem with the Vulgar ; and yet discovering upon all Occasions, a manifest Byass and Partiality ; always present, and eager to distinguish himself in every Question, right or wrong, which he thinks may increase his own Credit and Authority, and yet absolutely silent or slinking away, in Cases where even *common Justice* is concerned, if he imagines he can raise no Altars of Vain-glory to himself, by appearing in them. In a word, never right, but upon wrong Principles, never promoting Good but with an ill or selfish Design, affecting Popularity with the most unpopular Qualities in the

World ; fond to be thought Benevolent and Humane, with a natural Malevolence against all Mankind, hasty, impatient, and over-bearing in Things that require the greatest Seriousness, Temper and Deliberation, captious, positive and important in the most light and trifling ; led into continual Errors and Inconsistencies for want of Judgment, never to be better informed for want of Temper, of great Weight and Consideration in his own Opinion, a Man intirely govern'd by Caprice and Whim, in every body's else.

Should such a Person, I say, as has been above described, set himself up for the Oracle of the State, and the Idol of the People ; for a Man of the most consummate Wisdom, and the most untainted Virtue ; for an independent, disinterested, unbyass'd Patriot, a Friend to neither one Party nor another, but equally just and impartial to all, unwearied in supporting those that do Right, as indefatigable in opposing those that do Wrong: Should there be found some weak enough to believe all these extraordinary Things of him ; should there be others artful and designing enough to flatter him, till he believes them of himself ; should the former, from the high Idea they have conceived of him, suffer themselves to be led and directed entirely by him ; should the latter, by imposing on his Weakness, and soothing his Vanity, draw him in to be led and directed intirely by them ; should not the Idol be stripped of the false Ornaments that his Followers and Flatterers have dressed him up with, in order to undeceive the World, and shew what a Wooden God it is they worship ?

I am sensible there is no such Person at present; and perhaps this Age is too wise and too sagacious to be imposed upon, by the most solemn Appearances or artful Pretences to extraordinary Sanctity and Virtue, let the Hypocrite act his Part ever so well : but such Impostors have been seen in the World, and such may arise again ; and the Experience of past Times has shewn us, that more Mischief has been introduced, more Distractions in States, and Revolutions in Government have been occasion'd by the Artifices of such Deceivers, than by the Ambition of Princes, or the Intrigues of Ministers ; and therefore it is as good a Work, and ought to be as acceptable to all who wish well to their Country, to warn them against the Designs of the former, if any such should appear hereafter, as against the Attempts of the latter ; for both may be equally fatal to the Constitution.

The real Causes of the Debaucheries practis'd upon the Fair Sex ; *with the true Reasons why such infinite Numbers of fine* Young Creatures *are forc'd into the Service of the Publick : wherein young* Misses *are warn'd of* Kitchen Conversations.

WHAT is more common, than to find the Daughters of mean Tradesmen basking in their Beds at Ten o'Clock in a Summer's Morning, and when call'd on *to rise*, must have good Assurances of the *Tea-Kettle's* being up before them, e'er they'll vouchsafe to begin to rub their Eyes and Posteriors, and put themselves in a way of slipping on a loose Petticoat, Night-Gown and Slippers ; by which, and the Addition of a *foul Handkerchief*, a *Play-Book*, and *Snuff-Box*, Miss is compleatly equipt for the *Tea-Table*.

Thus their silly fond Parents, who perhaps are scarce able to give fifty Pounds Portion with them, indulge them from their Infancy in every slothful Habit. Any idle Complaint suffices, to keep a Child a Week from Work or from School. I have seen my Landlady's Daughters romping about the Streets all the Forenoon : *Children*, said I, *why are you not gone to School ? O Sir, we ben't well.*

Impudence and Idleness soon gain the Ascendancy over them, and then it is, that a Wench of

fourteen, fancies her self as fit for Man, and ripe for Joy, as a Woman of Five and Twenty : And then also, we behold a strange Paradox ; that a Girl, who cou'd never be brought to the use of her *Needle*, becomes on a sudden a wonderful Proficient in the Art of *Stitching*.

I'll appeal to all the *Bona-Roba's* in the several Chaces, Parks, and Warrens, *North* and *South* of *Covent-Garden*, and ask whether one in twenty can fairly lay her Hand upon her Heart, and affirm, that the Cause of her Ruin was not more owing to the Pride, Negligence, or Indiscretion of those that undertook to pilot her thro' the early Part of Life, than to any evil Inclinations of her own.

I have often been astonish'd, how any Man or Woman could be so great a Stranger to the Knowledge of Life, as to trust a young Daughter or Niece, in a little *Bawdy Vehicle*, along with a rampant Rake, able and ready to ravish a whole Boarding-School ; or take a Country Jaunt ten or twenty Miles distant, when every Jolt on the Road, not only gives a kind of Titillation, but even the Situation itself affords the most favourable Opportunity, for a Fellow to rob a Girl of all that's dear to her.

What dreadful Execution hath been done by *Play*, *Masquerade*, and *Opera* Tickets, especially when in the Hands of skilful *Engineers*. Not to mention Dancing-bouts and other Merry-makings, which seldom prove such innocent Recreations, as some weak and credulous Parents imagine them to be.

When it is consider'd, what a vast number of Difficulties a pretty young Orphan is to struggle

with in this lewd Age ; one would rather think her an Object of *Compassion*, than *Adoration*, and instead of calling her *Divine*, stile her most *Miserable Creature :* She is not only to encounter with the frequent Importunities and Opportunities of DESIRING *Brothers-in-law*, *Uncles*, *Cousins*, and other *Guardians*, in whose Power she is placed ; but she must also take her part in common with the rest of her Sex, in sharing of the repeated Insinuations of those fluttering Coxcombs and others, that intrude themselves into most Families, to betray the Young and Beautiful.

There are, indeed, some virtuous old Ladies, who knowing by Experience, how dangerous it is, for a pretty Girl to breed before she is betrothed, do therefore keep Hawks Eyes upon their Daughters, in whom, they see themselves at Sixteen, and will not let a young Lady stir a foot abroad without a Footman at her Heels : *Our John* may carry a harmless *North-Country* Countenance, and look as simple as a Man *just married* ; yet if Miss and his Waters are not narrowly watch'd, he may chance to make an irreparable Breach in a young Creature's Character, and of which we have had but too many Instances.

I remember a beautiful *Blossom*, an Apprentice in *Lombard-Street*, whom her Friends had strong Reasons to suspect had met with *Male-Treatment*, or, according to the Phrase, *had been Dabbling* ; and who for obtaining Satisfaction, got her examin'd, touching the Premises, by one of the most *skilful Man-Midwives* in *London*. The *Doctor* assur'd them, and moreover offer'd to give it under his Hand, that the Girl was as unspotted

a Spinster, as any we had in *Great-Britain*. Her Relations went away perfectly satisfied, and continued so for about two Months, when our immaculate *Milliner* was safely brought to Bed of a fine young *Silver-Smith*.

It is a certain Maxim among our experienc'd Whore-masters, when they are in the pursuit of a pretty Wench, to make a narrow Inspection into the *lower* Part of her Garb ; a more than ordinary Nicety about the *Heels*, with a violent Passion for fine clean *Under-Petticoats*, gives them pretty sure hopes of securing their Game ; while a Slattern, with a *dirty Pair of Shoes* and Stockings, and a draggl'd Tail, generally proves an inflexible Hussey, and holds them out, beyond all Degrees of Patience.

In short, things rightly consider'd, it can no longer be wonder'd at, that Men shew so little Inclinations to marry, when they see a *Maidenhead*'s as easy to be obtain'd as a *Peace-Warrant*, and the one granted upon a *single Oath*, as well as the other.

Notwithstanding the Maxim of our discreet Matrons, " *That 'tis better for a young Wench to* " *smart* than *itch :* " I cannot help thinking, that the initiating of our Urchins so early in the ancient Science of Copulation, hath been attended with very ill Consequences, and been productive of many growing Evils. It hath set all our Hanging Sleeve Ladies a hankering after a more substantial Food than Tea and Bread and Butter ; and there have been Instances of Parents, who have presented their Children so very young at the Altar, that the Ministers have been going to

perform the Office of *Baptism*, instead of the Rites of *Matrimony*. Besides, it hath occasion'd the loss of a very considerable Branch of *Trade*, and even prov'd detrimental to the Revenue ; for 'tis become a great Rarity to see a *Doll* among the more innocent Amusements of our *young Gentry*, who are now truly grown wise enough, to prefer *Big-Bellies* to *Jointed-Babies*. My worthy Friend Mr. *Deard* tells me, that to exhibit such a foolish Emblem in his Shop to a Girl of ten or eleven Years old, would be one of the greatest Indignities he could offer to a young Virgin Customer, and which could not fail drawing down the Resentment of Miss's Mamma, who wou'dn't take it over-kind in him, to teaze her Child with the dry Representation of what she thinks herself capable of enjoying in Perfection ; especially when she knows her Daughter is desirous and pretty enough to become pregnant as soon as other Children.

There is hardly a Village within twenty Miles round *London*, but affords a kind Residence to one or more *Widows*, who have had *Husbands*, to whom they had the Misfortune to be never *Married*, and who by being tied down to certain yearly Stipends (the wages of their *youthful Labours*,) are oblig'd to pass the latter Part of their Days in a retired manner. If such a one hath a Female Pledge of her *Conjugal Love* left, she hath however this Consolation, that if it please the L——d to spare the Child's Life, and she turns out with any thing of a *Shape* and *Face*, she may one day prove a delicious Morsel for a Man of Quality, and so by getting into comfortable *Keeping*, be

able to support the Grey-Hairs of her Mother in Affluence to the Grave.

The *Natural Issue* of the *Nobility*, *Clergy* and *Gentry* of this Land, make at present no inconsiderable part of the *Beau Monde*, *Bastards* beget *Bastards*, and spurious *Women* bring forth spurious *Daughters*. We have daily before our Eyes lineal Descents, and regular Offsprings of Bastardy, which seem to be in as sure and happy a way of being handed down to Futurity, as a publick-spirited Whore-Master (regardful of Posterity,) can wish for.

The Progeny springing from the merry Beds of Marriages *during Good-pleasure*, face the World with a *bon grace*, appearing at all Assemblies and publick Diversions, with as much Credit and Lustre as the most *legitimate Looby* of us all.

All this naturally brings to my mind a very ill conduct in many of our Gentry of the middle sort, who suffer their Children, particularly their Daughters, to frequent the Kitchen, to become familiar with the Servants, and so of course to learn their manners. For hereby their Minds are necessarily debased, receive such a wrong byass, and imbibe such sordid impressions, as scarce ever wear off ; but too frequently obliterate the sense they ought to retain of the honour of their name and family. It is certainly a very great fault in those Gentlemen that suffer this.

We will therefore suppose a Daughter now freed from the Nursery and Leading-strings, but still followed about by a Maid, whose Inclinations are to be in the Kitchen, amongst those like herself, where Miss is kissed, danced, and talked

foolishly to by every Servant, whose company the Child is soon brought to relish and desire. One part of their Conversation very frequently turns upon frightful stories concerning Witches, Apparitions, and Hob-goblings, that imprint very frightful Ideas on her mind, and serve to keep her in awe, and in their interest.

As Miss grows bigger, and has learned her *Psalter* and Sampler, her delight in the Kitchen-conversation increases with her years. For now she is flattered; and none reads so well, or marks so prettily as Miss. And now she is taught to make one at Whist, and how to play at Putt, and All-fours, and to shew tricks upon the cards ; as also to play at Romps, as well with the Men-servants as the Maids ; which soon makes her forget her Birth, and to think herself on a level with them : the careless Parents, all this time, not considering the fatal Consequence of such Liberties. Well ! Miss is now out of her Hanging-sleeves, and every one tells her how pretty she is ! Yes indeed, every Servant, especially the Footman, feeds her Vanity with such sort of Flattery ; and those are the greatest Favourites that do it most. Now Ballads and Love-songs are daily presented to her, and vouched for truth : one tells, *How a Footman died for love of a young Lady, and how she was haunted by his Ghost, and died for grief.* Another, *How the Coachman or Butler run away with his young Mistress, and how he took to hedging and ditching, and she to knitting and spinning, and lived vast happy, and in great plenty.* And a third, *How the young 'Squire, Master's eldest Son, fell in love with the Chambermaid, and privately married*

her at the Fleet ; and how his cruel Father turned them both out of doors, and how they went and took an Inn, and got Money as fast as hops ; 'till at last the old Gentleman died suddenly without a Will, and then his Son got Possession of all, and kept a Coach, and made his Wife, from a Chambermaid, a great Lady, who bore him Twins for twelve Years together, who all lived to be Justices of the Peace, &c.

By such foolish Stories Miss is deluded ; she sighs, she pities, and at last loves : and in loving without Discretion, is too often undone without Remedy. The like Misfortune frequently happens to young Master, occasioned by the same mean and servile Conversation. And thus a Child is utterly ruined, and sometimes a whole Family, when either an only Son or Daughter is thus indiscreetly led astray : which might be prevented, if Gentlemen would but lay a greater Restraint upon their Children, and not suffer them to associate with their Servants, and take up with the Kitchen instead of the Parlour ; but instil into their tender Minds more noble Sentiments, worthy of their Birth and Blood.

Of Mr. Ward's *silencing the* 'Pothecaries *Pestles and Mortars. Of the pretended Pestilence, about two Years since in* London, *and the* Physicians *flying their Kite upon* Hampstead-Heath.

AFTER so many high Speculations on the famous Pill and Drop of Mr. *Joshua Ward* ; after his Name and Undertakings have been the Subject of so many Pens, the Source of so much Wit, the daily Exercise of publick Discourse and publick Expectation ; it would be almost criminal to be silent in the Praise of this extraordinary Person, whose Dispensations have fill'd the *Grubstreet Journal*, whose Religion hath no less alarm'd the *Daily Courant*, whose Character hath furnish'd the *Craftsman* with wise Remarks, the *Prompter* with humourous Reflections, and been honoured in all the Papers, by the real and substantial Advantage of ample Testimonials to the Success of his Medicines :

It cannot be expected that I should enter into the Secret of this *renowned* Pill ; much less am I knowing in the Means by which he acquired it, or in the Nature of the Fund by which *all the Papists of the King's Dominions* are said to support him in dispensing it *Gratis*, that the *Poor* and the *Sick* may be *converted to Popery*, by the Success of *his Nostrums*. If indeed we may credit our learned *Brother of Grubstreet*, who computes that *Four Hundred and Eighty Pills* may be made for the

Price of *One Penny*, I should think the Expence might be borne and defrayed, without such a Tax on so numerous a Body of People ; and that every *Four Doses* which he sells to the Rich for *One Guinea*, will enable him to give away *One Hundred and Twenty Thousand, Nine Hundred Fifty-six Pills*, for *so small a Price* as NOTHING : Yet, on the other hand, when I consider that Mr. *Ward* professedly disclaims whatever belongs to the *Regular Practice of Physick*, it is hard and uncharitable to believe he would be so *notoriously* REGULAR, as to sell his Medicines for so many *Thousand times more than they are worth.*

Neither are the Emissaries of the *Whore of Babylon* to be suspected of carrying on her Interests by the *Powers of Pills* and *Drops* ; especially considering that the *Protestant Religion* hath prevailed, in Defiance of the *Jesuits Bark* ; that curing of *Agues* by that powerful Specifick made no *Converts* to the *Popish Superstition* ; and that *Misaubin's Pill*, though imported from *France*, amidst its surprizing Effects in the *Beau Monde*, never made one Proselyte to the *French Interest.*

Having therefore, as I humbly conceive, vindicated Mr. *Ward* from the Scandal of being a Pandar to the great *Mother of Abominations* ; having freely professed that I know not at all whence he had his Pill ; that I know as little how he prepares it ; that I do not, in the least, care who pays for it ; and do further most solemnly protest, on the Faith of a Christian, *That I will never take it :* I hope the candid Reader will allow, that I enter on this Subject with a Mind entirely free from all Possession, Prejudice, or Private Interest ; and,

having so well prepared the Publick to believe all that I shall say on this Matter, I want no other Helps to Oratory in the Panegyrick of this wonderful Man.

To celebrate him as a great and able PHYSICIAN, his own invincible Modesty forbids me: His open Confessions that he knows nothing of the Powers of Medicine, nor any thing of the Structure of Human Bodies; that he is not *Physician* or *Surgeon*, *Chymist* or *Apothecary*, I verily believe, and do freely admit: But that he hath a REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES, is Glory sufficient to his Fame. It would be unworthy of Him to contract any Alliance with the College in *Warwick-Lane*, the Corporation of *Monkwell-Street*, or the Brotherhood of *Black-Fryars*; and, conformably to this, it was said in the *London Evening-Post*, by a former Panegyrist of his, whose Eloquence I envy, and whose Judgment I reverence, *That many believe the* Wonder-working Power *is not in the* Pill *or the* Drop, *but in the* Person *of Mr.* Ward, *and that* He himself, *without any* Thing at all, *could perform as* extraordinary CURES: A Matter so fruitful of Debate, and so worthy of being debated, that, to speak in Sir *Roger de Coverley*'s Style, *much may be said on both Sides:* And in this Faith I shall *implicitly* remain, till the *Royal Society* discuss that Point more at large in their *Philosophical Transactions*.

It is not therefore as a *Physician*, or as an *Appendix* to *Physick*, that we can contemplate Mr. *Joshua Ward:* it is as a PATRIOT that I behold him, and shall ever admire him. He hath produced himself to the Publick in an Age, when the

Humours and Corruptions of the Human Body have been too obstinate for all the *Physicians* to deal with ; and, after every thing hath been tried which the regular Practice of Physick could suggest, his Love to Mankind, and Contempt of worldly Riches, have brought him forth, with a *Pill* and a *Drop*, which have put the Prescriptions of the Faculty quite out of countenance, and silenced the Pestles of the Apothecaries Shops : a Remedy which is to be admired for the Force and Abundance of its Operations ; affording to the Patient more *Evacuations Upward and Downward* for *Five Shillings*, than the Shops will sell for the Sum of Five Pounds : a Remedy which neither can be ranged as an *Emetick*, a *Cathartick*, or *Diaphoretick*, but ALL THREE together : a Remedy which rouzes the Body into motion, even when the strongest Application to the *most sensible* Parts are not able to enliven them : a Remedy which is speedy and decisive in its Effects, loses no time by delay, suffers no Disease to linger, but cures or kills, by a summary Process, without the Trouble of Forms, or the Solemnities of Learning; insomuch, that all Death by *Consultation*, which is killing *with Malice prepense*, is, from henceforth utterly to be abolished.

This PATRIOTISM, which so eminently shines in Mr. *Ward*, would have made him equally conspicuous in any other Profession : had he been a DIVINE, he would possibly have made this Pill a CATHOLICON *pro Salute Animæ*, and have dispensed it in all the Cases of Conscience which could have required either Ease or Correction ; to the end, that, as Lord *Chief Justice* COKE says

of *Temporal* and *Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction*, the WHOLE MAN might receive a Cure, and *Body* and *Soul* at once be Sweated, Vomited, and Purged, for their present and eternal Welfare. Again; had Mr. *Ward* been a LAWYER, this *Pill* would have been a general *Rule of Right* in all the Courts of *Westminster:* take *this Pill*, and make a Decree, or *this Drop*, before you give Judgment; and, doubtless, had this been the Rule, many would have been made, by its Influence, not less learned or righteous than divers which have been made without it. Nor let this be lightly regarded, or read with vulgar Attention: for, tho' the judicious Reader may think it strange, when he hears of *Pills to be taken for determining* Right *and Wrong*, in all the Cases which can happen; yet he cannot account it less strange or surprizing, *that these* Pills *should cure* all the Diseases *incident to Human Bodies*, under every *Regimen of Health*, or *Habit of Constitution*. I do therefore infer, that *Ward's Pill* would have done the same Wonders in the PULPITS and the COURTS; and I verily think, that there have been *Periods* in the *History of England* (not excepting even the *Twelve Years*, when *Charles* I. reigned without a Parliament) at which times honest Men might have wished that the *Lights of the Church*, and the *Guardians of the Law*, had taken a competent *Dose of Ward's Drops*, before they had either *settled Creeds*, or *subscribed Judgments*.

It being then so clear that *Ward's Pill* and *Drop* would have done as signal Service to the *Church* and the *Laws*, as it hath produced within the *Province of Medicine*; I cannot but imagine that a

Man *of his Patriotism*, and furnished *with his Nostrums*, might practise on the *Body Politick*, with as great Success as on the *Natural Body* ; that the same GRAND SPECIFICK would cure all the *Diseases of the State*, the *Corruptions of the Times*, intestine Disorders, external Blotches and Eruptions, epidemick Evils, and *Grievances of all Denominations*.

We may all remember, that about two Years since, a very short time before this great RESTORER OF HEALTH found means to return in peace to his native Country, that an *idle Report* had like to have undone the whole Kingdom : in a word, the Story was this ; " That some " Workmen digging up the Ground in the *Pest-* " *fields* near *Golden-square*, to lay the Founda- " tion of some Houses, intended to be rais'd " thereon, several Bodies buried in the time of " the great Pestilence in *London*, were found " about twelve Feet below the Surface of the " Earth, as fresh, as tho' they had lain there " but a few hours, with the Plague-Sores as " visibly upon them, as Poverty on a small Cour- " tier's Countenance ; and that the Workmen " perish'd by the Stench in numbers, as tho' " they had been digging Trenches before a *Ger-* " *man* Fortification : wherefore it was found " convenient to close the Ground with more " Precipitancy than it was open'd."

These *Facts*, with those pretty trite Phrases, *they say*, and *did n't ye hear*, being roundly asserted in most Female Conversations, begot the Vapours in all Women of Fashion, who retired to their Chambers, and barricaded themselves up, as if an

Army of 20000 Ravishers was encamp'd round the City and Suburbs.

The *Builders* and their *Employers* were curs'd like the Waiters at a Bagnio, for infecting a free-born People with their damnable Projects.

There was not a Woman that brought two thousand Pounds Portion, but fancied herself *sick* ; and to be *in Order*, was to be *out of Fashion :* Every Woman of Quality could smell the *loathsome Stench*, exhaled in the nitrous Particles of the Air ; all the Arguments of reasonable People being no more regarded, than the *Merits* of a controverted *Election*. Thus imaginary Illnesses begot real ones ; the *Faculty* soon felt the happy Effects of it, and Mr. *Jackson*, an honest Bookseller in *Pallmall*, assur'd me, that he sold *ten Prayer Books to one Opera* or *Play*, for a Month together, till the Distemper *began to abate* ; there not having been such a Run for Books of Devotion in *St. James*'s Parish, for twenty Years before.

A certain great *Countess* was so violently shock'd, that she had once Thoughts of abating *sixty Oaths* a day, and was determined to decrease them gradually, till she had brought herself entirely off that scandalous Habit, till the Physicians assur'd her Ladyship of the Danger she would expose her Constitution to, in *cooling too fast*, and might even hazard her Life, in persisting in so fatal a Resolution.

Mr. *Heyd-g-r* had, at the slender Appearances at his *Balls* and *Operas*, so distorted his Countenance, that he was scarce known by his most intimate Friends and Acquaintance.

A *Vintner* in the City declar'd upon his Death-bed, that he had clear'd 300 *l.* in less than a Month, by palming *White-Port* and *Honey* upon the Town for *Canary*, and desired it might be made publick, to warn the *Brotherhood* of the like fraudulent Practices for the future.

To this *Report* succeeded another, of equal Weight and Credit with the *former*, viz. "That "the Physicians, ever watchful of the Health "and Welfare of the Inhabitants of this great "*Metropolis*, had fix'd a small piece of *Beef* to "the Tail of a large *Paper-Kite*, which being "rais'd high in the Air, upon *Hampstead-Heath*, "for the space of eleven Minutes, the Meat "came down putrified, and in as many Colours "as a poor Whore's Night-Gown, stinking worse "than a *Scotch* Cook at a large Kitchen Fire." Here was a fresh Alarm, and an absolute *Confirmation* ; the *Glasiers* were all set to work, to repair the *Cracks* and *Crevises* of the Windows, as though the *Mug-house Mob* had made the Town another Visit. None were now such *Infidels* as not to *believe* the City infected, unless a few hard-favour'd *Christians* in *Duke's-Place* and *St. Mary Axe*.

The Church, upon all hands, was allow'd to be in no danger from this Disorder ; but those that frequented it were not thought so. Some of our Cathedrals, and most populous Parochial Churches were observed to be as thin as *Westminster-Hall* in a long Vacation.

A noted Nonconformist Teacher hinted from the Pulpit, that this *Visitation* he fear'd was in great measure owing to the Clamours rais'd

against the *Army* and *Excise* ; the whole Congregation run out of the Meeting-House into the Streets, crying out, *More Troops, more Taxes!* to the no small Comfort and Satisfaction of some of the *Doctor's* Neighbours in *St. James's Square.*

A merry Water-Ramble from Westminster *to* Wapping ; *the Miseries of the Place describ'd* ; *with some Account of a Tumult that happen'd near King* Edward's*-Stairs, occasion'd by a Sea-Lieutenant's* Lady *discharging a Chamber-pot from a Two-pair-of-Stairs Window on a decay'd Baronet's* Wife.

IT was in that Season of the Year, when the *Hackney-Coaches* generally conclude Peace with the *Pebble-Stones*, and the ancient City of *Westminster* looks rather like a *Ruffian* Desart than a civiliz'd Place ; when *Peers*, *Pensioners*, *Pimps*, *Parsons*, *Poets*, and *Pipping Women*, forsake the *Court of Requests* ; thriving Citizens their Warehouses, Lawyers the Inns of Court, and People of Quality their Creditors ; that a Friend persuaded me to take Passage with him by Water to *Wapping*. When we came to *Whitehall*-Stairs, the place of our Embarkation, the whole Town was taking to the River, like so many Water-Spaniels upon a Report that the Royal Family intended to divert themselves on the *Thames* that Evening : so that it was with much difficulty we got ourselves enter'd of a Wherry, whose Complement consisted of eight Persons. Among the numbers that were pressing forward on the Causeway, happen'd to be *Senesino*, the famous *Italian* Singer, who earnestly intreated to be admitted a Member of our Body ; which put a poor Woman into such

a Pannick, that she scream'd out to the Watermen, begging them, for God's sake, not to think of taking that great unwieldy Wretch in, unless they had a mind to sink the Boat, and drown their Passengers. Madam, said one of the Fellows, I'll wager my Coat and Badge against a Mug of Two-penny, that the Gentleman weighs lighter by *two Stone*, than the least Passenger in the Wherry. The Joke put the whole Company into an exceeding good Humour,; upon which I ask'd him if he had not *serv'd his Time* to the *Thames*. Sir, I scorn the Name of a *Time-Server*, for in the middle of my Apprenticeship, I run away to serve on board one of his Majesty's Ships of War. Making several other Enquiries of this *Water-Wit*, he, in his turn, ask'd me if I had not often serv'd upon *Juries*. I said, that sometimes I had been compell'd to that Office. I thought as much, replied the Man, by your demanding so many *impertinent Questions*.

After we had received the usual *Civilities* of the River, having been called ten thousand *Taylors*, *Mollys*, *Jayl-Birds*, &c. my Friend and I arriv'd safe, and in good Health, at King *Edward*'s Stairs in *Wapping*.

At our coming ashore, we perceived a great Concourse of People flocking to an Evening Lecture ; we followed into the Meeting-House, and heard part of a most moving Discourse. The Preacher, in the Conclusion of his Sermon, complain'd how very few were edify'd by his Labours, telling his Congregation, that their *poor Teacher* would be one day called on *to testify against them*, and shew how they had neglected

his Monitions ; when my Friend jogg'd me to come away, saying it was dangerous sitting under the Ministry of a Man who threatened to turn *Informer*, and become an *Evidence against his Audience*.

As we were descanting upon the miserable Objects, the ragged Sons and Daughters of Necessity that we beheld in this part of the Town, we overtook a Mother with two of her Children lugging a huge Flock-Bed and Bolster to a Pawn-Broker's, to pay the Postage of a Letter from her Husband, a Mariner on board a Ship of War at *Lisbon*. Another poor Wretch was in a Flood of Tears, having, it seems, sent in vain to half-a-score places, to borrow a Groat to defray the Expence of an Epistle from her Son at *Spithead* ; the Woman deplored her Misfortune in living so distant from the other End of the Town, where she said a dozen of *Fr*[*ank*]*s* might be purchas'd for a couple of Shillings, at any of the *Scotch* Coffee-houses.

Passing forwards through several Lanes and Alleys, I perceiv'd, as I thought, a very handsome *Shoe-maker's Shop*, where several Pairs of *Boots* and Quantities of *Leather* were hanging round it ; my Friend saying this part of the Town was famous for good Leather, we were entering the Shop, to equip ourselves each with a Pair of *Boots*, when, to our very great Surprize, we found that what we had taken for *Leathern Boots*, were actualy *Shins of Beef*, it being a *Butcher's Shop* ; which, it seems, furnishes most of the *French Hugonots* this Way with Provisions for their *Soups Royal*.

Above four hundred Souls were assembled about the Door of a *Chandler's Shop*, I am

thoroughly satisfied, that had all their wearing Apparel been valued by the most virtuous *Sworn Appraiser*, it would not all together have amounted to above Fifty Shillings. They were debating with their *Hands* and *Tongues*, on an Affair that had put the whole Place into the utmost Confusion. A little nimble-tongu'd Gentlewoman took upon her to relate the Fact, as it appear'd to her, *viz.* that Lieutenant *Bowsprit*'s Lady, with some other Gentlewomen of the *best Fashion* in *Wapping*, being in her *Ladyship's* Room, on the *Second Floor*, drinking of warm Punch together, the Chamber-pot unluckily chanc'd to run over ; upon which her Ladyship was so good as to come in person to the Window, and, with her own hands, hoist the over-laden Vessel into the Street ; at which Instant, a Woman, with Patches on her *Face*, and *Dearns in her Apron*, happen'd to be passing by, and receiv'd on her Cloaths a larger Proportion of the *briny Element* than the Ground did ; that the Woman had huff'd and bounc'd about it, and was gone to Justice *Twelve-penny*'s to fetch a Warrant, saying, that she would make the Hussey pay for her Nastiness, and Abuse of a *Woman of Quality*. *Quality*, continues our verbose Informant ; Laud, Sirs, you'd ha' died with laughing, had you but heard the Creature talk of her Husband's being a *Knight* and *Baron-Knight*, and that his Family was as old as the *Ormand Conquest*, as if *Knights* and *Baron Knights* Wives went no finer ; when every body knows that Madam *Bowsprit* was bred and born a *Gentlewoman*, her Father and Mother kept a Slop-shop many years at *Portsmouth*, and now a Punch-house at *Limehouse*, where they are look'd

upon to be as *rich People* as any in the whole Parish ; besides, isn't her Husband third Lieutenant of a Man of War, which crowns all the rest ?

Whilst we were thus busying our Brains with the Thoughts relating to the Condition of Seamen, who mostly inhabit this Place, I could not but reflect on the unhappy Lives of these *Salt-Water* kind of *Vagabonds*, who are never at *home*, but when they are at *Sea*, and always are wandering when they're at home ; yet never contented, but when they're on shore : they are never at ease till they've received their Pay, and then never satisfied till they have spent it. And when their Pockets are empty, they are just as much respected by their Landladies (who cheat them of one half, if they spend the other) as a Father is by a Son-in-law, who has beggar'd himself to give him a good Portion with his Daughter.

An Account of Farinelli.

THE publick Papers have given us a List of some of this Gentleman's Contributors, and make his Profit amount to upwards of Two Thousand Pounds; to which if we add Fifteen Hundred Pounds Salary, and casual Presents, we may compute his annual Income at near Four Thousand Pounds a Year.

The highest Offices in his Majesty's Household, executed by Men of the first Quality in *England*, have no Salaries annexed to them that come near this Sum.—The Profits of their Employs added to their Salary, will fall infinitely short of this Computation.—Gentlemen who have served their Country ten, fifteen, twenty Years, think themselves amply rewarded, if they can procure a Son a Place of Four or Five hundred Pounds a Year. A Lawyer shall *toil* at the Bar thirty Years, and come into Fortune when he is going out of Life, nor think his Labour ill-bestowed—An Officer grown WHITE in the Service, will comfort himself with a Regiment of Invalids, and sit down happy with such a Recompence.—Whilst a Fellow (who is only fit to enervate the Youth of *Great Britain*, by the pernicious Influence of his UNNATURAL *Voice*, and make our *Women*, who once dealt in the nobler Passions of Humanity, *prostitute their Beauties to his Interest*, by levying, in virtue of those Beauties, upon our young Fellows of For-

tune, who are too complaisant to refuse a pretty *Sollicitor*, ten, fifteen Guineas for a Ticket, in favour of one who, if he COULD, might command THEIR PERSONS as well as THEIR PURSES) shall be recompensed, for *the Mischiefs* he does, beyond the first Nobleman in *England*, for *his Services*. But can any thing be too considerable for One, of whom it was said in the Pit, after one of his Songs, cryed out, ONE GOD, ONE FARINELLI !

A Woman of the first Quality in *England*, fearing lest the *Senor* should be affronted at receiving a Bank-Note of 50*l.* for *one* Ticket, if presented without Disguise, thought of a lucky Expedient, to prevent his Anger ; which was, to purchase a Gold Snuff-box of Thirty Guineas Value, in which having inclosed the Note, she ventured, with Fear and Trembling, to make her Offering at the EUNUCH's Shrine.

Another, looking on the *Senor* in a properer Light, presented him with a Gold Tweezer-Case set with Diamonds.——

A Third, a Widow Lady, of a very moderate Fortune, with two or three Children to take care of, said, with great Concern, SHE HAD STOLE A TICKET FOR FIVE GUINEAS. If she had said, *She had robbed her Children of Five Guineas*, she had spoke the Truth.

Is there no Spirit left in the young Fellows of the Age ? No Remains of Manhood ? Will they suffer the *Eyes*, *Ears*, *Hearts*, and *Souls*, of their Mistresses, to follow an *Eccho of Virility ?* Do they want a *Juvenal* to put Words in their Mouths ? Or are they themselves poisoned ? Have they no Notion of this more VISIBLE PROSTI-

TUTION, this ADULTERY OF THE MIND, as that noble Example of my own Sex, my Lord *Townly*, calls it, when a Wife is alienated from her Husband, by any Pleasure whatsoever? Can they be GROSS enough to take up with a Woman that is *theirs*, but at *Second-hand?* For, tho' this *imperfect Sketch* cannot wrong them one way, a Man of Spirit should contemn a Woman, in whom any Passion dominates stronger than Love of himself. —Second to that Passion, let her enjoy all the reasonable Pleasures of Life, but NONE *above* it.—

I am concerned to see the Spirit of both Sexes sunk to such a Degree.—But this is not the only ill Consequence arising from this *foreign Plague* that is spread among us: *Passions* are always more expensive than *real Wants*, and will be SUPPLIED.—Private Gentlemen, with Families, that hitherto cou'd live agreeably, and partake of publick Diversions of the Town, reasonably, are forced to *pinch* and decrease the Figure they make, to send a Wife, and three or four Daughters, to hear *Farinelli* twice a Week.—A Lady can't find Half a Guinea on a *Saturday* Morning, for a poor Shoe-maker, whose Family will be supported a whole Week by it, that at Night will untye her Purse-strings, and with *Greediness* bestow it at the Opera.

FINIS.

A

TRIP

FROM

St. James's to the *Royal-Exchange.*

WITH

REMARKS Serious and Diverting,

ON

The MANNERS, CUSTOMS, and AMUSEMENTS

OF THE

Inhabitants of *London* and *Westminster.*

An Account of a City Entertainment in *Christmas* Holidays, with lively Conversation there.

Wrangle between a Barrister at Law and a Foot-Soldier on the first Day of Term.

Description of an Infant-Office, for letting out Children to Beggars.

Proceedings of a Society of Affidavit-Men, Watch-Takers, &c.

The Management of Undertakers for Funerals; with their Method of getting Intelligence.

Observations on the Behaviour of Maid-Servants, and Characters of several.

Cavalcade from *Newgate* to *Tyburn*, with the Behaviour of Jailors and Prisoners.

Modern Conversation at Coffee-Houses and Ordinaries.

Ludgate, and its Inmates describ'd.

The peculiar Talent of the City-Beaus, for Disputation.

On the Antiquity of *Brussels*-Lace Ruffles.

On *Constitution-Hill*, *St. James's-Park*, and the Company there.

Remarks on News-Writers, and their Works; with a sure Method of promoting the Sale of Pamphlets.

&c. &c. &c.

Quicquid agunt Homines, nostri Farrago Libelli.

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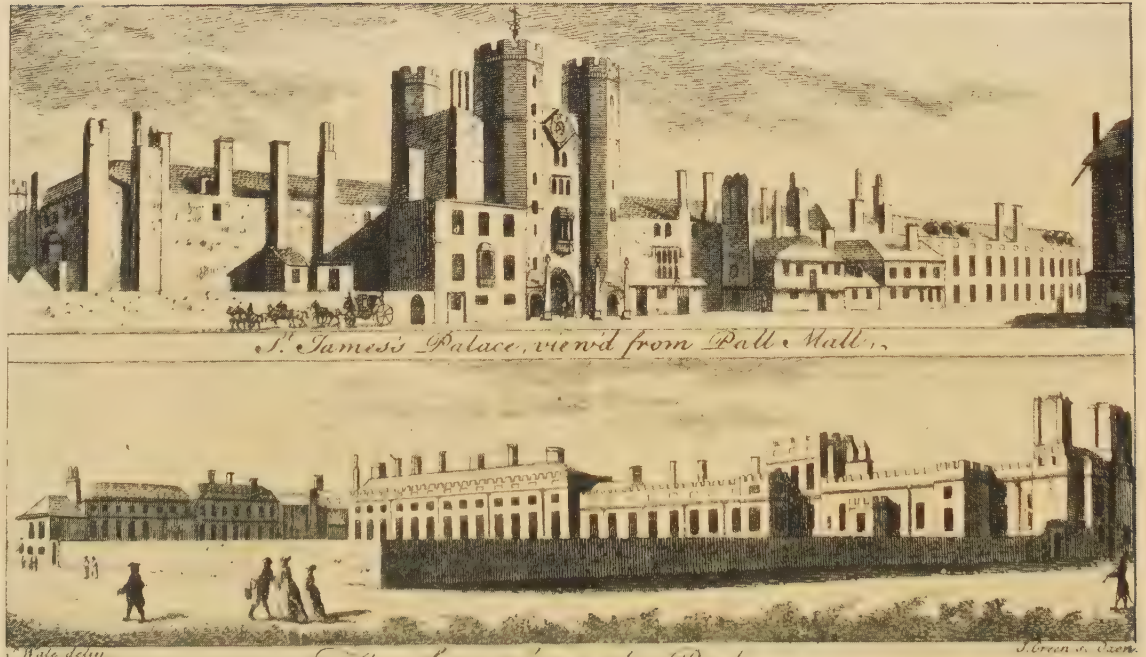

ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

[*To face* p. 189.

OBSERVATIONS

SERIOUS and DIVERTING.

BEING tired of the Country and its Amusements, I resolved once more to visit *London*, to divert myself in the dark Season of the Year, and observe the Manners and Behaviour of its inhabitants. This Place is a kind of large Forest of wild Creatures, ranging about at a venture, equally savage, and mutually destructive of each other. The splendid Equipages we see in every Part of the Town, are an Indication of an approaching Poverty, and too plainly foretell Bankruptcy to Crouds of miserable People. A Fourth Part of the Houses in some of the chief Streets, are intirely empty : In those that are inhabited, look into the Shops, you'll see a general Discontent and Melancholy in the Faces of their respective Owners. We have Play-houses and Places of Diversion in plenty, and a hundred Tipling houses to one Church. A Man may go through almost all the Parishes in *London*, and scarce find twenty People in any one of them, that can readily tell the Name of their Minister. I have seen an ancient Inhabitant, who had long paid Scot and Lot, as hard put to answer such a Question, as a Colonel of a Regiment would be to rehearse the Apostles Creed, or a Countess to say

her Catechism. Tho' it is allowed, that a great many People may affect Ignorance in this respect, for fear of bringing themselves under the Imputation of frequenting Religious Assemblies.

LONDON is the grand Reservoir, or Common-Sewer of the World : Like the Ocean, wherein the muddy and dirty Brooks, as well as the clear and rapid Rivers, disembogue themselves, this City receives the Scum and Filth, not only of our own, but of all other Countries : *Italian*, *French*, *German*, *Dutch* Gentry, continually transferring themselves hither ; where they soon grow great, meeting with Encouragement more than the Natives, and laugh at their Good-nature for preferring them to their own Countrymen. *France* furnishes *Cooks*, *Valets de Chambre*, *Dancers*, and *Teachers of French*, who seldom understand a Sentence of *English*. *Italy* supplies us with *Fidlers* and *Eunuchs*, and other Gentry remarkable for running in Debt, and forgetting to pay. *Scotland* sends us *Pedlars*, *Beggars*, and *Quacks* ; and *Ireland*, *Evidences*, *Robbers*, and *Bullies*. *Wales* has pour'd more illustrous *Gentry* into *London* than any other Country, and has likewise furnish'd more *Chairmen*, *Footmen*, and *Porters*, mostly of very ancient Houses, who daily condesend to servile Employments, notwithstanding their *eminent Extract* and *sublime Descent*.

The *Germans*, indeed, have of late Years greatly incroached upon the Prerogatives of the *Welch*, by importing several Thousands of their Drones into *London* ; many of whom, from Lice and Laziness, have got themselves into laced Liveries,

and profitable Places. But the *Britons* are not without hopes of recovering their ancient Rights and Privileges.

If you look into *Westminster-Hall*, the Lawyers are together by the ears with one another, and nothing but Complaints against the *Badness of the Term*, and *Want of Money*, is heard amongst them : While Jurymen are endeavouring to get off the Pannels, for fear of being starved in empty Courts in the Winter.

The Courtiers are peculiarly distinguished, by constantly promising what they seldom remember to perform ; and by being attended with a great Number of tall powder'd two-legged *Animals*, who walk before a Chair, or hang like a Cluster of Bees at the hind Part of a Chariot, embracing one another in an indecent Posture.

A thorough-paced Courtier is a professed Friend to many, but a real one to none : And if his most intimate Friend seems to have a greater share of Virtue than himself, he is jealous and endeavours by secret Practices to injure him, or remove him from any Post or Dignity he possesses. To his Superiors, he is humble as a Slave ; to his Inferiors, haughty as an elevated Footman : A *Proteus* that can change himself to all Shapes, conform himself to all Humours, and temporize with all Opportunities, so that he may work himself into the Favour of his Prince, to whom he is no longer faithful, than while it increases his Interest, or satisfies his Ambition. He is as deaf to the Importunity of a *necessitated Tradesman*, as a

Rogue to *Compassion*, or a *Miser* to the *Cries of the Poor*; fancying that Grandeur authorizes him safely to act all Villainy. His *Honour*, which should be agreeable to Justice and Honesty, he makes an Asylum to shield him from paying his Debts. His Bounty is extended only to Pimps and Parasites, whose whole Merit lies in their Adulations of his Person and Parts.

FOR the Benefit of the *St. James's* End of the Town, which includes the *Beau Monde*, Liberty is allowed to all *idle People*, of walking in the *Park*. Accounting myself one of the last Denomination, I determined to take a view of the *Mall*, famous for being the Rendezvous of the Gay and Gallant, who assemble there to *see* and be *seen*, to *censure* and be *censured*; the *Ladies* to shew their fine Clothes and the Product of the Toilet; the Men, to observe all the Beauties, and fix on some Favourite to toast that Evening at the Tavern. Every one here is curious in examining those who pass them, and are generally very nice and very malicious. In this Place of general Concourse, People often join in the Company of those whom they either deride or hate; for *Company* is not sought here for the Benefit of *Conversation*, but Persons couple together to get a little Confidence, and embolden themselves against the common Reflections of the Place.

The *Mall*, in a fine Spring Morning, is often adorned with more of our Nobility and Gentry, than are any where else to be seen in so short a Compass; freed from mixed Crouds of saucy Fops and City Gentry, who are as distinguish-

able as a Judge from his Clerk, or a Lady from her Waiting-Woman. Those of real Rank carry an Air of Dignity and Greatness in their Aspects ; being little beholden to Taylors and Manteau-makers. A graceful Presence bespeaks Acceptance, gives a force to Language, and helps to convince by Look and Gesture. But every proud and illiterate Coxcomb, who has acquired a Fortune by *Sharping*, or *Shop-keeping*, and such as have got just above *par* in the World, and oftentimes those much below it, will extravagantly endeavour to mimick the *Great Ones* ; yet with all Aids whatsoever, they appear at best but as very mean *Copies* of fine *Originals* ; the *Ludgate-Hill Hobble*, the *Cheapside Swing*, and the general City *Jolt* and *Wriggle* in the *Gait*, being easily perceived through all the Artifices the *Smarts* and *Perts* put upon them. A Man may *waddle* into a Church, or Coffee-House, make a Leg to an Alderman, Levee a Common-Council-Man in his Counting-House, nay, he may *D—mn* with a good Air, Dress well, Drink well, and even hum over two or three Opera Tunes, and pass in all the Wards of the City for a well-bred Person ; but towards *St. James's* he won't pass muster, he must be sent to the Drill-Serjeant among the aukward Men, or else be return'd back to *Leaden-Hall*, like a counterfeit Guinea that won't go.

I have known that neither a Removal from *Portsoken* or *Vintry* Wards, to *Hanover* or *Grosvenor* Squares, nor a compleat *Plumb*, nay nor even the Mirror of *Knighthood* itself, was able to erase the Impressions which a *Counter*, a *Leather Apron*, or a *Livery*, have left upon a Man's Manners. Indeed,

in some of the dark Corners of the Kingdom, the People say such a deference to Dress and Appearance, that I knew a Man, who was only a poor Helper in the Royal Stables at *St. James's*, that went down to the Place of his Nativity in *North-Wales*, in an old Scarlet Coat, with a little tarnished Lace upon it, and was met at some Miles distance from the Town by the *Mayor*, *Aldermen*, and *Capital Burgesses*, in their Formalities.

In the *Mall*, *Ladies* will walk four or five Miles in a Morning with all the Alacrity imaginable, who at home think it an insupportable Fatigue to *journey* from one End of their Chamber to the other.

I have seen a Beau stand reconnoit'ring the *Mall*, divided within himself in as many Minds as a Lady in a Lace-Chamber, or a Rake in a Bawdy-House, to think which Set of Company he shall annex himself to ; and to avoid the *fatal Consequences* of making a *false Step*, use as much Caution as a prudent Parent would do in the matrimonial Disposition of a Daughter. An *escaping Eye* hath often pass'd over a *Gentleman Usher*, when a *Groom* of the *Bed-Chamber* has been diligently pursued from one end of the *Park* to the other. A plain *Irish* Lord shall be able to lead half a dozen *Laced Coats* up and down like so many Beagles in a String during pleasure ; and I have ere now seen him as much neglected, as an honest poor Family in distress, upon the sight of a *Ribbon* ; though 'tis surprizing to think what an attractive Quality every *Ribbon*, according to its Colour, hath in this place.

Here I took notice of a *Lady*, who was moving

with such awful State and Majesty, that her graceful Deportment bespoke her nothing less than a Person of the first Rank ; all the Eyes upon the Valet de Chambre and Ladies Womens Walks, were directed towards her, and great Enquiry was made after her Titles. A *Countess*, who I thought was going to give her an Invitation to the Opera, or to make a party at Quadrille, gave her a gentle Reprimand, for loading her fine *Brussels* Head and Ruffles with such a Quantity of *Starch*, that she said, they sat as heavy upon her as Crimes on a *Supercargo's* Conscience, and hoped that as she valued her Custom and Business, she would take more care for the future.

Tired with the Variety of Objects and Subjects that occurred, I sat myself down on one of the Benches near *Buckingham-House*. I find it is but giving a willing ear to Scandal, and there are Tongues enough ready to oblige you in this Place. A *Manteau-Maker*, whose Tongue ran as fast as a Chancery-Sollicitor's over a Bottle, was dealing out the Characters of every one in the *Mall* : ' *That old* French *Fellow*, says she, in ' the Green Coat, happen'd to have an Oppor- ' tunity with a pretty young Lady, who per- ' haps had not granted it, if she had not depended ' on his Age for a Protection——he no sooner ' found himself alone with her, than he threw ' her on a Couch, and had certainly ravish'd ' her, if she had not call'd up two Servants to ' her Assistance.——But tho' he miss'd of his ' Aim, he has acquired no small Reputation for ' his Vigour ; and there is a Lady, a great Pre- ' tender to Virtue, that once could not endure

'the Sight of him, now cannot drink her Tea 'without him, and cries him up for the best-'humour'd Man in the World.—'Tis true, she 'does not seem to believe the Story that is told 'of him, and condemns the young Lady for 'her Folly, in not knowing how *to take a Jest*.'

She next pointed to a goggle-eyed *Jew*, of the Tribe of *Mordecai*. That Fellow, says she, is a constant Frequenter of the *Mall* three or four times a Week, particularly on *Sundays*. He is remarkable for his upright Gait, morose Speech, and pretty smooth Countenance. He makes Love to almost every Woman he meets, and is so confounded amorous, that he forgets there are any Eyes observing him. On their Sabbath indeed, he is very formal and precise ; but will whore, go to a Play, or Tavern in the Evening without Scruple, and cheat all that come in his way. That jolly Dame that walks by him, is Wife to one of his Dependants ; she dresses in so elegant a manner, that she's envied by all the Women in her Neighbourhood, and admired by the Men.

That Finical young Fellow, says she, that walks in such Formality, is an Apprentice near the *Royal Exchange* ; he is far nicer than Sir *Courtly* in his Dress, and so very neat about his Legs, that he often takes down his Glass in the Shop to admire them.

He is a great Frequenter of the Play-house, where, with the Assistance of Attorneys Clerks, Hackney Writers, and other learned Criticks, he applauds or condemns every new Play ; these Gentry claiming to be *Representatives* of the *Town*,

as they call it. He is all Noise and Nonsense, very proud and conceited. His only Wisdom terminates in the Repetition of some part of a Play, which serves him for Compliment or Banter, and generally for an Encouragement to his Folly. He struts and looks as big as the young Squire of *Alsatia* in the Play, and is as great a Cully to Jilts and Sharpers, who send him often home with his Pockets empty.

She then took notice of a Person of a venerable Age, his Clothes miserably greasy and shabby, his Face as pale and wan as if he had newly risen from the Dead ; notwithstanding which, he still retained the Air and Appearance of one that had lived well in the World. That Gentleman, says she, is no more like what he was three Years ago, than an Apple is like an Oyster ; he was then counted a topping Merchant, but some Misfortunes abroad, his amorous Inclinations, and frequent Visits at Lady *M——n's* Gaming-Table, have reduced him to what you see. While I was attending this Story, a flaunting young Jilt join'd company with him, and the old Fornicator mov'd off seemingly as well pleased as if he had been repossess'd of his former Fortune.

That fine Lady you see just stept out of her Chair (*said she*) is about five and forty ; she has two very blooming Girls to her Daughters, who have been had by two or three, but particularly an elderly Gentleman of a vast Estate in the *West* : After he had possest the *Young Ones* for above two Years, he had a mind to *trace the Original*, and accordingly now carries on an Affair

with the *Mother*, leaving the Daughters to shift for themselves, and the Mother has still more than a Colt's Tooth in her Head, for she refusing to give him a satisfactory Account of one of her Midnight Excursions, a furious Tempest arose between them, which had like to have proved fatal to a *French* Dancing Master, who was going to visit a Pupil in *Cavendish-Square* ; a large Shower of China-Ware descending suddenly on his Head from a Two-Pair of Stairs Window, which cut the poor innocent Caperer in a most miserable manner.

Thus, said she, we see the fruits of Jealousy, but who can help the Faults of Nature ? yet the censorious World makes no allowances for a warm Constitution, and the Prejudice of Education : Women must be Virtuous whether it's in their power or not. She was going on with a great deal more about this amorous Family, but the Execution of some Intrigue suddenly call'd her away from the Seat.

The Punishments Heaven has inflicted on an intemperate and debauch'd Life, are no where more manifested than on the Walk called *Constitution-Hill*. Here a libidinous Lord, cramped in Motion, tarnished in Colour, Crest-fallen, and plagued with impracticable Desires, is seen limping between two Supporters. These Wretches, one would think, had out-liv'd Temptation, and that Age had so congealed their Blood, that a Virgin's Bosom of Fifteen was hardly able to thaw it : And that neither the World nor the Devil could work up their Humours to irregularity ;

their Passions like Serpents in a Frost dropping their Venom, they move without Vigour, and almost without Life ; they are so far from Capering, that like Criminals in Tramels, they can scarce stand. Thus to have one Foot in the Grave and the other in the Chambers of Wantonness, is really surprizing. Few Men, like *Ætna*, burn within when they are Snow without. A white Head, and a glowing Heart seldom meet——

Next, an old rich Villain, either in a Litter or on Horse-back, with surly Looks, wrangling with Diseases, and cursing Nature, because she has not altered her Course and excepted him from the common Fate. But the most tragical Scene that has been known upon this Spot, was, that one Day, one of these *dry Sticks of Human Nature*, (whose Body having been very much emaciated by *Purges*, *Salivations*, and other such *Evacuations*,) was, by a sudden Gust of Wind, carried up into the Air, and never more heard of. To prevent which Accidents for the future, all our experienced *Whore-Masters*, and *Whore-Mistresses* in the same Circumstances, have got the knack of fixing themselves in Sedan Chairs, and have Men standing by to watch them ; and others, such as subaltern Officers, Clerks in the publick Offices, and poor Players whose Incomes won't afford the like Conveniences, have found out a Contrivance almost as good, which is by walking with leaden Weights in their Pockets.

Passing out at the *Spring-Garden* Passage, a Hackney Coach with a little *Blackmoor Boy*, was waiting on two *fine Ladies*, to whom I could do

no less than present my Hand to help them into their Vehicle ; where having compos'd their Petticoats, and conceal'd their Ancles from the lewd peepings of some idle Fellows at a Coffee-House Window, one of them put out her Head, and gave orders to stop at *Lady Larboard's* in *Ratcliff Highway.*

BEING tired with walking, I stept into a Coffee-house in this Neighbourhood. On my entering the Room, a Figure representing *Death* and *Hunger* made me several low Reverences, and seem'd as obsequious as a young Counsellor the first Day of Term, or the Beadle of a Parish before his Masters, by way of welcoming me into his Territories. When I came into the Room, the whole Company set their Eyes upon me, as though I had been a Picture-Shop ; this Stare was followed by a general Whisper, to know who I was. After having look'd as shyly upon 'em, as a brocaded Captain upon a plain honest Tradesman, I took my Seat in this College of *Twopenny* Senators, as became a free-born *Englishman.*

A Person who pretended to have served as a Voluntier in the Siege of *Prague*, was giving a most deplorable account of the terrible Slaughter and Havock, that was made of the Soldiers on both sides ; describing in a particular manner certain cruel Accidents, that happened during the Siege : A Captain of the Train-Bands, who had sate very attentive to his Story, call'd out for a few *Hartshorn Drops* in a Glass of Water, begging withal, that the Discourse might be waved, as

being a Subject too shocking and melancholly for human Ears, and a Christian Country.

The Son of a certain Mercer, not far from *St. Paul's* Cathedral, was throwing his Arms up and down like a Kettle-Drummer, or a *French* Protestant in a religious Dispute, and with great profluence, pointing out all the *Errors* Prince *Charles* had committed, in neglecting so many Opportunities of passing the *Rhine*. *There was the time he miss'd his Opportunity*, said he, *then it was he should have struck the Blow. Zounds, had I but taken a* Soup *with him before he attempted the Passage, I would have caution'd him not to have relied so much on his* German Engineers, *by whose Mistakes his Project miscarried.*

'Tis a shocking Reflection to a thinking Person, who hath any Bowels for his Country, to see such numbers of great Genius's misapplied ; which had they acted in the Sphere Nature design'd them, might have prov'd of real Utility to their Fellow-Creatures, and the greatest Benefactors Heaven could have bestowed upon Mankind. In one place we behold a great *General* lost in a *Grocer* ; in another a *Secretary of State* buried in a *Soap Boiler* ; here a Man that would have shone in the *Camp* and *Cabinet* directing a *Board of Taylors* ; a *Lord High Admiral* is perhaps *distilling* of *Malt Spirits* ; and a *Treasurer* making of *Periwigs*. How many great *Chancellors* and *Judges* have we not lost in *Mercers Journeymen*, *Attorneys Clerks*, and other self-sufficient *Gentlemen*. Not to mention what this unfortunate Nation hath suffer'd, in not calling in to her Councils, the Aid

of several ancient Ladies, whose vast Abilities and superior Skill in Politicks, have so conspicuously appear'd, in *Drawing-Rooms*, and at *Tea-Table* Conversations.

An *Usurer*, I observ'd, was under dreadful Apprehensions, from the Success of the *French* in preventing the *Austrians* passing the *Rhine* ; and moreover, at a Report of a Squadron of *French* Men of War ready to sail from *Brest*, and several Regiments now lying at *Dunkirk* ; these last gave him vast uneasiness indeed : The poor Creature for he really mov'd my Compassion declar'd that he had had for many Weeks past no more Peace of Mind, than a Sett of Gentlemen on their late Disappointment of the Honour of Knighthood, or a Maid of Honour under a Visitation of the Small Pox ; for fear the *French* should take it into their heads, to come over hither, and reduce *Interest* to One and a Half *per Cent.* He assur'd me, that as he had a regard for his native Country, if I knew of any body that had Interest enough with the *French* King, to prevail on him to withdraw his Troops from the Sea-Coasts, he would willingly reward them with *Half a Crown.*

My *Landlord's* hungry meagre Aspect having given me a tolerable Appetite, I inquired for an *Ordinary*, and was indeed directed to a most elegant one, at another *Coffee-House* not far from the *Mews.* When I came thither, a Gentleman-Usher ty'd up in a blue Apron, conducted me into a handsome Room among a promiscuous Company, who I perceiv'd were unacquainted with one another. Not a Word or a Smile pass'd for a

considerable time ; so that we sate like so many Mutes in the *Jerusalem* Chamber ; till the Silence was at length broke, by some mention of the Motion and Struggle in the House of Commons to remove the late Minister. Upon which a Gentleman said, he had some reason to remember that troublesome Business, as being but newly recover'd from a violent Illness, contracted by his rigid Attendance *in the House*, when that Affair was upon the Tapis : By which he gave us to understand, that he was no less than a *Member* of *Parliament.*

Another complain'd of the great Number of *Robberies* and *Riots*, that were daily committed within the Bills of Mortality, to the great Scandal of the Christian Religion, and the Dishonour of the Nation, and the great Trouble it gave the *Magistrates*, for that he had been *Committing* and *Binding over* all the Morning. By this he gain'd his Point, in letting us into the Secret of his being a *Justice of Peace.*

A third, a very corpulent Creature, having recover'd himself from a violent Fit of Coughing, acquainted us, that as we had had one of the most plentiful Seasons for Hay and Corn, that had been known in the Memory of Man, so we were like to have as good a Winter Season ; and that he had Assurance for what he advanc'd, from a *Brother Common-Council Man*, who was newly return'd out of the *Northern* Parts of the Kingdom. This Intelligence was received with the greatest Applause of the whole Company.

A young Gentleman in a *Laced Hat*, with a huge *Cockade* fasten'd to it, confirm'd this Account by affirming, that some few Days before he had receiv'd from *his Lieutenant* in Quarters, a Letter to the same effect. By which, and some other Circumstances he gave us light into, I could see the sensible Pleasure he took, in perceiving we were all satisfy'd, that he was a *real Captain*, and in *full Pay*.

A fourth Person fell into a tedious Story, making as many Stops and Pauses in it, as *P—t—r W—lt—r* when he's paying away a large Sum of Money, to inform us of a vigorous Opposition he once gave *in his Vestry* to an Over-Rate, that was going to be impos'd upon the Parish, of which he had the honour to be *Church-Warden*.

He was interrupted by an odd sort of a Fellow, who complain'd bitterly of the *Easterly* Wind, because of the ill Effects it had on an old Contusion he got by a Fall from his Horse, when he was riding Post to *dine with the Grand Pensionary:* He was entering into a *pleasant Joke*, the King of *France* once put upon him at *Fontainbleau*, when a Message call'd him away from the Table. His Absence gave one of the Waiters an opportunity to inform us, that the *Gentleman* was a neighbouring *Apothecary*.

A sober sort of a Person hearing of a Contusion, next wiped his Mouth, and expatiated a long while upon the Subject of Wounds, Death and Danger, and said himself had once the most miraculous Escape, that perhaps ever happen'd to an Officer

of the Militia ; and that was, when the worthy Lieutenant-Colonel of the Train'd-Band Regiment (in which he had the Happiness also to bear a Commission) had like to have been hurt by the bursting of a Musquet-Barrel, in *Tothill-Fields*, he had the honour to be within *thirteen* Yards of him.

Thus Pride makes us all Children, when it gets uppermost. The first that calls a Man a Fool, is himself ; and others do but take it from his own Mouth. When a weak Person shuns a Discovery by *keeping his Tongue within his Teeth*, as the Proverb has it, we generally assign a kind Cause for his Silence, and believe it to be the Effect of good Sense, which is never very forward ; but if his Tongue betrays him, and shews him a *soft Head*, the World is not to blame for passing Sentence, when he himself has confess'd the Guilt.

I NOW directed my Course towards *Covent-Garden*, where entering into a hedge-kind of a Tavern, the *Hibernian* Society of Fortune-Hunters, and Affidavit-Men, it seems, were then sitting on some important Affairs : By the Favour of a Waiter, I procured a Copy of their Votes and Resolutions for the Year One Thousand Seven Hundred and Forty-Three ; which, for the Benefit of the *Fair-Sex*, *Trades-People*, and *Others*, I have here made publick, *viz.*

Jovis 3 *Die Novembris* 1743.

A Petition of *Thomas Brown* alias *Maccoy*, a Member of this Society, was presented and read ; setting forth, That on or about the 25th of *September* 1743, he was violently assaulted in an open

Place near *Henrietta-street*, by Mr. *H*—— for no other Reason, than that the said *Brown* alias *Maccoy* had in the Discharge of the Business of his Function, and the Support of his four Wives, taken from the Person of the said Mr. *H*—— a small-siz'd Gold Watch, which he immediately deliver'd over in Trust to a Friend in the Presence of the said Mr. *H*—— ; who nevertheless caus'd the Petitioner to be deliver'd into the hands of a Constable, and carried before a Justice of the Peace, by whom he was put in great Terror, and even in Danger of his Life, by a Writing drawn up at the Command of the said Justice, and by him signed, importing, that the Petitioner was to remain a Prisoner in *Newgate*, until discharged by due Course of Law, *&c.* That while they were conveying the Petitioner to the said Prison of *Newgate*, in order to put their wicked Designs against his Life in Execution, a sufficient Number of the Members of this Society, armed with Clubs, Swords and Staves, and inspired with a Love of Liberty, appeared about 8 or 9 in the Evening near *Holbourn*-Bridge, and there rescued the Petitioner out of the Hands of the Peace-Officers, and thereby prevented their evil Purposes taking effect ; that the Petitioner hath ever since been obliged to skulk about in Disguise, and cannot appear in Safety at this Board, without the Assistance of this Society.

Order'd, That the Petitioner's Case be referred to the Consideration of the Society's Sollicitors.

Order'd, That the said Sollicitors do lay before the Board an Estimate of the Expences in defending Prosecutions brought against the Mem-

bers of this Society, for Forgeries, Felonies, Bigamies, and Perjuries, from the Year 1736, to the Year 1743 inclusive, distinguishing each Year.

Complaint being made that great Numbers of the Members of this Society are detain'd in Custody of the Law, in the Prison of *Newgate*, some only on Suspicion of *Debt*, and others on very *frivolous* and *trifling* Accusations ; such as *Rapes*, *Robberies*, *Riots*, *Murders*, *Treasons*, *False-Coinings*, *False-Pollings*, *Forgeries*, *Perjuries*, *Bigamies*, *Polygamies*, &c.

Order'd, That the Keeper of the said Gaol of *Newgate*, be summon'd to attend this Board, on *Friday* next, with a List of the Names of the Persons so detain'd in this Custody ; to the end proper Measures may be taken for their Relief and Discharge.

A Message from the Lord *M*—— by Mr. *Borrow*, Professor of Perjury on the Midland Circuit, importing, that divers Members of this Society having been stript of their All, must of necessity be soon oblig'd to *turn-out*, unless properly relieved by this Society.

Resolv'd, That such of the Members of this Society, as have been so stript, be put upon the *Affidavit-List*, till they have *run into Money* again, or shall be otherwise provided for.

Order'd, That the Committee for the *Affair of Heiresses*, do attend Col. *Mac-Blunder*, at his Lodgings to-morrow Morning, by nine of the Clock, and then and there in the Hearing of the Family, make such honourable mention of the said Colonel's high *Birth*, *Worth*, and other Merit,

as may enable him to obtain in Marriage a beautiful young Lady, of a very considerable Fortune.

Resolv'd, That the new Method of going into the Shops of the most considerable Bankers in the City, and asking trifling Questions, as when such and such Persons will be in Town, *&c.* has been of very singular Service to the Members of this Society, because of the Reputation acquired by being seen to come out of such Places in the face of the Publick at Mid-day.

A Petition of *Mary Merry-Tail*, late of the *Hundred of Drury*, in the County of *Middlesex*, Spinster, was presented and read ; setting forth, That she the said *Mary* hath for some Years past duly paid an annual Sum to this Society, for a *Safeguard* to protect her in the free Exercise of her *Function* ; that she is at present detain'd a Prisoner in *Bridewell*, destitute of all Necessaries ; and being restrain'd from her *Business*, must inevitably perish, unless aided by this Society, with *Moneys* and *Testimonies* to obtain her Enlargement.

Order'd, That the Committee *for Characters* do repair forthwith to the *proper* Magistrate, and certify for the Birth and Behaviour of the Petitioner ; and if it be found necessary, that the Sum of three Shillings and Four-pence be paid unto some *Grenadier* to *swear* himself her Husband, lawfully married in the City of *Dublin* ; so that the Petitioner may be discharg'd from her Confinement.

Resolv'd, That *Morrice Mac-Bully*, in Consideration of his having paid in his Contribution-Money, be at liberty to retire to some of the

darkest Parts of *England*, as *Oxfordshire*, *Devonshire* or *Dorsetshire*, in quest of an *Heiress* ; and that he have leave to assume the Dignity of a *Baronet*, until he be possess'd of a *Fortune*, suitable to his Inclinations ; then that Honour to revert again to the Society, for their farther Use.

A Petition of *Christopher O Credulous*, was presented and read, setting forth, That he the said *Christopher* had, with great Difficulty, obtain'd the pretended Widow of a Shop-keeper in the City, whose Fortune he did judge would amount to the Sum of Two Thousand Pounds, and upwards, for which he had many seeming good Authorities ; that being supported out of the Stock of this Society, he proceeded with the utmost Caution ; that in a Day or two after his Marriage, he (to his great Grief and Surprize) found his Wife to be of the County of *Kerry*) and was the Day after that arrested for her Debts, amounting to One Thousand Pounds ; and being now detain'd in the Prison of the *Poultry*, prayeth the Society to take his unhappy Case into their serious Consideration.

Order'd, That the said Petition do lie upon the Table.

Order'd, That Captain *Mac-Shammock* have Leave to assume, use and exercise *Four* different *Names*, such as his Occasions and Circumstances shall require.

A Petition of Mr. *O Calves-Face*, the Society's standing Council, was presented and read, praying he may have leave to keep his Chambers and Practice, on the second or third Floor, on account of his mortal Aversion to the first Story, since his standing on the Pillory for Forgery.

Order'd, That Leave be given to Mr. *O Calves-Face*, according to the Prayer of his Petition.

Order'd, That the Committee for *Common-Bail*, be impowered to sit every *Monday* and *Friday* in the Forenoon.

And the Committee for *Evidence*, every *Sunday* in the Evening.

The Board being inform'd that great Numbers of young Fellows of the *Growth* of *Great-Britain*, do make it their sole Business to traduce and asperse the Members of this Society, to all the Women of Fortune and Fashion who fall in their Way, to the great Scandal and Reproach of this Society, and the Hindrance of their Schemes and Designs :

Resolv'd, That the Committee *for Blood-and-Ounds* be immediately arm'd with a Commission of *Fire and Sword*, to chastise this insolent Behaviour, to the end those Practices may be prevented for the future.

Resolv'd, That a Sum not exceeding ten Pounds and ten Shillings, be paid unto *Patrick O Rapit*, Citizen and Oath-maker of *London*, for his good Services at the Old-Bailey.

Complaint being made, that *Frederick Faithless* a Master-Taylor, had refus'd to give Credit to divers Members of this Society for *New Suits*, notwithstanding he had their respective *Words* and *Honour* pledg'd in his hands, for the Payment of such Sums as they should become indebted to him on that account :

Resolv'd, *Nemine Contradicente*, That the said *Faithless* be declar'd a *Rascal and Scoundrel* ; and that the Committee for Drubbing be

impowered to take measure of his Body for the said Offence.

Order'd, That *Philip O Finikin*, according to the Prayer of his Petition, have Leave to put himself into *deep Mourning*, as for the Death of some near Relation ; and that Care be taken to get it inserted in some of the Publick News-Papers, that he is thereby become possess'd of a very considerable Fortune.

Order'd, That *Dermont O Kettle*, Footman to the Countess of *Kill-Chairman*, a Member of this Society, have Leave to commence a Love-Suit against Miss *Want-it*, a Six Thousand Pound Fortune ; but that he prosecute the same in no other Quality, than that of a Gentleman of five Hundred Pounds *per Ann.* in the *North* of *England.*

Ordered, that a small *Purse* be given unto *Martha Makewater*, Manteau-maker, by way of Present, as a Gratuity for the many and useful Informations she has given to this Society, of the Places of Residence, Circumstances, Dispositions, *&c.* of single Gentlewomen.

Ordered, That Leave be given to Captain *Patrick Hallaloo*, to *change* the Place of his *Nativity*, from the County of *Tipperary*, in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, to the County of *Berks*, in the Kingdom of *England*, for sundry Reasons to himself best known.

A Petition of *Michael Mac-Taudry* of *Monmouth-Street*, Salesman, was presented and read, praying he may be re-imburs'd the several Sums of Money he hath expended for *Suits*, *Swords*, and other *Necessaries*, deliver'd from

May 1736, to *May* 1743, for the use of this Society.

Ordered, That the said Petition be referred to the Consideration of the Committee, for *borrowing of Moneys and beating Bailiffs* ; that they do enquire into the Allegations thereof, and report the same with their Opinion thereupon to the Society, on *Doomsday* next at Eleven in the Afternoon.

Resolved, That in order to support *David In-Debted*, *Patrick Fitz-Fire*, and *Peter Fitz-Fury*, Esqs ; Members of this Society ; Leave be given them to assume the Characters of *Gentlemen of the Army*, or *Students in the Inns of Court* ; and that *Michael Mac-Taudry*, of *Monmouth-Street*, the Society's Taylor, doth forthwith equip them with Necessaries suitable thereunto.

The Board being acquainted, that Captain *Smell-Blood* attended at the Door with a drawn Sword, in order to prove that he had slain a *Taylor* within the *Verge of the Law*, he was call'd in and examined at the Table, and the Case appearing to be true, he was ordered to withdraw.

A Motion being made, and the Question being put, That Captain *Smell-Blood* having Dropt his Man, is thereby become entitled to the *Honours* due on such Occasions : It pass'd in the Negative, the Deceased being but a *Taylor*.

Ordered, That Leave be given to the *Lord Viscount O Shamster*, to marry a Number of Wives, not exceeding *Six* ; that he may be thereby render'd capable of discharging his just Debts.

Vera Copia.

Shadrech O Shim-Sham *Secret.*

TURNING out of *Covent-Garden* to go into the *Strand*, I was accosted by several Beggars, maim'd, lame, and lazy. As Pity is often by our selves and in our own Cases mistaken for Charity, so it assumes the Shape, and borrows the very Name of it; a *Beggar* asks you to exert that Virtue for *Jesus Christ's sake*, but all the while his great Design is to raise your Pity. He represents to your view, the worst side of his Ailments and Bodily Infirmities; in chosen Words he gives an Epitome of his Calamities, real or fictitious; and while he seems to pray to God, that he will open your Heart, he is actually at work upon your Ears; the greatest Profligate of them flies to Religion for Aid, and assists his Cant with a Doleful Tone, and a study'd Dismality of Gestures: But he trusts not to one Passion only, he flatters your Pride, with Titles and Names of Honour and Distinction; your Avarice he sooths with often repeating to you, the Smallness of the Gift he sues for, and conditional Promises of future Returns, with an Interest extraordinary, *beyond the Statute of Usury*, tho' out of the reach of it. People not used to great Cities, being thus attack'd on all sides, are commonly forc'd to yield, and cannot help giving something, tho' they can hardly spare it themselves.

When Sores are very bad, or seem otherwise afflicting in an extraordinary Manner, and the Beggar can bear to have them expos'd to the cold Air, it is very shocking to some People; 'tis a shame, they cry, such Sights should be suffer'd: the main Reason is, it touches their Pity *feelingly*, and at the same time they are resolved, either

because they are Covetous, or count it an idle Expence, to give nothing, which makes them more uneasy. They turn their Eyes, and where the Cries are dismal, some would willingly stop their Ears, if they were not ashamed. What they can do, is to mend their Pace, and be very angry in their Hearts, that Beggars should be about Streets. The only thing the industrious Beggar has left to conquer these fortified Hearts, if he can walk either with or without Crutches, is to follow close, and with uninterrupted Noise teaze and importune them, to try if he can make them buy their Peace. A young hale Fellow approach'd me in the *Strand*, with a most melancholy Aspect : *Booth* never shone greater in the Character of *Cato* ; nor *Wilks* in that of *Hamlet*, than this Villain in his Crutches. I took out a couple of Pence, praying his Acceptance of that Trifle, as an Earnest of the Sense I had of his great Genius and Capacity, and that had I been a Person of Fortune and Figure, I should have been as great an Encourager as I was an Admirer of *Arts* and *Sciences*.

WHILE I am on this Topick, I must beg leave to give an Account of a Ramble I one day took into the Heart of the good Parish of *St. Giles's in the Fields* ; where I stood staring and gaping about, like the Mayor of a Country Corporation in the *Court of Requests*, being surrounded on all sides by Thieves, Knaves and Beggars. At length I came to a Place call'd the *Infant-Office*, where young Children stand at Livery, and are lett out by the Day to the Town-

Mendicants. The first Scene that presented was a little Villain of about 7 Years old, who, upon my asking him some Questions, told me that his Father had been a House Carpenter in *Dublin*, where he broke his Neck by a fall from a Scaffold, in repairing a Cellar Window, and died about seven Years before he was born. A Woman of above 50 would needs hire a Baby that was sucking at the Breast ; and another, who had a Complexion as sallow as a *Portuguese* Sailor, must forsooth be accommodated with a Child as fair as a smock-faced Parson. One Woman hired no less than four for the Day, two she pack'd up behind her like a *Scotch* Pedlar's Budget, the third was to run by her Side bawling out for Victuals ; and the fourth she held in her Arms, like a tuneable Instrument to be *set to Musick*, when she came in the view of any seemingly well-disposed People. An ancient Matron, who had the superintendency of the Office, held forth in her Arms a pretty Poppet of about a Year old, telling them there was a sweet innocent Picture, a moving Countenance, that would not fail making a Sergeant at Law feel for his Half-pence, and might extort Charity even from a Divine. A Beggar Woman, who was vastly in arrear for the Lett of Children, being refused any longer Credit till she had paid off the old Score, made no more to do but throw an old ragged Riding-Hood over her Shoulders, cursing 'em all for a Parcel of unchristian old B—tches, in forcing her to tell the Town ten thousand Lyes, by saying she *had three poor Infants sick at home*.

Every one being suited according to their Circumstances and Conveniences it was not alto-

gether an unpleasant Sight, to behold this little *Auxiliary Army* march off, to lay a great Protestant City and its Suburbs under *Contribution*.

I NOW proceed in my Passage through the *Strand*, where stands *Exeter-Exchange*, a Place which is said formerly to have furnished the Men of Quality with most of their *Mistresses* ; but a tolerable Face having not been visible here for many Years past, that *Trade* is removed mostly to *Tavistock-Street*, and the chief Apartments converted to more *serious* and *solemn Uses*. The Worshipful Company of *Carcass-Catchers*, good Men ! how chearfully do they pay the *last Duties* to their Fellow Creatures ; what Pains, what Care and Expences do they not undergo to perform the melancholy Office ! As we must all one time or other submit to that awful Necessity of Nature, *Death* ; so I believe every Corpse above Ground will desire as decent an Interment as its Circumstances will admit of ; but the extravagant Pride of some People, in going to their Graves dress'd in *Lace* and *Velvet*, has greatly enhanc'd the Price of Interment : The *Bills* for ordinary Funerals being of late become so exorbitant, that few trading or midling People can afford to rot at the unreasonable Rates the Undertakers now charge ; nor do I see any Remedy for this Evil, their Bills not being so liable as other Peoples to Taxation. A late very covetous Gentleman at *St James's*, being on his Death-Bed, and hearing the Sum-total of his Burial, bequeath'd his *Body* to the *Royal Society*, to be reposited among their *Rarities*, rather than it should undergo the *Expences* of a Funeral.

I take the Business of a *Dead-Monger*, to differ but little from that of a *News-Monger*, as depending in a very great measure upon *early Intelligence* ; with which, it seems, they are amply supply'd, by the Coachmen and Footmen of the most eminent practising Physicians, who daily deliver in a Paper call'd the *Sick-List* ; containing an Account of the Qualities and Maladies of the Persons who fall under their Master's Visitation ; together with an Account of the Progress of their respective Diseases. Their Prices are as follows, *viz.*

	s.	*d.*
For the News *of the first Fit of an* Apoplexy	00	06
For the second Fit, ditto. . .	01	06
For the third and last Fit . .	02	06
For a Small-Pox, *provided the* Patient *be attended by* two *or* more *Physicians*	01	06
For a Cold, *and the Prospect of a* Fever	00	04
For the Knocker of a Door tyed up, provided the House goes at the Annual *Rent of* 20l. . .	00	04
For a high Fever, *the standing Price all the Town over* . . .	01	06
For a DEATH	05	00

If any of these can sound the Servants of the *sick Person*, and learn that Part of the Will relating to the *Funeral*, 'tis not at all amiss ; but if it proves a *private Interment*, the News is almost too bad to be reported.

Their other Correspondents are the *Chairmen*,

who by their constant Attendance upon the *greater* Sort, are very useful Hands. These *Low-heel'd* Gentlemen shall wait as impatiently for the last Gasp of a Person of Quality, as the Heir-Apparent, or a *Jew* for an Opportunity to debauch his Wife's *Maid* ; the *Porter* at the Door no sooner gives out the word *DEAD*, but these *human Horses* are fled express to all the *Burial Offices* in Town ; it being the constant Custom for every one of them to pay for the Intelligence, though they *miss the Jobb*. There are indeed some great Families which keep as constant to their *Flesh-Monger*, as to their *Fish-Monger*. In these Cases 'tis common to keep a *Diary* of every one's Health: But if any happen to fail of Appetite for two or three Days, and a Physician or two has been seen at the Door, 'tis enough, all Hands are set to work, so that a leaden Coffin shall be preparing with the utmost Diligence, while the Person for whom it is intended shall be sitting very innocently at an Opera ; and it has been frequently known, that the compleat Furniture of a Funeral, even the very Hatchment, has been ready at least six Months, waiting for the Party's expiring.

Passing by *Somerset-House*, upon the first Day of Term, I observ'd a Number of People assembled about a *Foot Soldier* and a *Barrister* at Law, who being engaged together in very high Words, I enquired into the occasion of the Dispute, and was informed the Case stood as follows, *viz.* It being Execution-Day at *Tyburn*, and the Hackney Coaches most imploy'd in transporting the *Butchers* Consorts thither, the *Lawyer* was

footing it down to *Westminster*, and happen'd to piss within a Yard or two of the *Soldier's* Post, who had put him under Arrest, on his refusing to pay the Penalty due on such Occasions. The *Barrister* insisted very strenuously on the *Centinel's* producing the Statute in this Case *made and provided*, and cited several *Precedents* and *Authorities* to prove the Lawfulness of p—sing against the Palaces, which he said had been practised in all Ages and Nations, without Interruption, 'till this Time. The *Soldier* declared that the Sum in question, which was but poor *Six-pence*, was more his Property than the *Coat* on his Back, and instanced several Cases wherein it had been paid by *Lieutenant-Generals* ; adding, that the Act against Mutiny and Desertion, never intended that the Servants of the King and People should be liable to such mean Insults, without a Compensation ; and though they were a People Placed the last in the Rolls of *Fortune*, they stood the first in the Lists of *Honour*. The *Barrister rejoined*, and *humbly apprehended*, that by the standing Laws of the Kingdom, no Man ought to be fined, or amerced, but in a more regular and judicial way ; and fairly offered to *submit it* upon this Issue, That if the Soldier would undertake to prove the Offence was not a lawful and necessary Occasion, in which all the free-born Subjects of *England* were to be protected, he would stand convicted.

After the Case had been thus *specially argued* for near three Quarters of an Hour, the Mob call'd out for the *Question*, the *Question* ; which was stated and put as follows : ' Resolv'd, That

'it appears to this Assembly, that *Lawrence Liti-*
'*gious*, of the *Middle Temple* Esquire, stands
'indebted to *Leonard Lack-shirt*, of the third
'Regiment of Guards, Gentleman, the Sum of
'Six-pence, good and lawful Money of *Great-*
'*Britain*. It pass'd in the Affirmative, *Yea's* 17,
'*No's* 11. The Lawyer mov'd to *set aside the*
'*Judgment*, but that was *over-ruled* ; and I re-
'member the Man march'd off with the more
'Uneasiness, because he said, *It was a d—n'd*
'*ill Omen to lose a Cause so early in the Term.*'

The Streets and Highways in the City and Liberty of *Westminster*, and the Passages leading to both Houses of Parliament, (notwithstanding such large Sums of Money are annually rais'd for their Repair,) are in such disorder, that a Man is toss'd about like a Gin Informer, before he can get to them ; and some of the Members have been so jumbled about in their Chairs and Chariots, that it has been near an Hour ere they could recover the Use of their Limbs and proceed to Business. A *Commoner* being overturned in his Chariot in *King-street*, went immediately to the House, and in very lively Terms remonstrated against the Badness of the Ways, setting forth the pernicious Consequences that might attend their not being speedily repaired, and mov'd for a Bill to be brought in accordingly. Another Member oppos'd the Motion with much Warmth, urging amongst other Reasons, that as the publick Companies for serving the Town with *New-River* and *Thames*-Water were continually laying down or amending their *Pipes*, such a Bill would prove to

little or no purpose ; to which the first Member reply'd, *that if the Water-Companies* Pipe, *then the Members of both Houses must* Dance.

Near the *New-Church*, a Heap of Rubbish overturn'd a Hackney-Coach, which brought a Gentleman from *Whitechappel* in it, within a Door or two of the Place he order'd to be set down at : The Fare demanded the Benefit of the Custom in this Case made and provided, and the Coachman begged as earnestly to be considered something, as the Misfortune proceeded from no Negligence of his. A large Number of People assembled about them, and took part with the Gentleman, telling the Coachman he must be content, and submit to the Disaster, there being no Remedy whatever but the Gentleman's Generosity. The Fare, upon this seeming Decision of the Case, told the Coachman, *you hear what the* Mob *says* ; the Populace one and all, resenting their being called *Mob*, cry'd out, *You Scoundrel, why don't ye pay the poor Man his Fare ? You a Gentleman, to take the advantage of such an Accident !* and began to pelt him with Mud and Dirt most unmercifully.

A sudden Shower of Rain drove me one day into a noted Coffee-House in this Neighbourhood ; here I observ'd a good Number of *Thick-Legg'd* and *Broad-Shoulder'd* Fellows tolerably dressed, cursing themselves and every body else at a most extravagant rate : One was asking if such a *Nobleman* had not been to enquire for him ; another cursing his *Taylor* ; a third praying for the Arrival of the *India* Fleet ; while others sate

railing at the Wind, for not handing their *Remittances* from a neighbouring Nation ; and some d—ming the *Red-Letter'd* Day, because the *Bankers* transacted no Business on it. These Circumstances induced me to believe them a People of no small Importance, and rais'd my Curiosity to enquire their Characters and Businesses. The *Lady* at the Bar, to whom I address'd myself for Information, gave me an account, that some of them were *Counsellors* without Law, or Clients ; *Gentlemen of the Army*, without Commissions, whose Eyes had ne'er seen a Campaign, nor Hands drawn a Sword in Wrath, unless against some poor Devil of a Bailiff ; but were by the Courtesy of the Coffee-House call'd *Majors*, *Captains*, &c. That others were *Merchants* without Effects ; *Landed-Men* without Estates, and *Students* that could neither read nor write : but concluded with this paradoxical Character, that yet most of them *liv'd upon what they* Had, which she cared not for explaining.

Meeting with an old Acquaintance just by *Temple-Bar*, whom I had not seen for some Years, I enquired how Affairs went on in the Town ? 'Why faith, *Tom*, much as they did when you 'left it. Intrigues are carried on in all Parts of 'it, from *St. James's* to *Limehouse-Hole*. Interest 'and Business are promoted before the great 'Work of Salvation ; of which our thin Churches 'and crouded Punch- and Coffee-Houses are 'daily Examples. Men perhaps will be sober 'that want Money, and Women honest that 'want Opportunity ; while Backbiting and Slan-

'dering pass for Neighbourly Kindnesses : Cheat-
'ing in the way of Trade is accounted good
'Management ; Whoring, Drinking and Gam-
'ing, are reckon'd among the Qualifications of
'a fine Gentleman ; and to cheat at Play, num-
'ber'd among the Embellishments of our well-
'bred Ladies ; Sharpers resort to publick Places,
'and are caress'd for their Figures : A Rook is an
'honourable Hanger-on to a Man of Quality,
'and when he has bubbled him of his Money, is
'carried home in his Coach to Supper. Thus
'Fools with Estates, are cut out for Knaves
'without 'em : Nay, your topping Court Ladies
'shall spunge a Treat in *Cheapside*, and civilly
'cheat their City Acquaintance at Play, to return
'the Favour. Conscience and Morality are laid
'aside, with Steeple-crown'd Hats ; and for
'Charity, 'tis enough to have heard there ever
'was such a Thing ! *Priests* fatten upon *Plurali-*
'ties, and let the Poor starve upon the Alms of
'the Parish ; Great Men seldom pay their Debts,
'and are generous to none but Whores, Pimps,
'and Sycophants : My Lord's Footman wears
'my Lord's Linnen, and makes Love to his Cast
'Mistress : The Steward gets an Estate by
'oppressing the Tenants, and receives my Lord's
'Encouragement. *Physicians* cheat most People,
'but the Devil ; and *Lawyers* cheat the Devil and
'every body else. Bawds and Whores hold their
'usual Correspondences, and every Session sends
'some fresh Bubbles to Town. Pride and
'Iniquity run away with Mankind : Our Youth
'are debauch'd at Fourteen, and our Old Men
'lewd at Fourscore. Fools rail at Mismanage-

'ments to be thought fit for Places, and every busy 'Rogue that can read an *Advertiser*, or *Gazetteer*, 'sets up for a Politician : Armies and Fleets are 'manag'd in Coffee-Houses, where you shall see 'abundance of Politick Faces with empty Noddles. 'Since the Middle of the last Age, our way of 'Living is no more *English* ; like our Language, 'it's pieced up of *French* and *Italian* ; and to 'compleat the *Ollio*, we have thrown into the Com-'position the Vices of *Holland* and *Germany*. The 'Nobility withdraws from the Country into 'Town ; that noble Hospitality peculiar to our 'Nation is out of Use, and almost out of Memory, 'and those Largesses that entertained the Poor, 'run into another Channel : Play sweeps away 'one Part, gay Equipages or Whores the other. 'In the mean time, the Countries are drain'd of 'Men and Money : Some run to Town to spend 'Estates, and others to gain them. The ancient 'Seats of the Nobility are let out to *Jack-daws*, 'and *Screech-Owls*, or tumble under the Weight 'of Time, and Cattle graze upon their Ruins.'

Chancery-Lane, I'm told, is the Night-Scene of a great deal of obscure Gallantry, among Serjeants Clerks and Judges Footmen ; a Market where *Half-pence* pass in current Payment, and abundance of dirty *Love ready-made* is hung out to Sale, at reasonable Rates. I remember a Female Practitioner, who had undergone a great deal of bodily Exercise in the *Temple*, being once carried before an Alderman of the City to be examin'd, the Prostitute impudently told his Worship, *that had she as much* Law *in her* Head, *as she had in her*

Tail, *she doubted not making one of the ablest* Counsel *in the Kingdom.*

PASSING along *Fleet-street*, and consequently in the Ward of *Farringdon Without*, put me in mind of an Entertainment I met with at a rich Citizen's in that Ward, in the *Christmas* Holidays ; the History of which I shall divert my Reader with. When I went in, I found the Dining-Room full of Women, to every one of whom I made a profound Bow, and was repaid in a whole Circle of Court'sies : Having, after some Ceremony, taken a Seat among them, we had a profound Silence for near half a Minute, notwithstanding the Number of Females present : For my part, I had fixed my Eyes upon the Fire, meditating with my self what I had best to say. While I was in this Study, I could hear one of them whisper to another ; *I believe he thinks we smoak Tobacco :* For my Readers must know, I had omitted the City Custom, and not kiss'd one of the Ladies.

In a few Minutes our great Parliament of Females resolv'd themselves into Committees of Two's and Three's all over the Dining-Room ; and I perceived that every Party was upon a different Subject. In one Corner was a learned Gentlewoman who talk'd much of Steel-Water, and I think she said something of opening a Vein in the Ankle : Upon casting my Eyes that way, I saw a pale-faced Girl of Eighteen listening to her with great Attention. Another Knot had got under Examination an innocent young Woman, who it seems came from the City of

Norwich, and had put herself under the Care of the modest, ingenious, and famous Oculist Dr. *What-d'ye-call-him*, for the Cure of a Cataract in one of her Eyes ; but the Remedy indeed proved worse than the Disease, for the unhappy Girl declared she was then in such a condition, *that she was afraid she should never be able to* See *Nor* Folk *again as long as she liv'd* ; which Words pronouncing in a drawling Tone, put the whole Company into a Fit of Laughter. Another Party of them had got the Character of some City Lady on the *Tapis* ; some said, *she was more beholden to Art than Nature, for the Delicacy of her Complexion* ; and others, that she *wore false Hair* ; another of these Envyers protested, *her Teeth were not her own.* No, no, added another, *she lost them when she was under Cure for a loathsome Disease, which she pretends her Husband gave her* ; *but I know who she had an Affair with at that time, and he died of it. Well, well*, cry'd another, affecting a little more Good-Nature, *take her all together the Woman is very tolerable, but you must not examine her—— I do believe she was a fine Creature ten Years ago. But if it was not for Art, the Decay would be very observable—— She has liv'd very irregularly*, said a fourth ; *she drinks hard*, and is *as great a Debauchee in Private, as ever a Fellow in Town is in Publick.*—In this manner did they take the poor Lady to pieces, forgetting all the while they were endeavouring to make her be thought less worthy of Esteem, their own Charms lost more by the visible Malice that sat upon their Features than all they could say could cast on hers.

A jolly red-faced Woman with a great Wart upon her Nose, said, *was it not a burning shame, that so many thousand* Presbyterunts *should be suffered to live in a Protestant Nation, what wasn't the 30th of* January *a coming?* A little brisk Widow animadverted very smartly on the Indignities that had been offer'd to the *Church* since the Death of good Queen *Anne*; complaining of the Banishment of the meek and pious Bishop *Att—b—y*, the punishing of Parson *N—xon* with Fine and Imprisonment, and the dism—mbring Parson *P—l* at the Gallows; *an Action so barbarous and shocking*, she said, *that it ought never to be forgotten or forgiven, while there was a* true Church-woman *in the Nation.*—Another Gang of them were saying, *Poor unfortunate Wretch, she fainted away at Church last* Sunday. *Aye, and well she might, she girds herself so tight in her Stays*, says one; *and yet*, answers a second, *she can't hide it neither. Hide it*, says a third, *that's impossible*; *Why she has been squeamish this Quarter's Year, and fainted the other Day at the Sight of a Lobster: And yet let me tell you*, says the first, *they say he won't marry her after all.*

Much more was said on this Affair, but all the four happening to talk at one time, I could not, in that Confusion of Tongues, distinguish any other Particulars. A Cabal under the Window, seem'd to be more secret than all the rest, and from them I could only bring away the following Whisper: *'Tis certainly so*; *he was seen to come out of her Window at two in the Morning, and in half an Hour her Husband came home: But Murder will out one time or other.* A Cluster of Wives, I observ'd,

were calling for a Bible, to decide a Dispute they had enter'd into, *whether Minc'd-Pyes or Plumb-Porridge, were the properest Food on* Christmas-day. A devout old Lady argued against Plumb-Porridge, which being a kind of Broth or Jelly, was, she said, *a carnal Repast, apt to stir Concupiscence, and ill Thoughts, and consequently unfit for that holy time.* You cannot imagine with what Warmth this abstemious old Woman was answer'd by a couple of Ladies thirty Years younger than herself. *What!* cry'd they, *an unfit Repast for that holy Time! Why, 'tis a Festival Time, in which we ought to be merry ourselves, and endeavour to make those who belong to us so too: For my part,* said one of them, *I hope to go to bed with a chearful and willing Heart, every Night of the Holidays, and I hope the same of Mr.* —— here she named her Husband.

The old Woman smiled, and shaking her Head, and sighing as if Age had been her greatest Grief, was falling into a Discourse about Husbands, Capons, and Marrow-bones; but to my great Sorrow, a Call to the Tea-Table put a stop to this delightful Controversy. They went into one Parlour to their Tea, and we Men into another Room to our Bottle, over which I was entertain'd with a tedious Repetition, of the Elections of *Common-Council-Men*, *Aldermen*, &c. But as even the most engaging Conversation is, when too long, sometimes cloying, having smoak'd my Pipe in due Silence and Attention, I took a trip to the Ladies. When I made my entrance, the Topick they were on was Religion; in their Sentiments about which they were terribly divided, and de-

bated with such Agitation and Fervour, that I grew in pain for the China Cups. But they happily departed from this warm Point, and unanimously fell a back-biting their Neighbours, which instantly qualified all their Heat, and heartily reconciled them to one another ; insomuch, that all the time the Business of Scandal was handling, there was not one dissenting Voice to be heard, in the whole Assembly.

The beauteous *Helen* seems to have so great a Similitude in Manners, with many of the *English* Women, that 'twill appear an easy Transition to come down from those *Toasts* of Antiquity, and shew by what Steps and Variations the *British Ladies* have arrived at the excessive Politeness they now enjoy ; to make *Feasts*, and sit at the upper end of the Table, seems to have been the utmost Ambition of our *Great-Grandmothers* ; they said their Prayers in their Closets, and seldom went to *Play-Houses*, or Places of Diversion ; such as *Vaux-Hall*, *Ranelagh-Gardens*, &c. where as much Money is spent in one Evening, as would keep a Family a Week formerly. The very Thoughts of *Masquerades*, would have put them into a Swoon ; and the Sight of *Heydegger*, would have terrified them, as much as one of their *Church-yard-Spirits*. They never insisted on that wicked Innovation, call'd *Pin-Money*, for they had no other Expences, than what were supplied from the Husband's Purse : To lie in separate Beds with them, was downright *Atheism :* Their Eyes had not been taught to roll, and were Strangers to those evil Practices used by their Daughters. No obscene Plays, nor *Loves of* Pluto *and* Proserpine,

were bespoke at the Desire of *several Ladies of Quality*: But now these Virtues of our elder Matrons are exploded, and 'tis counted Ill-Breeding but to know them: your *Pin-money* (the Parent of many Ills) at present procures Woman's whole Utensils, *Operas*, *Masquerades*, *a Pew in a Church*, and a *new Gown and Petticoat:* These are indeed the most general Expences in the *Pin-money* Account; but could we make a Scrutiny into the Conduct and Employment of that Money, we should find considerable Sums embezzel'd for secret Services. What boldness then must the Man be inbued with, who would venture on one of these fashionable *Belles* for his *Houshold Wife*, and chuse such a Mate to go hand-in-hand through the Difficulties of Life? For these Gentlewomen I am speaking of, find no other Use generally in a Husband, than to give them an Opportunity of acting their Designs with a better Grace. Nor will he find his Interest in marrying a Lady of a better Fortune than his Estate required, if she is thus *politely Educated:* More Expences than he could possibly imagine in the Simplicity of Celibacy, will croud in upon him.

I NOW went on towards *Ludgate*, a Prison for Freemen only. As I passed under the Gate-way, I was surprized at hearing a Voice, which I thought I was acquainted with, very importunately demanding Relief; and going nearer, found it to be the spendthrift Son of a very covetous rich Miser, who sat brooding on his Bags, and only knew the Care of getting,

but not the Use of Gold. The *Wealthy Beggary* of such griping Fathers makes the Hands of Sons so open. After putting a piece of Money into the Begging-Box, he told me, if I pleased, I might be let in, and take a view of the Inside, which he assured me was not quite so entertaining as the Outside. Embracing the Proposal, I was admitted, and shall give a short Description of the Place. It is guarded like *Marseilles* with Blood-hounds, who daily bring in Prisoners upon Horses, call'd *Duce facias's* ; and is much like the Apples of *Sodom*, better for Sight *without* than *within*. Its whole Prospect from the Inside are Iron Grates, where through every Transen, the forlorn Captives may take a View of the *Iron Age* ; there is one single Entrance, which, like Hell's Gate, lets many in, but few out ; turn once the Ward—*Et vestigia nulla retrorsum*. The *Cimmerians*, in their Dwellings, resemble these in their Lodgings, only their Lights are different ; those receive some scattered Beamlings, by their Mountain Crannies, these by their disconsolate Loop-holes. Yet from *above*, the Inhabitants may take a View of all those *Places*, which club'd to their Restraint : And be reminded of the Loss of Time, which brought them thither. The *Governour* hereof, is Careless whence they come, but infinitely Cautious how they go away ; and if they go without his Favour, they are in great danger to break their Necks for their labour.

This *Place* holds as much as the World ; all its Inhabitants are either good or bad ; here is a good Prisoner, and he makes Contemplation his

Refection ; nothing can confine him, which Earth can afford him. Here is a fat sensual Prisoner, who is content with any Place, that may belull his cloudy Understanding, in a careless Sleep ; Freedom and Bondage are indifferently equal to his fruitless Pilgrimage. Here is the lean Prisoner, who, one would think, had procured such a Divorce from his Flesh, as if he had once entered into Covenant with his Spirit, whose weak exhausted Features, proceeding from the defective Reversions of a Trencher, merits Pity, bearing the Characters of his Penury in the sallow Colour of his Physiognomy. To be out at Elbows here, is to be in Fashion, it being a great Indecorum not to be Threadbare. The Prisoners here resemble so many Wrecks on the Sea ; here the Ribs of five hundred Pounds, there the Relicks of a Shop well furnished, and a good Portion with a Wife. The Company, one with the other, is but a vying of Complaints, and the Causes they have to rail at Fortune, and fool themselves ; and there is a great deal of good Fellowship in this. The Mirth of this Place is but feigned, where over a large *Dose*, they endeavour to keep themselves from themselves, and so drown the Torment of thinking what they have been. They huddle up their Lives as a thing of no use, and wear it out like an old Suit, the faster the better ; and he that deceives the Time best, best spends it.

As for their Religion, I can speak little of it ; only this, they pray not in common Form, but that the Commons may meet in Form, in order to an *Act of Grace* ; and no Sin sticks so close to

their Consciences, as that they ever paid any thing to their Creditors in part. They believe Liberty to be Heaven, Money the Guardian Angel that conducts them thither : They hold there is a local Hell, which is placed in the Centre of a Prison, and their Creditors the Devils which torment them. They believe there are several *Purgatories*, the Principal whereof do lie in *Wood-street*, and in *Grocer's Alley*, where *paying* instead of *praying* gives Deliverance.

SEEING a Drove of Prentices in Woollen Caps, followed by Shoals of Shoemakers, Weavers, and Watermen, pressing down the *Old-Bailey*, I inquired the meaning of all this Hurly-Burly ; and was informed, that at the *particular Desire of the Law*, the Tragi-Comedy of the *Dark Leap*, was going to be performed that Morning, at the *Theatre near* Paddington : for which purpose, the *Actors* were then preparing to begin their Cavalcade from *Newgate*. Curiosity suffered me soon to be borne down by the Torrent, to the very Outworks of this famous Fortress ; where in less time than a P—r can say his Prayers, or an *Irishman* perjure himself in *Westminster-Hall*, a Pail or two of Water so sluic'd me from Head to Foot, that had an Anticourt Author been coming out of the Pillory, a Reprieve arrived for all the Malefactors, or the Devil to fetch away the Executioner, the loud and joyful Acclamations, my polite Countrymen pour'd out on this Occasion, could not have been exceeded.

An *Oyster Damsel* highly delighted with my Misfortune, altho' both her *Eyes* stood behind a

deep Intrenchment of an *azure* Colour, thrown up perhaps in some drunken Quarrel, perceiving me under no small uneasiness at the liquid Situation of my Apparel, cry'd out, *Marry come up and be d—mn'd to ye, I'll warrant you'd debar the poor Souls if you cou'd from having a little Fun, before they go out of the World.*

With much difficulty I forc'd my way up the Stone Stairs which led to the Hall, where these unhappy Travellers have their *St. Pulchre's Boots*, as they are call'd, taken off before they set out upon their long Journey. I had here no sooner recover'd the use of my Arms and Hands, but I found my self in the state of a stript Bankrupt before the Commissioners in the *Irish Chamber* ; my *Watch*, *Keys* and *Tobacco-Box* having made the tour of my Pockets : however, finding Means to pacify and pass the *Cerberus*, posted at the great Iron Door, I was no sooner entered, but I fancy'd my self at a *Tennis-Court* or the *Tilt-Yard* Guard-Chamber, from the delightful Conversation that pass'd between the good Company, waiting to see the Ceremony of the Investiture of the Halter.

A *Turnkey* kept jostling me to take notice of the Behaviour of a little rough-faced *Sailor*, with a speckled Handkerchief, hanging down to the Knees of his Breeches : That Man, said he, will turn out the Hero of the Tree, and do Honour to our Execution ; observe how negligently he palms his Prayer-Book, how disdainfully he treats the Exhortation, how stedfast are his Eyes on his Mawks, and how regardless of the Minister. *Ah !* adds he with a deep Sigh, *what a fine thing*

it is to die well, *and what would I not give to be certain of making so good an End?*

Two *Street-Robbers* received much comfort, in the Assurances given them, by one of their Doxys, that she had engaged a sufficient Number of her Friends from the *third Regiment*, to secure their Carcases from being *Atomiz'd*.

A Fellow of a genteel Deportment, who was much deplor'd by the better sort of the Spectators, complained grievously of the Verdict that had passed upon him, saying that had it been given for 40,000*l.* instead of 40*s.* in the room of passing in a dirty Vehicle to *Tyburn*, he had been flying in his Coach and six to *Bath* or *Tunbridge*, to receive the Compliments of the *Beau Monde*.

A *Butcher*, who seem'd to be as busy about the Place, as a Bailiff at a Horse-Race, or an Adjutant at an Exercise, threw himself into the most violent Agony I ever beheld a Man in, to find that his dear Friend *Joe*, who was going to suffer for about a score of Robberies on the High-way, should, after all his boasted Courage, snivel to the Ordinary, and die a Dunghill * at last.

But a *Youth* that had received the Benefit of some School-Learning, appeared to be under a deep Melancholy, because, as he said, he apprehended *their Sufferings were not to terminate with the Execution*; and when he expressed himself in this manner, I observed his Eyes were pretty earnestly fixed upon the Writer of the *Dying Speech*.

A Clergyman, who was assisting the Ordinary in his Duty, took much pains with a young Lad,

* A Term used in *Newgate* for a Penitent.

shewing him the comfortable Promises in the Gospel, to such as truly repent of their Sins. The Spark looking with a composed Countenance upon him, said, *Pray, Sir, of what College ? —If it will be of any Service to thee, I am of* Merton, answers the Minister.—*D—mn my Eyes, if by your knack at Sweetning, I didn't believe you had been bred a* Confectioner.

On a sudden, a Fellow like a *Prize-fighter*, proclaim'd with a bloody Oath, that a Reprieve and free Pardon for one of the Prisoners, was just arrived. In an Instant a Spirit of Joy and Geneva diffused itself over the Place ; but a *Serjeant* of the *Foot Guards* appeared to be under great Anxiety, saying, it was little matter of Joy to him, in that his *Kinsman* had discovered such a pusillanimous Behaviour under his Condemnation, as had already rendered him the Jest of all the *Geneva* Shops and Night-Cellars in Town ; and that he would never be able to shew his Head again, on the *Parade* or at *Broughton*'s Amphitheatre : What, says he, to refuse a *Dram* for the sake of *Drelincourt*, and sink an *Oath* to oblige the *Ordinary !* He was going on in this manner, when a *Smith-field Horse-Courser* interfered in behalf of the *Delinquent*, and said, he could no longer bear to hear *poor Jemmy* abused in such a manner ; and offered to rap an Affidavit, that being one day in the Cells with him, he actually heard him outswear a Captain of Grenadiers, or a Company of drunken Bailiffs in a Tavern-Kitchen. This was acknowledg'd by one of the *Runners* to the Jail to be true ; but then indeed, the Man cou'dn't deny but that it was a full Fortnight before the Dead Warrant

came down. Next, a *Brandy-Smuggler*, a *good sort of a Man*, used his kind Offices for composing the Difference, and reconciling the Relations to one another ; he own'd *Jemmy* had been highly to blame, in bringing a *Slur* upon himself and Family, by his timorous Conduct ; but hoped that as he had now seen his *Error*, he would neither want Sense nor Leisure, to *repent* of his *Repentance*.

Two *elderly Women* decently dress'd in *Black Crape*, with their Faces veil'd over like a Woman of Quality when she drives by the Door of her *Mercer*, were curs'd like a pair of Dice at a Hazard-Table, as they pass'd down the Stairs, by a *Surgeon* ; who withal said, they had lain as long in Bed as a *Welch* Dean and Chapter, so that there was hardly a possibility of their getting time enough to the *Gallows* to do their Duty. A pretty corpulent Man that stood near me, and whose *Plate-Button Coat* denoted him the Master of some *publick House*, was so kind as to inform me that those *Gentlewomen* were the Agents of the *Surgeons*, who gave them pretty good Wages, for personating the Parents of the dying Malefactors ; for which purpose they attended in Hackney-Coaches, as constantly at every Execution, as *Rain at a Review*, or *Ladies at a Rape Trial* ; and seldom fail'd to bring off a Brace or two of Bodies, for the Use of their Masters the Gentlemen of the Faculty ; while the real Mothers, who have waited near the Tree, with scarce any Clothes at all on their Backs, have not only had the mortification to see the Remains of their unhappy Children carried off in Triumph for Dissection, but also

run a risque of being massacred by the Mob, on a false Suspicion of their being in the Interest and Pay of the Surgeons.

At last out set the Criminals, and with them a Torrent of Mob bursting through the Gate, like a *West*-Country Barge with a Flash of *Thames* Water. Thousands were pressing to mind the Looks of them. Their *quandam* Companions more eager than others, break through all Obstacles to take leave : And here you see young Villains, that are proud of being so, (if they know any of them) tear the Clothes off their Backs by squeezing and creeping thro' the Legs of Men and Horses to shake Hands with them ; and not to lose before so much Company the Reputation there is, in having had so valuable an Acquaintance. All the way from *Newgate* to *Tyburn*, is one continu'd Fair, for Whores and Rogues of the meaner sort. Here the most abandon'd Rascals may light on Women as shameless : Here Trollops all in Rags may pick up Sweethearts of the same politeness. Where the Croud is the least, which among the Itinerants is no where very thin, the Rabble is the rudest ; and here, jostling one another, and kicking Dirt about, are the most innocent Pastimes. Now you see a Fellow, without Provocation, push his Companion in the Kennel ; and two Minutes after, the Sufferer trip up the other's Heels, and the first Aggressor lies rolling in the more solid Mire.

No modern Mob can long subsist, without their darling Cordial, the grand Preservative of Sloth, *Geneva*. The Traders who vend it among

them, on these Occasions, are commonly the very Rubbish of the Creation, the worst of both Sexes, but most of them weather-beaten Fellows, that have mispent their Youth. Here stands an old Sloven in a Wig actually putrify'd, squeez'd up in a Corner, recommending a Dram of it to the Goers-by : There another in Rags, as rusty as a Nonjuring Clergyman's Cassock, with several Bottles in a Basket, stirs about with it, where the Throng is the thinnest, and tears his Throat like a Flounder Fellow, with crying his Commodity : And further off you may see the Head of a third, who has ventur'd in the middle of the Current, and minds his Business as he is fluctuating in the irregular Stream : Whilst higher up, an old decrepid Woman sits dreaming with it on a Bulk, and over-against her, in a Soldier's Coat, her termagant Daughter sells the Sots Comfort with great dispatch.

It is incredible what a Scene of Confusion, all this often makes, which yet grows worse near the Gallows, and the violent Efforts of the most sturdy and resolute of the Mob on one side, and the potent Endeavours of rugged Sheriffs Officers, Constables and Headboroughs, to beat them off on the other ; the terrible Blows that are struck, the Heads that are broke, the Pieces of swingeing Sticks and Blood, that fly about the Men that are knock'd down and trampled upon, are beyond Imagination. After all, the *Ordinary* and *Executioner* having perform'd their different Duties, with small Ceremony and equal Concern, seem to be tired, and glad it is over.

This Tragi-comical Scene led me into the

following Reflections : Among extraordinary Sinners and Persons condemn'd for their Crimes, who have but that Morning to live, one would expect a deep Sense of Sorrow, with all the Signs of a thorough Contrition, and the utmost Concern ; that either Silence, or a sober Sadness, should prevail ; and that all, who had any Business there, should be grave and serious, and behave themselves at least with common Decency, and a Deportment suitable to the Occasion. But the very reverse is true ; The horrible Aspects of Turnkeys and Jailors in discontent and hurry, the sharp and dreadful Look of Rogues that beg in Irons, but would rob you with greater Satisfaction, if they could ; The Bellowings of half a dozen Names at a time, that are perpetually made in the Enquiries after one another ; The variety of strong Voices, that are heard howling in one Place, scolding and quarrelling in another, and loud Laughter in a third ; The substantial Breakfasts that are made in the midst of all this ; The Seas of Beer that are swill'd ; The never-ceasing Outcries for more, and the bawling Answers of the Tapsters as continual ; The Quantity and Variety of more intoxicating Liquors, that are swallow'd in every Part of *Newgate* ; The Impudence and unseasonable Jests of those, who administer them ; their black Hands and Nastiness all over : All these join'd together, are astonishing and terrible ; without mentioning the Oaths and Imprecations, that from every Corner are echo'd about for Trifles ; or the little Light and general Squalor of the Gaol itself, accompanied with the melancholy Noise of Fetters,

THE MANSION HOUSE IN 1760.

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differently sounding according to their Weight. But what is most shocking to a thinking Man, is, the Behaviour of the Condemn'd, whom (for the greatest part) you'll find either drinking madly, or uttering the vilest Ribaldry, and jeering others that are less impenitent ; whilst the *Ordinary* bustles among them, and shifting from one to another, distributes Scraps of good Counsel to unattentive Hearers ; and near him the Hangman, impatient to be gone, swears at their Delays ; and as fast as he can, does his Part in preparing them for their Journey.

I remember when I was last in *London*, three *Weavers*, who had been convicted at the *Old-Bailey*, for breaking and robbing several Houses in *Spittle-Fields*, were, upon the Report made to the King, order'd for Execution ; they were accordingly carried to *Tyburn* together in one Cart. But the *Journeymen-Weavers* fearing that the shameful *Exit* of their Brethren, might bring a lasting Reproach upon the Fraternity, had artfully enough prevail'd upon the *Hangman* to suffer himself to be arrested in a Fob-Action, and hurried away to a Spunging-House. The Prisoners waited several Hours under the Gallows for a Person to perform the Operation ; all the Endeavours of the Sheriff's Officers to procure one, proving ineffectual ; so that in the Evening the Criminals were convey'd back to *Newgate*, where the Keeper absolutely refus'd to receive them, till he had consulted the *Lord-Mayor*, or other of the City Magistrates. During this Suspence, *Meff*, one of the Malefactors, rose up in

the Cart, and lifting up his Hands and Eyes, cry'd, *Lord! what three miserable Dogs are here, that this Day*, Newgate *and* Tyburn *have refused us!*

I now passed on towards *Cheapside*, where I overtook an old Acquaintance, hurrying along between two ill-looking Fellows; he desired I would not interrupt him, because he was going much in haste to *'Change*. I was heartily glad to find he had fallen into the Mercantile Way, and wish'd him Success in his new Undertaking: Before I had got to the *Poultry*, his Wife was at my Heels in a Flood of Tears, begging I would do the Favour to be one of her Husband's *Bail*. I told her, he had but just before inform'd me, that he was passing to the *Exchange*. *Aye, God help him*, reply'd the Woman, to *exchange his Habitation for a Prison*, unless some kind Friend will stand by us in this Difficulty. I cast an Eye upon several *Shopkeepers* and *others*, who, if they persevere in their present Course of Life, will with my Friend be soon going to *' Change*.

There are a sort of *Citizens*, I am inform'd, who make a practice of borrowing Money of every Acquaintance they meet, and when they have *struck* a Friend for a *Piece* or so, can no more keep their Words for the Payment of it, than a Translator the *sixth Commandment*. These are call'd *Rowellers*, and are a wandering sort of People, who like the *Tartars* never abide long in a Place, but remove often, carrying *all* that they have about them. You may know 'em from any other People by these Marks following:

If any of them walk the Streets, to be sure at the Lane's End he looks behind him, and after he hath turn'd out of Sight, he mends his Pace, in an extraordinary degree of Footmanship, till he hath gain'd some ground of the Followers; and then he makes another stand to take notice whether any of them have arriv'd thither, with more than ordinary Speed. If a Creditor starts suddenly upon him, he puts on as serious a Countenance, as a Soldier at divine Service, and after some shuffling Excuses, tells them he's as sure of his Money, as a *Plaintiff* in the *Marshalsea* Court is of carrying his Cause; and damns his poor Soul as often as a Corporal of Grenadiers shall do about the trifling Motion of a Firelock, that he shan't be out of it a Week longer. He loves variety of Apparel, and hates (if he has it) to be known long in a Suit. Ask him the Question, and he will give you an Account of all the Taverns with Back-Doors, and envies the *Increase* of the *Moon*, more than the Decrease of his own Fortune. He is a great Enemy to Idleness, for if he hath any thing to do in the Space of half a Mile, he generally goes two Miles about, to avoid many troublesome Faces, that might otherwise happen in his way. These Gentry may be parallel'd with the *Jews*, who are a mix'd People, born in several Places, yet coming from one Stock, and are as much *Infidels*, occasioned by the *Infidelity* of others.

ARRIVING at the *Exchange*, I begg'd leave to sit down in one of the Pamphlet-Shops, where the Labours of the *Learned Authors* and *Carvers of News* are retailed at very reasonable

Rates. These are a generous Sort of Men who daily vend their Histories and their Parts by Pennyworths, and lodge high, and study nightly, for the Instruction of such as have the Christian Charity to lay out a few Farthings for these their Works; which, like Rain, descend from the *Clouds*, for the Benefit of the *lower* World. Many of our Papers are justly charg'd with *Tediousness*, *Uncertainty*, and *Tautology*; and as to the filling them with *Trifles* and *Absurdities*, the Instances of it are obvious and numerous, viz.

1. "We hear, *that a Centinel of the Army is* "*to be tried to-morrow by a Regimental Court-* "*Martial for Profane Swearing.*

2. "On Monday last *one Mr.* Scribble, *a* "*Student in* Lincolns-Inn, *being disorder'd in his* "*Senses, threw himself out of a* Cellar *Window,* "*whereby his Brains were dash'd out, and he* "*instantly died.*

3. "We hear, *that a Charter is preparing to* "*pass the Seals for the Worshipful Company* "*of* Frying-Pan *Makers, against next* Shrove-"tide.

4. "'Tis confidently asserted, *that a certain* "*noted Quaker of this* City, *eminently skill'd in* "*Heraldry, will be made* Garter King at Arms, "*in the Place of Mr.* A——.

5. "We hear, *that about* Christmas, *the* Grocers "*of the City of* London, *and Suburbs thereof, will* "*be taken up with divers* weighty *Affairs.*"

Nay, 'tis but t'other day, when one of our Papers publish'd, that a certain *Countess* had been brought to bed of a *Grand-daughter*; and the Story being in *Print*, there went a vast Train of

Men-Midwives and Ladies to the House, to be satisfied of the Truth of the Relation.

We often catch an Author fighting Battles and unfighting them in the same Paper. The mention of Cannon and Gun-powder sets his daring Heart on fire, and he seems even fonder of dipping his Pen in Blood than Ink. These *Daily* and *Weekly* Statesmen, with a Dash of their Art, can send a Man of Quality to his Grave, dispose of his Family, Fortune, and Employments ; and in a Day or two after, recall him to Life again.

There are such Contrasts in the Business of Authors, Printers and Publishers, that to the rest of Mankind are amazing. If the Government chastises them for any Misdemeanor, it is accounted the greatest Blessing that can befal them ; *Punishment* being a real *Benefit*, and *Confinement* the boasted *Liberty* of the Press : A Book or Pamphlet ordered to be burnt by the Hands of the common Hangman, being the most agreeable News that can come to the Proprietors of the *Copy* ; and I have been credibly inform'd, that if this Favour was to be purchased, there is not a Bookseller in *London*, but would give an handsome Sum to have all the Books in his Shop *fir'd* in the same manner. A Warrant now and then from the Secretaries Office, is a singular Advantage to a young Beginner ; a Book having many Times been brought to the *Ninth Edition*, by the Printer's only taking Coach with a Messenger to the *Cockpit* ; when, perhaps, *six* single Copies had not been sold fairly off, but for this Assistance.

I remember a Pamphleteer in the late Reign, sentenc'd to a heavy Fine and Imprisonment, for

treasonable Practices, when almost one half of the *Stationers* Company went down to *Westminster* to *give the Man Joy*, and ask what County he design'd to *purchase* in.

The *Pillory* is an Estate certain to any one, who will accept of the *Post* ; for the Sale of a Libel always rises in proportion with the Sufferings of its Author.

I knew a Printer who obtain'd a pretty tolerable Fortune, by only procuring a State Messenger to call and take a Dinner with him, two or three times a Month, at his House in the City ; and another, who was every Day expected to be sent to Goal for Debt, that luckily chanc'd to be sent for to *Whitehall*, to receive a Reprimand. The Thing proved the making of the Man, for he soon retrieved his Affairs, and now lives in extraordinary good Circumstances. But now, alas, these *Golden Days* are over ; the *Ministry* seem determined to take no notice of the Libels daily propagated, and by this Neglect to starve both Authors and Printers.

In my Peregrinations through the City, I could not help observing that the Dissenters are much degenerated from their former way of keeping the *Sabbath* ; I can remember when a Mouth durst not to have opened on that Day without a Text of Scripture or a Prayer ; nay, every Feature in the Face, and every Bone in the Body, must have kept Holy the *Seventh Day*. To have refresh'd the Joints with a Walk, or the Countenance with a Smile, would have been as bad as Sacrilege or Murder, it would have been pro-

phaning the Day, and closing with the Temptation of the Devil : But now alas the Case is quite otherwise with too many of them, who can on the Lord's Day prefer *Saddler's Wells to Salter's Hall*, and a *Bottle* to the *Bible*.

And as for *Fasting*, which has been much practised by holy Men of old, though the Name remains, the thing is now-a-days much laid aside. There are indeed some who, with the help of a Pint of Chocolate, or a large Piece of Bread and Butter in the Morning, are now and then Piously disposed to Fast till the Evening ; then by eating a double Meal, beg pardon of their Godliness, and sacrifice to their Belly for having sinn'd against it. In short, this Generation, whether they have consulted Carnal Reason, or the Example of their Teachers, I cannot tell ; seem to be of Opinion, that God Almighty can have no Pleasure in beholding his Creatures ill-favoured and hide-bound : and it must be own'd, that his Ministers in every Country keep themselves so Plump, and in such good Case, as if they placed but little Devotion in the Griping of the Guts.

I must confess that *Eating* is a help to Good-Humour : I know a certain Alderman in this City, who from his first getting up in a Morning, makes it his constant Employment to scold at his Family till he sits down to Dinner, and then the first Mouthful of Pudding calms his fretful Heart, and makes him pleas'd with all the World. He is particularly fond of Beef, which he calls Protestant Victuals, and ascribes the glorious Victories of *La Hogue* and *Hochstedt* to it ; and

says there is Religion and Liberty in an *English* Sir-Loin.

There is nothing so necessary in Conversation as a *Diamond Ring*, tho' most Authors are silent about it ; the Art of using it is still more necessary than the Thing itself. A just Extension of the Arm, towards the Close of a Period, and thereby a proper Discovery of the *Brilliant* on the little Finger, adds an irresistable Force to every Argument ; and this I believe is a true Reason why the Left-Hand has a greater Share in every Debate than the Right. Now 'tis a Misfortune to such plain Fellows as my self, who are not bless'd with the Gift of Persuasion by a Diamond, but are only endued with a Pair of Ruffles, which are impartially conferr'd on either Hand, that our Reasoning is as unsuccessful as if we had ne'er a Hand at all. My Advice to my Fellow-Sufferers is (what I take my self) never to extend both my Hands at once, in the Warmth of Dispute, upon any pretence of the Motion's being so very easy and familiar, or that both are equally qualified for Controversy with Ruffles ; for, besides the Robustness and Violence of the Action, we make it thereby self-evident that we want that great Talent of a Disputant, *a fine Ring*. Therefore my Method is ever to extend only the Right-Hand, and reserve the other in my Bosom, or in a Glove, or under the Table ; which (as I with pleasure observe) gives the ingenious Antagonists some Perplexity, to discover whether I really want that *Accomplishment* ; or else depending on my own Superiority in the Question, I scorn to

bring forth a decisive Argument to insult their Incapacity.

But I who profess my self a Master in the Art of modern Conversation, must by no means suffer my Pupils to be ignorant that there are other Auxiliary Arguments of great use in Conversation, besides the Triumphant one above mentioned. A Pair of Ruffles were once very successful, but are now grown so common that their Force is lost, unless they are of the laced sort: And here now arises great Disputes among the *Literati* at *Dick's*, and *George's*, whether the *Mechlin* or *Brussels* be preferable. For my part I have search'd into this Controversy, with all the Care that the Importance of it deserves, and must confess, that in my poor opinion, the *Brussels* has infinitely the preference, both in Antiquity and Success; having discover'd by diligent Inspection into ancient Copies, that *Cicero* in all his Orations used *Brussels* Lace, both for his Bands and Ruffles; tho' at the same time (for I would not suppress any Truth) it must be own'd, that the Beaus soon after that Age run into the Use of *Mechlin*. As for my self, I have so much love for Peace and Uniformity in Dress, that to avoid giving offence to either Party, I content my self with *plain Cambrick*, and wish that both Parties would be persuaded to lay aside their Prejudices, and sincerely join to promote the Science of dressing finely, so necessary to *Modern Conversation*.

The *City-Beaus*, to their immortal Honour, have one excellent Talent for Conversation; I mean

the Art of introducing a green Purse with fifty Guineas in it, into every Dispute, and judiciously chinking them in the Hand, to the utter Confusion of the *destitute* Opponent : This Method is practised visibly enough, in every Coffee-House about the *Exchange* ; I therefore recommend it to all my wealthy and dear Pupils, if ever they are in danger of being beat out of their Argument, that they would only remember to wager their Purse in defence of it, especially if they suspect the Antagonist's Incapacity ; Silence then ensues, and the Victory is sure. I have often (as well as my Brother Authors) submitted to this shameful Defeat.

I could say a great deal on the Science of *saying nothing* in *Conversation :* It would contribute prodigiously to the Repose of publick Places, if those pert, lively, and very familiar Animals the Beaus, were as dumb as the Apes of which they are the Representatives : But on the other hand, how insolent is that stiff, gloomy-wise, *English* Silence of some of our Town-Fops, who will not condescend even to contradict you ?

I cannot omit one Art which is so successfully Practised almost in every Coffee-House in Town, I mean, that of staring you out of Countenance. I have known a Fellow, conscious of a good Face, and a better Wig, after having meditated on himself in the Glass with great Satisfaction, turn round and stare a young Fellow of some Sense, tho' more Modesty, out of the Room.

THE Inconveniences daily arising from the Insolence and Intrigues of our Servant-Maids deserve particular Notice. These, by their caballing together, have made their Party so considerable, that every body cries out against them, and yet no body has thought of, or at least propos'd a Remedy ; altho' such an Undertaking (mean as it seems to be) may one day be thought worthy the Consideration of the Legislature.

Women-Servants are now so scarce, that from *thirty* and *forty* Shillings a Year, their Wages are increas'd of late to *six*, *seven*, and *eight* Pounds *per Ann.* Insomuch, that an ordinary Tradesman cannot well keep one ; but his Wife, who might be useful in his Shop, or Business, must do the Drudgery of Houshold Affairs : And all this, because our Servant-Wenches are so puffed up with Pride, that they never think they go fine enough.

Let us trace this from the Beginning, and suppose a Person has a Servant-Maid, sent him out of the Country, at fifty Shillings, or three Pounds a Year. The Girl has scarce been a Week, nay, a Day, in her Service, but a Committee of Servant-Wenches are appointed to examine her, who advise her to raise her Wages, or give Warning ; to encourage her to which, the *Herb-Woman*, or *Chandler-Woman*, or some other old Intelligencer, provides her a Place of four or five Pounds a Year ; this sets Madam Cock-a-hoop, and she thinks of nothing now but Vails and high Wages, and so gives Warning from Place to Place, till she has got her Wages up to the top.

Her Neats-Leathern Shoes are now transform'd into Laced-ones ; her Yarn Stockings are turn'd into fine White-ones ; and her high Wooden Pattens are kick'd away for Leathern Clogs ; she must have a Hoop too, as well as her Mistress ; and her poor scanty Linsey-Woolsey Petticoat, is chang'd into a good Silk one, four or five Yards wide at the least. In short, plain Country *Joan* is now turn'd into a fine *London* Madam, can drink *Tea*, take *Snuff*, and carry herself as high as the best.

If a Slut be tolerably handsome, and has any share of Cunning, the Apprentice or Master's Son is entic'd away, and ruin'd by her. Thus many good Families are impoverish'd, and disgraced by these pert Husseys.

I happen'd to dine one day in the *City*, with a discreet housewifely Woman, who gave me the Characters of half a score Maids, she had had in the compass of five or six Months.

There was Newcastle Nan, (said she) a *Northumberland* Creature, one had need to have the patience of a *Chelsea*-College Pensioner, when he stands upon the Banks of the *Thames* to catch Gudgeons, to bear with that Slut's Impertinence. When I took her into my House, she appeared more like an *acquitted* poor Wretch, turn'd out at the Doors of the *Old Bailey*, than a Person fitting to be entertained in a sober Family. The very Shift she had to her B——side was in as many Holes, as a poor Devil's *Scrotum*, that is under a Salivation in the *Lock-Hospital* ; and her Gown, a fine Beau would as soon have stoop'd

to take up a poor Creature that had fallen down in an apoplectick Fit, as a Bunter would have done, to take it off a Dunghill : Then for a Lyar, there was no more believing her than a News-Paper.

Kate Careless liv'd with me about six Weeks, during which time, my Parlour and Dining-Room lay in as constant a Litter, and Confusion, as a Barber's Shop on a *Saturday* Evening : My Linnen, she made look of the hue of a confin'd Debtor's, when he's dish'd out, to be carried up by *Habeas Corpus* to *Westminster*. When I bid her tie on a Hood, or stick a Pin in my Mantua, I appear'd as rumpled and discomposed, as a kept Mistress after a Visit from her Spark. Then she would go as aukwardly about every other Part of her Work, as a City *Punch-House-Man* doth to mount his Horse.

Tibb Tidey, for the first three or four Days, look'd as meek and humble as an Apothecary at the side of a Physician's Chariot ; yet when one of my Children did but just tap her on the Arm, she flew into as violent a Passion as a *Welch* Cook in a Tavern Kitchen, upon being *told her own* ; and discover'd as vindictive a Temper, as a Butcher for an Injury done his Dog.

Hannah Hairbrains, was a Girl that could do well if she wou'd ; but when *Will wasn't at home*, a lazy fat Prebendary could not be a more useless Creature. And when before Company, could be as silent as a Half-pay Officer's Purse, or an offending Hackney-Coachman before the Commissioners ; but when got among her triggery Mates, as loud and talkative, as a young Rake of

Quality, just arrived from his Travels, or a green Divine from the University.

Betty Ebony, a black Wench, as clever a Servant as ever laid Sheet cross a Feather-Bed, but so light-finger'd, that she'd out-pilfer a Nurse to a sick Person ; yet, I know not how it happened, the Jade came recommended under as good a Character, as a Watch made by *Graham* or *Heydon*.

Rebecca Ready, a thorough Servant, one that did her Work as quick as a Highwayman ; but then furnish'd with such a Tongue, that to stop it, would be as difficult a matter, as to prevent a handsome Actress from turning Whore, or a Philazer from taking Fees.

Jenny Jilt, would be as familiar with me, as a Whore's *Maid* in a Coach with her *Mistress*, or a *Serjeant's Clerk* in the same Vehicle with his *Master*, but no more to be trusted than a *North*-Country Attorney. I'll tell you a Trick this Wench once serv'd me : A Gentleman who was under a Cloud, having some Years before sold himself to the Devil, that he might enjoy great Wealth, and indulge himself in a luxurious Life, for a certain Term of Years ; the Time being near expired, he was advised by his Friends, to keep out of the way, for a while, till Matters could be made easy. The poor Man (*I shall never forget him*) took a Lodging in my House, and telling me his Misfortune, desired to be conceal'd : *Now as sure as you're alive*, this Minks of mine, by some Means or other, got into the Secret, and could not rest till she went to a Justice of Peace, to give an Information. I will now

leave it to you, to judge, whether any body was ever so handled with Servants as I have been: To have every Circumstance of Life exposed, as much as a necessitated Courtier's to the Pay-Master of his Sallary, or an extravagant Subaltern Officer is to his Agent.

Dorothy Dowdy, as bold a Baggage as ever set Foot over Threshold; and tho' she came from the Town of *Hastings*, yet was as slow as a pamper'd Church Dignitary is, in going to perform the Funeral Service over a poor Corpse; or an Insolvent, to surrender himself to the *Fleet* or *King's Bench* Prison, in discharge of his Bail.

Dirty Dorcas, a Parson's Daughter, a little addicted to pilfering, having served an Apprenticeship to a *Manteaumaker*. When she first enter'd my House, with an old *Band-Box* under one Arm, and a little dirty Linnen *Bundle* under the other, she was seiz'd in Fee-Simple, of one *Cotton Night-Gown*; *two Shifts*, one *white* and one *colour'd* Apron; two Handkerchiefs and an half; one Pair of laced old Shoes, a half-penny-worth of *Scotch* Snuff; and two Yards of sixpenny Ribbon; and yet in less than three Months, grew more proud and saucy, than a City 'Prentice in the last Year of his Time, or an insolent Footman, on his being taken out of Livery to be converted into a Butler, or Valet de Chambre; and was withal so heedless and idle, that she was forced to be followed up and down like a Felon going to Trial.

But of all the rest, commend me to Kitty Coltish a *Norfolk* Girl, who, after she demanded *eight* Pounds a Year Wages, I agreed with her

for *six*, and found her as much puzzled to clean a Room, as the Clerk to a great Company would be to make up his Accounts : She would handle her Mop as clumsily, as a thriving Victualler doth a new Piece of Plate in a Silver-Smith's Shop ; and so errant a Strumpet, that I was ever and anon detecting her in writing Letters to Fellows, with as much bad Spelling and Nonsense in them, as in the Superscriptions of the Town-Ladies Epistles, that stand wedged up in the Bars of the *Charing-Cross* Coffee-Houses, for the Officers of the Guards. Reprove her for her Faults, she would sometimes be as pert, and saucy, as a young Beau Shopkeeper ; telling me, she, truly, would not be run down like a poor Alms-Woman by a Parish-Overseer ; and at others, as silent and sullen, as a phthisicky old Parson, in a Stage-Coach.

Thus, said she, I have given you a Relation of a Series of Servants, that have pestered me in so short a time. I was shock'd at this Gentlewoman's Narration, and could not but condole with her upon these Misfortunes.

Indeed I have not particularly mentioned Footmen in the foregoing Remarks, yet the Complaints alledg'd against the Maids, are very applicable to our *Gentlemen's Gentlemen* ; I would therefore have them also brought under proper Regulations.

FINIS.

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